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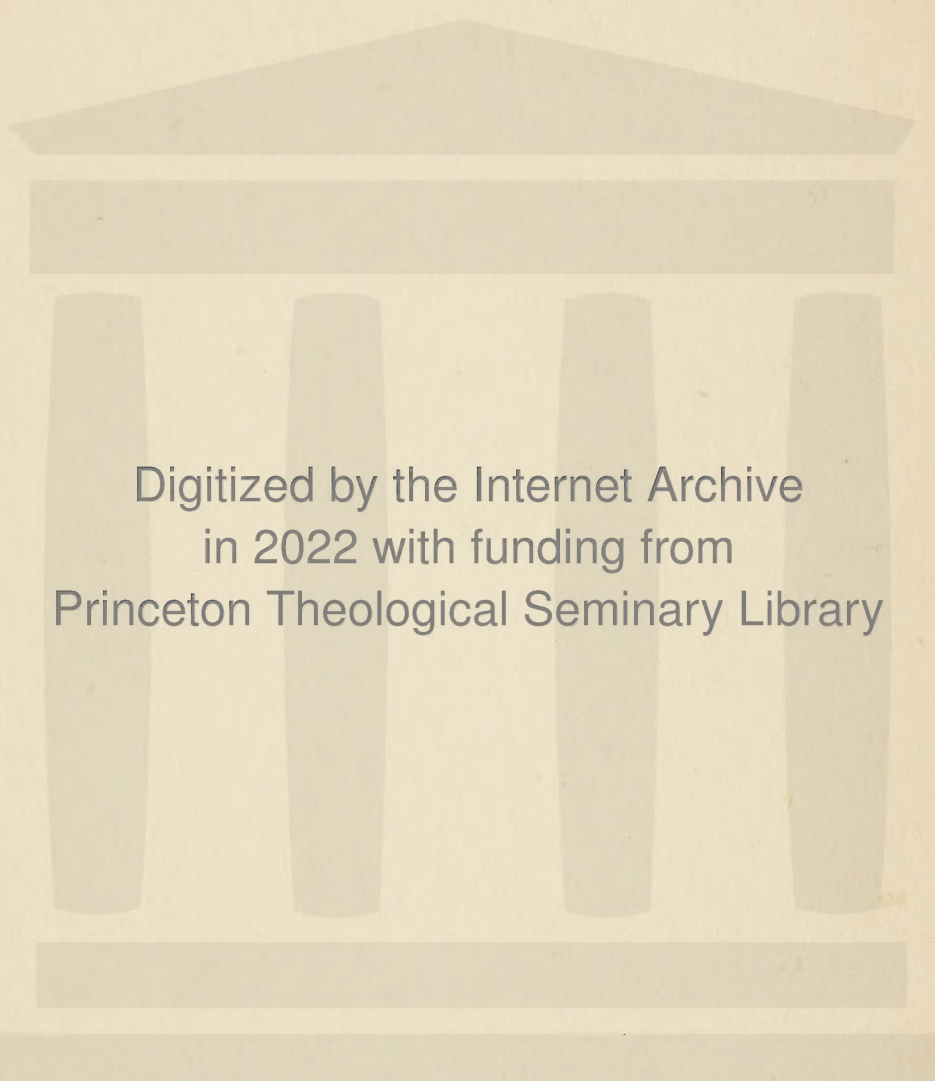
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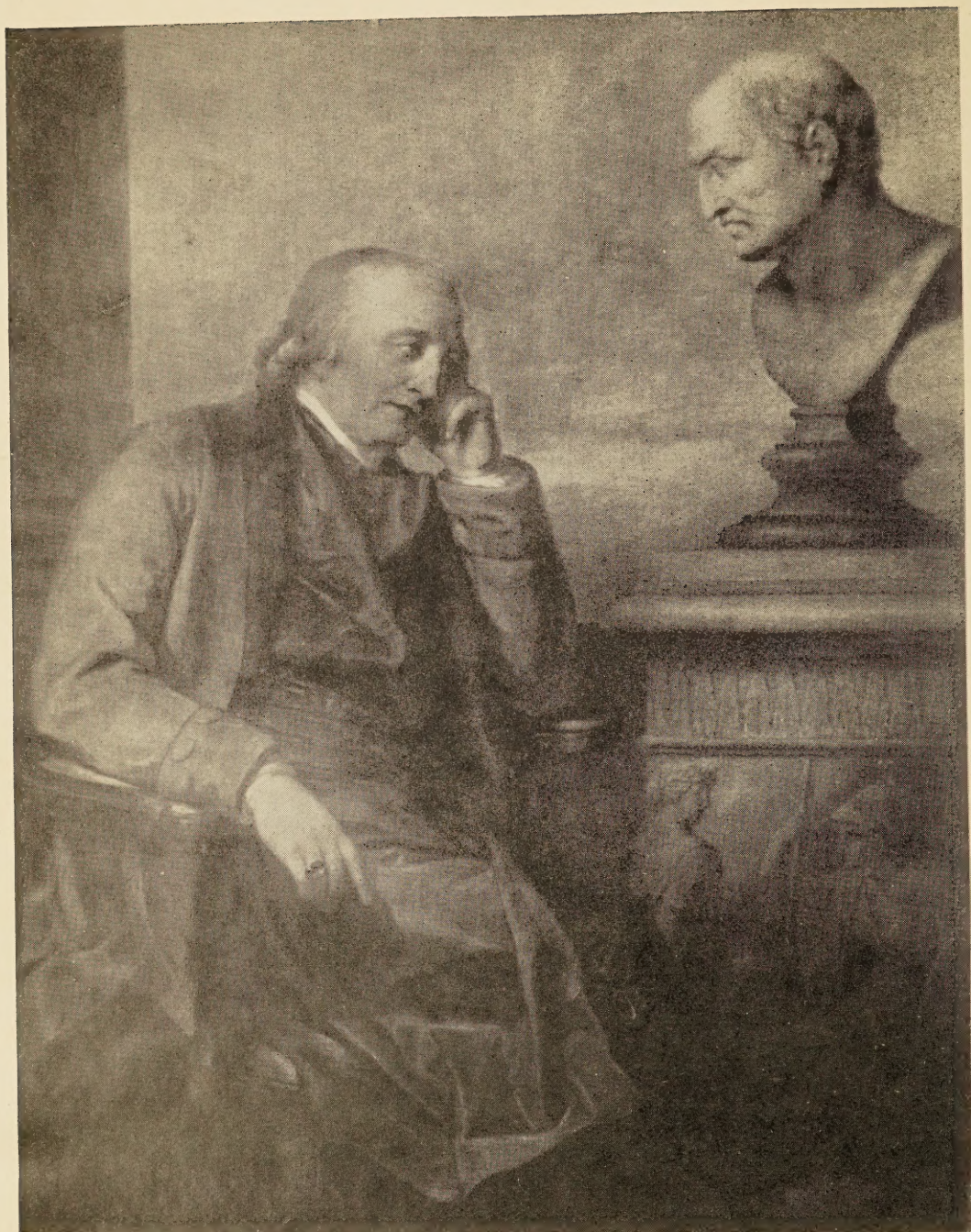
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The earl bishop



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THE EARL BISHOP



Frederick Hervey, Bishop of Derry, fourth Earl of Bristol. Bust of Mæcenas.
By Angelica Kauffmann. Painted in Rome, 1790. Portrait at Downhill.

THE EARL BISHOP

The Life of Frederick Hervey, Bishop of Derry, Earl of Bristol

By *William S. Childe-Pemberton* Author of

*"Baroness de Bode," "Life of Lord Norton," "Elizabeth
Blount and Henry VIII." etc., etc. :: :: :: ::*

With 45 Illustrations

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THE EARL BISHOP

VOL. II

CHAPTER XXXIII

ALLUSION has already been made to a scandal which now attacked the Bishop's private character. As the Irish newspapers gave currency to it simultaneously with their reports of the political events in which the Bishop was so conspicuously figuring, our attention is turned to it here before we proceed with the incidents of the Bishop's public career.

Whether it was merely the calumny of political enemies such as frequently assails prominent statesmen, readers can judge for themselves. Although some may adhere to the adage that there is never smoke without fire, this particular charge does not rest upon any reliable evidence. But it must be admitted that while no scandal besmirched the Bishop in his earlier years, as he advanced in age his name was associated with stories of gallantry. Certainly a good deal of pitch was thrown at him which stuck, and his general behaviour was so imprudent and so unbecoming a prelate of the Established Church, that it laid him open to aspersion. It may be mentioned in his favour, however, that the most distinguished among his successors in the See of Derry, the late Primate Alexander, was of opinion that Bishop Hervey was "not so black as he was painted."

The ugly charge was first circulated in December, 1783, soon after the Bishop had left Dublin and betaken himself to Downhill on the conclusion of the Volunteer Convention. A letter appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* making opprobrious allusion to the Bishop's alleged misconduct with regard to Mrs. Mussenden. The writer concealed his name under the designation "Scaevola," while of course he did not actually state the Bishop's name.

Before producing the answer to this charge, some outline

is requisite of the antecedents and circumstances of Mrs. Mussenden. Of her youth, beauty, and merits mention has already been made ; also of the Temple at Downhill which at this very time the Bishop erected in her honour.

Mrs. Mussenden, who was now not more than twenty—she was perhaps younger—was Frideswide, only daughter of Mr. James Bruce, of Killyleagh, County Down. Born in 1720, he was the son of Patrick Bruce, a Presbyterian Minister, and descended from an Irish branch of the Scottish Bruces of Stenhouse. A warm friend of the Bishop, Mr. Bruce had died in June of this year 1783 ; he was dying at the time of the Bishop's visit to Larchfield a few months earlier. Her mother, who was Henrietta, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Hervey-Aston, the Bishop's uncle, had died when Frideswide was a little child. The Bishop took an affectionate interest in the three children of his cousin Mrs. Bruce, it has been called a paternal interest. Of these the two sons were younger than their sister. The elder, Henry Hervey Bruce, will figure prominently in our later pages as superintendent of the Bishop's affairs in Ireland, spiritual and temporal ; and he eventually succeeded under the Bishop's will to the whole of his Irish property.

Frideswide Bruce married in 1781 Daniel Mussenden, Esquire, of Larchfield, County Down, whose forbears were wealthy merchants at Belfast, and she had now been married two years.

A brief but damnifying allusion to this scandal is to be found in Lord Charlemont's Memoirs. Always hostile to the Bishop, Charlemont in making general charges of immorality against him states that " his ardent though ineffectual solicitations of the lovely Mrs. M. are well known." Thus, by the word " ineffectual " the lady's character is cleared and the more so as Charlemont testifies to her virtue. It now remains to clear the character of the Bishop with regard to this charge, and the best refutation of it appears in the fact that this virtuous young woman remained on terms of affectionate association with her elderly kinsman up to the time of her death. This point is well elicited in the following letter from " An Inhabitant of Lisburne " which appeared in the *Volunteer Evening Post* in answer to the attack in the *Freeman's Journal* :

" Lisburne,
" Dec. 24, 1783.

" To Scaevola,

" I never heard of your letter until yesterday. I am an inhabitant of Lisburne, and live in the neighbourhood of

the scene you suppose to have been acted : Good God ! Is it possible for an honest man to assert without evidence a fact which, with evidence, ought to expel the culprit from all human society ? I know the nobleman to whom you allude ; I have sometimes seen him at Mr. M——'s where he passed many a week at the earnest wish of a dying relation, who valued and loved him beyond any person of his acquaintance.

“ Indeed there is in this country but one opinion concerning that nobleman—that he is the most accomplished gentleman, the most learned scholar, the warmest friend, the most charitable prelate, the most liberal ecclesiastic, and the most humane man we have ever seen—With regard to your imputation on him, it seems to lie in a very small compass ; either the lady, whom you suppose him base enough to seduce, corresponded with his love, or she did not. If she did, how came you to know what nobody heard or believes of a most virtuous, chaste, and innocent lady ? If she did not—then, she herself may hold this relation and seducer in the utmost abhorrence. Now, it is well known here, and in this neighbourhood, that she holds him in the utmost esteem, reverence and affection, that she scarce can speak of him without tears in her eyes, that his portrait is still in the best room of her house, that her husband allows her still to receive such presents from her noble relation (which by the bye is no less than a first cousin once removed) as suits the generosity of his mind, and the tenderness of his affection ; that every relation, both of her and her husband, holds this nobleman in the highest esteem, & lives in a constant correspondence with him—that in this country, rich & poor, high & low, papist & dissenter, respect him as a man, & love him as a father, that nothing but the intemperance of Mr. M——, (Mr. Mussenden) in a matter which had no relation to his wife, but related merely to a volume of Cicero's Epistles, could have produced a variance between him & a man whom we have all heard him perfectly idolize : for my part I shall ever love and respect him, for his numberless acts of beneficence to this country ; nor can I ever believe, that a man, who spent hundreds here to relieve those whom he had *not* seen, would injure his brother whom he *had* seen.

“ An Inhabitant of Lisburne.”

While it would seem that the Bishop thought it incumbent on him to take some steps to vindicate his honour, the law offered little or no redress against such aspersion in the public prints as was veiled by innuendo and protected by anonymity. The *Dublin Evening Post* of January 20, 1784, announced :

"We can inform the public upon most unquestionable authority that the following animated answer to Scaevola's detestable attack on a most respectable character was earnestly and repeatedly offered for insertion ; but owing to the timidity of Attorneys and the professional tribe was as often rejected : ' Londonderry, Dec. 21, 1783. The Earl of B. having now issued orders to his attorneys to prosecute the printer of a paper signed Scaevola in a Journal *known* to be infamous, suspected to be *Ministerial*, entitled the *Freeman's Journal*, he now calls upon the author, if he be of the rank of a gentleman to avow himself ; & if he does not give that author such satisfactory proof that he is misinformed as to induce him to retract his calumny and consequently implore pardon, he will then trace him from Forbes Ross at the Printing Office in Crane Lane, up to the Earl of Northington at the Castle (if the E. of N. like many of his predecessors can be supposed capable of such calumny) and will drag the assassin from the foot of the Throne, to the pinnacle of the pillory.

"In a free country the fair fame of a citizen has ever been his dearest possession, and the E. of B. contemptuous of those adventitious advantages arising from rank & casual birth asserts the nobler privileges of a free-born *citizen*, and appeals to the laws of his Country for chastisement of those parasites who anonymously & clandestinely dare to violate them.' "

No further allusion to the scandal appeared in the newspapers, and it might well have been forgotten altogether, were it not for Charlemont's damaging record of it in his Memoirs.

The innocent lady whose name had been bruited by this unseemly publicity died two years afterwards, in 1785. She was then barely twenty-two.

Downhill still evokes her memory by traces of her brief association with the place. A charming miniature there represents her with her hair slightly powdered and as wearing a necklace of pearls ; while a romantic interest attaches to the Mussenden Temple as it is called to this day. Domed and circular, it resembles Bramante's temple on Monte Gianicolo at Rome, and stands on the edge of a cliff overlooking the Atlantic Ocean ; and though wind and storm and fire have wrought havoc on other monuments of the Bishop at Downhill, this still remains a memorial for a lovely woman cut off in her early prime, and of the Bishop's romantic tribute to her perfections.

CHAPTER XXXIV

1784

WHILE the Irish newspapers, whether hostile or favourable to the Bishop, continue to give prominence to his sayings and doings, the secret correspondence of Dublin Castle, during the spring of 1784 and onward, contained frequent mention of him. Lord Northington was succeeded as Viceroy in February, 1784, by Pitt's young friend the Duke of Rutland, who inaugurated a régime of brilliance such as had never before been known at Dublin Castle.

Primed on his arrival with the "data" collected by his predecessor, the new Viceroy, with youthful ardour, and not unwilling to figure as a man with his eyes wide open, began at once to keep a sharp look out on the factious prelate—"factitious" is his Excellency's word. Writing from Dublin March 10, 1784, he reports to Thomas Townshend, Lord Sydney, Secretary of State for the Home Office :*

"Lord Bristol has been quiet generally, though Lord Hillsborough sends me a *Derry Gazette* with some factitious answers to Addresses. I shall keep a vigilant eye on his conduct."

On March 24 Rutland writes again to Sydney: "Your Lordship has already been assured that at all times I shall very strictly observe the conduct and proceedings of the Bishop of Derry, which though perhaps less important than distant representations may describe them, ought not however to be allowed such latitude & indulgence as must gradually extend to the power of effecting mischief. His Lordship's forwardness to seize any opportunity of involving this country in disorder & tumult can be but little doubted, and as the event of the bill for correcting defects in the representation of the people in

* Original among the Marsham Townshend Papers, at Frogmal, sold to Mr. Sawyer, bookseller. This draft and fair copy is among the Rutland Papers.

Parliament may probably create some agitation in his mind, and be employed by him as an instrument of irritation to others, I have judged it prudent to take preparatory steps to counteract any measure he may be disposed to adopt, strictly attentive to the most cautious & secret mode of proceeding. For this purpose I have despatched a gentleman of the neighbourhood who will not be suspected by the Bishop, and on whom I can entirely depend, to watch the effect which the news of the rejection of the Bill shall produce. I shall be much concerned to find myself obliged to proceed to extremities, & to take a step which in every degree might occasion a ferment, or be productive of any temporary confusion, but I think it's essential to the interests of His Majesty's Government that an example should be made among the abettors of sedition, if such there be, in this country, should any legal, clear ground of criminality be discerned against them."

Thus a spy was set by the Viceroy himself to watch the Bishop and secretly report his conduct.

Rutland continues :

" . . . has also undertaken to procure & forthwith to communicate to me certain information upon several important points, of which we have not been able to gain sufficient evidence, & particularly respecting the mode the Bishop has taken to enlist and embody the men for his regiment, whether by giving them money, & by obliging them to take and subscribe any particular tests, & also in regard to his ordering and importing arms of which various reports have been conveyed to me. Upon this head indeed your Lordship may possibly have it in your power to gain intelligence by proper enquiries, addressed to Birmingham, from whence the arms are said to have been ordered. I am further to be informed, to learn by means of this gentleman, whether any suspicious persons who may be disposed to be commissaries from any other quarter in alliance with the Bishop, frequently resort to him, and may be traced to their principal."

While the Bishop was being spied upon by an *unsuspected* neighbour in Derry, treachery was at work in another quarter with which he was intimately associated. This is evidenced by a curious letter which was formerly among Lord Sydney's Papers at Frogmal and is here brought to light for the first time.

Dated March 14, 1784, it is from one Timothy Brecknock,* an associate of the Bishop's nephew, George Robert Fitzgerald. This wretched Brecknock, who was to become so closely embroiled with Fitzgerald that he was eventually hanged with him for murder on the same gallows, was now ready to spy on his host and friend in Dublin, and to sell to the Government any information he could pick up.

Writing to Sydney, he professes to be "in the secret of what is doing in the St. Alban's Tavern at the Court of Versailles, and at our own Court, & consequently through my connections in Ireland can be of most splendid service to my King and yr own Administration, for my residence in Dublin will be in Merrion Square at Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald's, who besides his being a nephew of the Bishop of Derry, besides his being an Elder branch of the House of Kildare as the immediate Heir-male of the last Earl of Desmond, is one of the most gallant and active Colonels of the Volunteers."

As a matter of fact little or no secret information was likely to be obtainable about the Bishop, for his behaviour was at all times only too conspicuous and unguarded, and his fiery utterances were reported in the papers verbatim.

An address to the Bishop was presented in April from "the Gentlemen, Clergy and Freeholders of the County of Galway," pointedly connecting the principles of the Bishop with those of his hero Chatham; presumably the younger Pitt, but lately entered on his first Administration, would be little gratified by this association of his father's name with the Bishop's propaganda.

"Nurtured as you, my Lord, have been," said the Galway deputation, "in the sacred lap of Freedom, and having imbibed its elements from that great ornament of human nature the late Earl of Chatham, you transplanted them here, you fostered them with parental care, you will now enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them advance to maturity." (Published in the *Dublin Evening Post*, April 13, 1784.)

The Bishop, in his reply, employed figurative and oracular language: "If he said the malady of our constitution, which under the veil of monarchy conceals the beautiful essence of

* Brecknock, now elderly, was half insane and wholly a knave. Born in 1716, a natural son of a Welsh Bishop, he was originally intended for the Church, but preferred to be a Newgate solicitor and thus became intimate with criminals. Fitzgerald, aware of his great legal ability, invited him to live with him. He was the promoter of a strange religion, and asserted he would reign a thousand years with Christ on Earth. He wrote letters to Queen Charlotte and George III., claiming to be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. His insanity showed itself in his horrible custom of drinking his own blood, when he was cupped once a month by a surgeon. He declared that owing to this, although he was 166 years old, he had preserved his youth and strength, and that he would live to the Millennium which would shortly commence. (*Evening Herald*, March 21, 1788.)

a commonwealth, is become quite irremediable by the lenient arts of alteratives, let the delirious patient, who hath hitherto eluded or derided our lenitives, feel at length all the pungent but salutary anguish of encaustics or amputation : *Ense recidendum quod non medicabile valnus.*" (Silius Italicus," X., 416.)

In May the Bishop, passing through Derry, "flying" as he says—and having "just landed" on his return from a brief visit to England—attended a banquet given in Derry on the occasion of Fighting Fitzgerald being presented with the Freedom of the Maiden City. This undeserved compliment was avowedly paid to him as being the nephew of the Bishop, whom in his address of thanks Fitzgerald characterized as an "illuminated and illuminating constellation." He also said that he himself "ardently aspired to emulate the patriotic, brilliant example of an uncle who, in all his actions public and private, combined the excellence of dignity with the excellency of power." Such eulogies may appear absurdly fulsome, but, to do him justice, the fire-eater was as enthusiastic in his friendships as he was violent in his animosities, and his admiration of his uncle may well have been sincere and disinterested. The support, however, of a man so notorious must surely have brought no credit to the Bishop's cause, although Fitzgerald as the dashing Colonel of Volunteers was undoubtedly popular with his men. In connection with the Bishop's association with his graceless nephew an outrageous report was circulated that the Bishop had actually ordained him. Reaching London, it was believed in the highest quarters, and even the precise value of the rich benefices to be bestowed on him was confidently stated.*

The proceedings at Derry on the occasion of Fitzgerald's inauguration were marked by a peculiar feature. While the Bishop was being thus loudly extolled, the worthy Presbytery of Derry, unwilling to be left behind, determined to proclaim their appreciation of their Episcopal patron, and taking advantage of his visit to their city presented him, at his palace, with an address which—apparently on account of its obvious lapses in grammar—has been stigmatized by that pillar of establishment, Bishop Mant, as "below criticism." Whatever were the

* One of the Chaplains to the King, the Rev. Henry Jerome de Salis (a brother of the Count de Salis), wrote the news to Lord Dacre (August 17, 1784) :

"Lord Bristol has outdone his outdoings . . . he has ordained his nephew Fitzgerald—the Fitzgerald who for years had been a nuisance to Society here, & when England was grown too hot to hold him went over to Ireland, seized his own father, confined him, set the whole civil power of the country at defiance & was the cause of a great deal of bloodshed. He has fought one duel even since he has been in Orders. Church preferments to the amount of £2,000 a year are given to him or intended for him. I think this to be much the most indecent thing, not to say the greatest outrage to Society that has happened in my time." (Hist. Commission MSS. 13, Report, Appendix IV., page 376.)

literary short-comings of the Presbytery of Derry, their address is at least noteworthy as the first ever presented to a bishop by a nonconformist body. As such it is deserving of honourable mention in our chronicles, being equally creditable to themselves and to the Bishop.

“When the valuable part of this kingdom were forward in doing justice to his merit, the Presbytery of Derry who resided immediately in his Lordship’s diocese, thought themselves bound to express their perfect approbation of the liberality of his Lordship’s religious sentiments. Christianity is liberal, and he is the best disciple of Jesus Christ, who possesses the most extensive charity & good will to the human race. They conceive it, therefore, not inconsistent with their duty as Ministers of the Gospel of peace, to give that praise to a Prelate of another Church, which the unaffected purity and rectitude of his own, claims from every honest heart. Equally incapable of being profited by adulation to your Lordship; abhorring the mean idea in case they were, and sensible of meeting with your Lordship’s contempt on that account, they rejoice in this opportunity of giving their tribute of deserved praise to a character in every respect so dignified.

“Signed by order,

“SAM PATTEN, Moderator,

“JOHN LAW, Clerk.”

Bishop Mant, writing half a century later in a spirit of prejudiced hostility towards nonconformity characteristic of his age, comments pompously on these amenities, in a sentence of unwieldy verbosity which, as to its literary composition, is itself not above criticism, and has not escaped it from an able Presbyterian writer. (Reid’s “History of the Presbyterians.”)

“To this effusion of self-complacence from a Sectarian body,” says Mant, “the composition of whose address is below criticism, though sufficiently worthy of the occasion and of the sentiments which it conveys, the Bishop of Derry deemed it suitable to his profession and order to return the following answer which commences with an allusion to the freedom of the city, lately conferred upon his Lordship’s ‘unfortunate and guilty nephew’ as we have lately seen him described in terms not marked with undue severity towards one who, within two years, underwent the sentence of the law for murder, George Robert Fitzgerald. . . .”

To the honest, if quaint address of his nonconformist

“brethren,” Derry’s Bishop — never pompous — returned acknowledgment not the less appreciative and sincere that it was informal and airily expressed :

“To the Presbytery of Derry :

“Just landed, as it were, to witness the inauguration of my hospitable nephew, as a citizen of this grateful and independent city, the Presbytery of Derry (if I may use a trite adage) have caught me as my *enemies* never will catch me, flying. I am happy, my brethren, to receive in this episcopal mansion, so honourable a testimony of the Presbytery’s affection : but I feel still more happy in the consciousness of deserving it. That liberality of sentiment which you ascribe to me flows from the rare consistency of a Protestant bishop who feels it his duty, and has therefore made it his practice, to venerate in others that *unalienable exercise of private judgment* which he & his ancestors claimed for themselves. Happy epocha in Irish annals ! and formidable only to the bigots of either sect, when the Presbytery of Derry, stimulated neither by servile fear nor still more servile adulation, can thus avow the liberality of its bishop, and glory in their testimony.

“On the *great object* which now centres in me the applauses of such various & even contradictory denominations of citizens, I do own to you the very rock which founds my Cathedral is less immoveable than my purpose to liberate this high-mettled nation from the petulant and rapacious oligarchy which plunder and insult it. A convulsion of nature might indeed shiver the one to atoms ; but no convulsion, either of nature or of the state can slacken my purpose ; it may destroy, but it cannot stagger me.

“BRISTOL.

“Londonderry, 19th May, 1784.”

Brave words, sincere purpose, though to prove impossible of realization.

The redundancy of the Bishop’s metaphors supplied matter for the Irish wags who made merry in the papers for some successive weeks.

“The Presbytery of Derry,” said the *Dublin Evening Post*, May 27, 1784, “are certainly the best of all fowlers to *wing* or rather *catch* their B— *flying*. But the inauguration of the *Gentle George* was sufficient apology for stopping the *mocking-bird* in its flight. Little Andre will tie a string to its leg & stroke its feathers & call it ‘pretty *Freddie*’—and sing to it ‘Go little foolish *fluttering* thing,’ and say it is a pretty egoist in

its episcopal mansion & it shall be *rocked* in its *Cathedral* until a *convulsion of nature* shall shiver it to atoms." While in the same paper, adulatory poems in honour of the Bishop appeared from time to time—one of these being an acrostic in the form of a sonnet ; each of the fourteen lines began in turn with a letter of his name, FREDERICK HERVEY ; some ironical verses thus allude to the union of Catholics and Presbyterians advocated by the Bishop :

" In days of yore, the Prophets hoar
Were often heard declaring
That all mankind should one day find
Their different notions squaring.
That's come about, beyond a doubt,
Ye sceptics hence be neuter—
The Pope to-day was heard to pray
With Calvin and with Luther."

(June 20, 1784.)

Quips on the imaginary " flights " of the Bishop are mingled with strictures on his actions or supposed actions which are everywhere reported : " The B— of D—y has ordered a thousand light infantry caps to be made—for what ? Let this Minister of Peace declare for what purpose. If it be for the accommodation of the *drill* gentry, his Lordship has no occasion to add *wings* to those caps like Mercury's, for they are in their natural condition as ready to *fly* as his Lordship. We should, therefore, recommend bells to be added to those presents, & hung in his Lordship's hall as trophies in the Temple of Folly."

" The B— of D—," reports another paragraph, " having done *flying*, we now behold him turning *mason* compounding *mortar*, and exercising his *trowel* to build what he calls a Temple of Liberty. But, in the erection of this *Babel* we find his Lordship fated like those who built the ancient tower, and falling into a strange *confusion of language*."

His answer to the Raphoe Battalion is certainly conceived in a sort of *Lingo*. The fact was that the Bishop in his answer to the delegates of Raphoe had again spoken in hyperbole—ever pleasing to an Irish audience, who perhaps would be likely to appreciate the glamour of the Bishop's effusions better than the truths which underlay them. The Temple of Liberty which he indicated to them was one not made with hands but a spiritual temple to be dedicated to that " glorious cause " which was " worthy of a Citizen, Philosopher and Christian," " a fabric to be raised by the joint labour of all, and to be inhabited by all," and he himself would be " proud to bear the trowel and the shovel " and " indefatigably assist in raising this Temple of Liberty upon the basis of Universal Benevolence."

But with all this imagery the Bishop made a distinct pronouncement, very remarkable for a Bishop of the Established Church enjoying a benefice of some eight thousand a year. He did not recollect, he said, "one single historical instance in which the much vaunted alliance between Church and State had not produced a sort of miscreated progeny composed of tyranny and hate." (*Dublin Evening Post*, July 15, 1784.)

But although the Irish wits might treat matters lightly, the English Administration at Dublin Castle continued to take the gravest view of the Bishop's demeanour. At this critical stage, when spies and agents blundered and misled, there was one who rendered service of incalculable value to the Administration, gradually but surely undermining the Bishop's influence with the Volunteers. Throughout the summer of 1784 Charlemont wielded his whole power with the Volunteers for the disruption of the union of Presbyterians with Catholics which the Bishop had striven to create and which constituted alike the strength of the movement and its dangers to the Administration. In Charlemont's deep-rooted but sincere prejudice against Catholic encroachment, sharpened by his dislike of the Bishop and his jealousy of a rival, the Administration found its best instrument for counteracting the propaganda of the Bishop and for emasculating the power of the Volunteers. At the series of reviews over which Charlemont presided as General, he lost no opportunity of sowing discord between Presbyterians and Catholics; and by working on Protestant prejudices and fears this was easy to accomplish. His policy received the secretly expressed approbation of King George himself. To the King's infinite satisfaction, and that of his representative in Ireland, Charlemont publicly announced to the Volunteers his disapproval of their admitting Roman Catholics to their ranks, and his doing so in the North and in the diocese of Derry, where the Bishop had already effected much in the direction of reciprocal good feeling between the two sections, especially exasperated the Bishop.

The *Belfast Newsletter** at this juncture set powder to flame by the publication of a violent attack on the Administration, purporting to be the Bishop's "Answer" to the Newtownards Reform Club—so says the King himself in a secret letter among Lord Sydney's Papers at Frogmal.

The Duke of Rutland now wrote to Pitt† to consult him un-

* The *Belfast Newsletter* was first edited in 1737. Published twice a week for more than half a century, it had a most extensive circulation.

† Correspondence between Pitt and Charles, Duke of Rutland, privately printed by Lord Mahon in 1842 and reprinted by the late Duke of Rutland in 1890.

officially as to the advisability of arresting the Bishop, and sent him the contumacious publication, with a view to its being shown to the Cabinet. Pitt and Sydney, with whom Rutland had also communicated, immediately submitted it to the King. The whole correspondence indicates the grave aspect in which the affair was viewed, and had it not been for the restraining influence of the great Minister himself, and the inclination of the King in the same direction, matters might have been forced to extremity. The subject opens with a letter from Rutland to Pitt dated "Dublin Castle, July 24, 1784."

"I cannot," he says, "consistently with my zeal for the King's service and my affectionate attachment to you, omit transmitting to you as speedily as possible a very flagitious publication which has just been put into my hands, & which will, I suppose, be re-echoed through all the newspapers of this kingdom, & possibly yours. . . .

"The present season for reviewing the Volunteers has furnished an incident which I am not without hopes will go, not only to weaken the improper influence of those armed bodies, but may possibly lead to their gradual dissolution. Lord Charlemont, the reviewing general of the Volunteers, has in an answer to one of their addresses in the north, given a decided opinion of his disapprobation of admitting Roman Catholics to any right of voting, which opinion directly tends to divide the Volunteers into two classes, & of course to crumble both.

"I did apprehend that Lord Charlemont's stopping short would push forward the Bishop of Derry ; but I could scarcely have conceived that his Lordship would have gone so very far as he has done in the enclosed publication, especially as his near connexion with Lord Mulgrave, on your side the water, and his brother Mr. Phipps, now one of my aide-de-camps here, gave me hopes that he would have contented himself with those enormities of which he had been guilty in the administration of Lord Northington in the face of Parliament. The question therefore is what is now prudent to be done, for I shall most cheerfully execute whatever shall be thought wise & best, feeling, as I own I do, much indignation at the daring & indecent conduct of this extraordinary English Peer & still more extraordinary Irish Bishop. But under the impression of those feelings I ask myself . . . whether these factions which the Duke of Portland's administration has planted in this country may not acquire strength by placing the Bishop of Derry at the head of the Papists & all the malcontents who

openly or secretly abet Mr. Fox* and his adherents here ; whether taking any step avowedly against the Bishop at present may not bring on such a general scene of discontent as may lead him to invite foreign assistance, and make Ireland, as far as he can, imitate America, & whether anything can be effectually done in this recess of Parliament here, or at all events before the sitting of the Courts of justice in November next ; though I think any redress to be expected there far inadequate to his Lordship's offences. Whether, again, as an English peer, this intemperate mischievous man may not be more effectually punished or quieted by an English Parliament, now sitting, than by any step that can be taken here :

" These are considerations which I thought proper to be suggested to you and perhaps to the Cabinet ; in the meantime I thought it my duty to send to the Attorney & Solicitor General to collect such evidence of these publications as may bring the facts home to the Bishop, which, I understand, was all that had been attempted by my predecessor, and that too without effect ; for no evidence of actual writing, or I believe, of publishing these seditious addresses, has yet been obtained by all the vigilance of my immediate predecessor, during whose time these seditious publications first made their appearance. . . ."

The Duke asks Pitt's advice how he should act, and says, in conclusion, " your signifying to me either His Majesty's commands or your own wishes will contribute much to my happiness, and I shall instantly take such part as may be deemed most conducive to the general welfare."

The secret letter from the King to which allusion has been made was written to Lord Sydney two days later. It is here brought to light for the first time :

" Windsor,

" July 26, 1784, m-43 pt. 11 p.m.

" The Duke of Rutland has acted most properly in transmitting, and not in an official channel, the very factious if not treasonable answer of the Bishop of Derry to the Newtownards Reform Club, published *Newsletter*, previous to his taking any step ; which enables the Cabinet to weigh the whole, and consequently co-operate in the measures it may be necessary to adopt.

* It was an error to suppose that the Bishop was a partisan of Fox, whom he detested. Fox, however, was of course ready to join in any movement likely to give trouble to Pitt's Government. But he was no sincere friend to Irish reforms, and opposed them whenever it suited his purpose to do so.

“ I do not see how the British Parliament can take any step in this early stage ; it is as yet an Executive not a Legislative transaction.

“ So many evils have arisen from not crushing evils whilst in the bud, that I cannot well see how the Lord Lieutenant can be advised to remain a passive spectator, whenever He has such legal proofs as may be necessary to identify the Bishop having drawn up and sent this flagitious paper ; to begin so serious a business without being properly prepared would be the height of imprudence ; as, on the contrary, these once collected, it would be madness to permit this wicked Prelate to strengthen his party by such an appearance of timidity, and digest a plan perhaps at this hour but crudely formed. The declaration of Lord Charlemont is so opposite to this plan that I trust there will be a division among the Volunteers which may assist in destroying the present dangerous attempt. I am so certain that the Cabinet must view this in the same light I do, that I will not longer detain Lord Sydney. G. R.”*

The following extract from a letter addressed two days later by Sydney to Rutland (July 28, 1784) throws light on the proceedings of the Ministers before and after the King's letter :

“ I immediately communicated with Mr. Pitt on the receipt of your letter—We agreed that its contents should be sent to the King and likewise laid before the Cabinet. It seemed to be the general opinion that such steps should be taken by your Grace as might put it into your power to proceed against the Bishop of Derry whenever the time comes that you can do it with effect. The paper is of the most flagitious kind, but as yet it is only the publication of a Belfast newswriter. But what you mention of endeavours having been used in the time of your predecessor to fix publications of this kind upon the Bishop of Derry, and of their having proved ineffectual, it looks as if his Lordship chose to shelter himself, & to put the printer between him & danger, though certainly, from the tenour of his general conduct it would be natural to suppose that he was ready to avow himself the author. . . . Mr. Pitt writes to you by this messenger which is a great satisfaction to me, as he will fully explain the sentiments of the Cabinet as well as his own upon this very disagreeable subject.” . . . (Hist. Commission, “ Rutland Papers,” XIV., page 128. Draft copy at Frogmal sale.)

* Copied from the original, which was among the Marsham-Townshend Papers at Frogmal. At the sale there in 1915 it was purchased by Mr. Sawyer, bookseller.

The wisdom of Pitt is conspicuous in his letter dispatched the same day :

“ Downing Street,
“ Wednesday, July 28, 1784.

“ MY DEAR DUKE, . . .

“ With regard to the complexion of the letter which has been printed in Lord Bristol’s name there could be but one opinion. Although the publication (unless it is coupled with some act in consequence that might be construed into levying war) can hardly be supposed to be treasonable, it is at the same time so gross an insult on all government that it is impossible not to feel the strongest wish to bring the author of it to punishment. But in pursuing the consideration of this subject his Majesty’s servants are equally unanimous in thinking that it is involved in considerable difficulty, both with regard to the expediency of proceeding to such measures as the case may seem to call for and as to the prospect of reaching the principal delinquent Lord Bristol with effect. On the latter question . . . it occurs that the publication in its present shape only affords grounds of prosecution against the printer and cannot furnish any ground against Lord Bristol, unless your enquiries succeed to fix upon him the writing or publishing of it, or unless the printer on being proceeded against should give him up as the Author. As to the expediency of any such proceeding . . . the notice of this offence might, as is often the case, serve to give new popularity and consequence to the offender. In the temper in which some parts of Ireland appear, even the cause of the printer, if he were the object of prosecution, might perhaps be made to raise a cry, however ill-founded, in the country. If the prosecution against him should lead to direct proof against Lord Bristol, there is perhaps still more reason to apprehend that he might avail himself of the present conjuncture, and of the appearance of being persecuted, which is always easily assumed and always popular, to strengthen his party, particularly by endeavouring to make a common interest with the Roman Catholics. If the intemperance and delusion of any considerable number should render him successful in that attempt, it might in the present state of Ireland lead to consequences which ought not to be hazarded without being fully prepared to meet them. To all these considerations it must undoubtedly be added that if, from want of evidence . . . the attempt to punish should prove unsuccessful, it cannot fail to weaken the credit of government, and give fresh strength and credit to its opponents. On every account, therefore, we conclude that no step whatever

should be taken against Lord Bristol without the most unequivocal proofs to support them ; and that no step of any sort ought to be taken without most maturely considering, on the best information of the prevailing temper and actual circumstances of the country, what effect may be expected. The King's servants do not feel themselves sufficiently masters of every consideration that would make a part of the question to form an adequate and decisive opinion at this moment. They conceive the less inconvenience is likely to result from the suspension of any positive determination, as they apprehend that it is impossible any prosecution can be set on foot before the beginning of the term, and that therefore that interval will allow them the opportunity of more fully considering the subject before it is necessary that Government should be committed in it. Your Grace has undoubtedly judged very wisely in allowing measures to be taken immediately to collect evidence ; but the reasons I have before stated make it desirable that they should be taken privately, without any ostensible act on the part of government. It seems also, on the same account, proper not to convene any formal meeting of the Law Servants or to take in any shape, any public notice of this business, till it is riper than at present. Any proceeding in this country against Lord Bristol as a British peer, would, in the present circumstances be liable to most of the same objections, and appears besides to involve many others. I have now troubled your Grace with all that I am enabled to state to you on this subject. Though I have on this occasion been so far from assisting you with a formed and decisive opinion, I cannot conclude without assuring you that we are all sensible to the necessity of forming upon due deliberation some systematic line of conduct which, when thoroughly weighed, must be steadily adhered to, as the only chance of extricating the interests of this country in Ireland from the delicate situation in which they are placed, and of preserving the tranquillity of that kingdom. Till such a line of conduct can be fully concerted, I feel that your Grace's task is necessarily to a certain degree to temporize, which is never pleasant, and can never for any long time be safe. For every reason, you will not doubt of my sincere wish to relieve you from the necessity of such conduct by every exertion which I can contribute to your assistance—I am ever, my dear Duke, your most faithful & affectionate friend, W. PITT."

While the attitude of Pitt with regard to the Bishop was one of judicious policy, and he was evidently opposed to the prosecution of so prominent an idol of the Irish people, it seems likely that for personal reasons he was secretly unwilling to

proceed to extremities against a friend and strong adherent of his late father.

On August 15, in a letter to Pitt, Rutland remarks: "If you will not consent to Lord Bristol's *treasons* being noticed, at least I hope, some object equally worthy of punishment may be laid hold of." It appears from his correspondence that the Duke was wide of the mark as to the Bishop's aims and policy; and "having discovered a clue," as he said, that "all the plots which are contriving in this country are entirely French and Roman Catholic," he was certainly on the wrong track in associating the Bishop with French plots.

The fact was that Rutland now believed he had found an important confirmation of what he "had always suspected," as he writes to Lord Sydney (namely, that "the disturbances which have agitated this country have all originated their source in French interests"). "There is a meeting," he reports, evidently well satisfied with his discovery, "in which two men of the name of Napper Tandy, and another called John . . . drink the French King on their knees, and their declared purpose is a separation from England and the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion." We shall see that the Bishop, with remarkable consistency, was careful not to associate himself with the separatist faction of Napper Tandy—Rutland, indeed, a full-blooded young man of altogether splendid presence and physique, was not gifted with any remarkable perspicacity, nor was he wisely served by those about him, who believed that by peeping into Newenham's letter-bags they had made important discoveries. "A striking example is wanted and must be produced for the benefit of future tranquillity," wrote the Viceroy to Pitt; apparently it mattered nothing who was the victim to be offered in sacrifice, provided he furnished "a striking example." While Dublin Castle with its "hacks" and spies was thus making confusion worse confounded, the Bishop's admirers the louder proclaimed him a hero and a martyr. The *Hibernian Journal* of August 14, 1784, announces: "Were we not highly satisfied of the virtues of that nobleman the Earl of Bristol, they might be distinguished by the mean, scurrilous abuse of Castle prints. The friend of the people receives their paltry invective, while they bestow fulsome plaudits upon the enemies of the nation. Their abuse is praise. Such obloquy to him but increases the gratitude and affection of the people, because he has proved himself their sincere friend."

Meanwhile in England the Bishop was likely to be viewed with disapproval and suspicion. Writing from London at

this juncture, the orthodox Dr. Lort, in a letter to Bishop Percy, dated August 19, 1784, comments on affairs :

“Notwithstanding what you say of the declining spirit of Volunteering, still we think here that you have some desperate spirits on your side of the water that are determined to throw all into confusion, and that a certain Bishop is of the number.” (Nichol’s “Literary Anecdotes,” VII., 465.)

CHAPTER XXXV

1784 (*continued*)

THE information which Bishop Percy had communicated to Dr. Lort as to the declining spirit of the Volunteers was well-founded, and with it their power as a political instrument was being extinguished. Charlemont had seen to this. The seeds of discord between Protestants and Catholics had been carefully sown and fostered by him, and their united action was no longer to be feared.

In a letter among his correspondence Charlemont triumphantly announces (August 27, 1784) on the conclusion of his Reviews of the Volunteers in the North of Ireland that he left matters "in the episcopal city (Derry) as well as possible—the troops instigated as I suppose by his Holiness (the Bishop) did not meet me, but, ashamed of their conduct . . . sent to desire leave to escort me to the review and out of town. . . . At the meeting the Catholic question was proposed, and, after a long debate, withdrawn, so that *Old Latimer's* bishop was routed, horse and foot even in his own metropolis. . . . At Derry I dined with the Mayor and almost got drunk with old Protestant toasts." Of Derry, by the way, Charlemont admits that "the city is now equally open to Protestants and Papists."

Rutland, in a like exultant spirit, reports to Pitt (September 13): "The seeds of dissension by Lord Charlemont's address have been so completely sowed between the Catholics and Presbyterians that the power of both these parties is much diminished."

We may contrast with their policy the Bishop's advice to his co-reformers: "Quench but this firebrand of religious discordancy," he had said some six months earlier to the Mayo delegates, "which the common enemy of both parties has been perpetually hurling through this distracted and deluded

nation, and ye will soon see the pure lambent flame of liberty cherish and enlighten Ireland. But until ye can forgive and reciprocally tolerate each other ye must expect to find yourselves ultimately tools and victims." Thus, in proportion as his advice of cohesion was disregarded, the people's aims were frustrated and their rights unachievable : he had duly warned them, and it was now their own fault if he could no longer help them : by losing their opportunity they were themselves ruining their cause, while they were cutting the ground from under his feet.

The "rout," of which Charlemont boasted, must have been not the less galling to the Bishop that his younger son Frederick, who, now aged about fifteen, had lately been promoted Colonel of the Tyrone Battalion, was present at the Reviews, and was thus a witness of his discomfiture. The supporters of the Bishop had augured well from the appointment of the boy, and the *Dublin Evening Post* had declared that "it must do great credit to that Corps, and add new vigour to the Volunteer cause. Their young Commander," it proceeded, "is really a fine spirited young fellow and as warm a friend to this country as his father, who continues as steady a perseverance as ever, notwithstanding all the abuse he has met with, and the various efforts that have been made to seduce him from the paths of honour and independence, and the establishment of a substantial reform in the representation of Ireland."

It is clear, however, that the summer campaign of Charlemont culminated in a damaging and final assault on the episcopal strongholds, and henceforth the Bishop's forces were irretrievably broken. There were, moreover, other influences undermining the unity which makes for strength. Before tracing these, it is observable that from this time—the autumn of 1784—the Bishop's public utterances were less frequent, however strongly he may have continued to proclaim his convictions in his immediate circle.

A report from London now reached the *Volunteer Post*, showing the Bishop's political operations in a moderated and milder form :

"The only object Lord Bristol professes particular zeal to see achieved, is a parliamentary reform ; and this once carried, it is understood that his Lordship's opinions will then inculcate the necessity there is for the Civil Government of the country to return to its original order, without interposition from military associations, provincial delegates, or any other assembly anomalous to the Constitution."

A cause for the Bishop's gradual retirement from his former

publicity may be found in the fact that a new current, flowing from another direction, had lately burst upon the troubled waters of reform. The Bishop has been accused of inconsistency because he withheld his countenance from the reform Congress instigated by Napper Tandy, now prominently figuring in the public eye. It is evident that the Bishop was unwilling to join forces with a rabble-leader of the class of Tandy, or with Tandy's confederate, that bungling patriot Sir Edward Newenham. That he did not do so caused much heart-burning in their ranks.

A letter from Belfast to an eminent merchant in this city (Dublin) has the following illuminating passage: "All is lost! We are damned beyond redemption! The Bishop of Derry has declined acting as a delegate (at the Tandy-Newenham Congress). If this be true—if this ornament of human nature, as the seditious prints call him—has refused to attend N—T—'s Rump Parliament, in what degree of contempt must it stand?" (*Volunteer Evening Post*, September 25, 1784.) Again:

"The non-attendance of the immaculate Bishop in his congressional capacity has given a death-blow to the hopes of those vagrants who strolled up to town to have a sight of this great man. The Bishop says he would not accept the delegation conferred on him by the inhabitants of Belfast, as they had been rather unfortunate in the choice of the *group* they had delegated with him. In refusing to herd with the beasts who compose the present Congress he shows in one instance at least that a noble drop of blood still flows in his veins."

To this Congress at Dublin the presence of Flood gave some importance—it was the only one he attended—and, so confidently was it expected that the Bishop would grace the proceedings at the "Dancing School"—as the Congress which assembled in the rooms of the dancing-academy was nicknamed—that there appeared in the *Volunteer Post* an imaginary account of the Bishop leading off the dance with Flood for his partner. "In all the difficult movements of the dance," it facetiously announced, "it is impossible to conceive the excellence and alertness of the B—'s motions, and how wonderfully Mr. F. imitated the Duchess of Rutland. He had her smiles and her manners to a T. . . . His sly leers at the B—p were incomparable."

But the Bishop, in fact, had broken his connection with Flood, which had resulted in disappointment to himself; and he was not to be led into joining him in any complicated dance with Tandy and Newenham figuring in the same set.

Joking apart, the Bishop knew well enough that Flood, keen though he was for Parliamentary Reform, was as firm as ever against concessions to the Catholics, and that, with Flood present at Tandy's Congress, no Resolutions would be carried in that direction.

The Bishop therefore remained at home, and, leaving the wider stage of the metropolis to a rival school of political performers, indulged—so to speak—in some private theatricals before a smaller and a more select audience, among his own people.

Lord Charlemont having departed from Derry, and consequently the fears of Popish encroachment which had been excited by Protestant orgies having somewhat abated there, a body of Presbyterians temporarily returned to the leading of the Bishop, and actually passed a resolution in favour of admitting Catholics to the franchise with themselves.

Horace Walpole writes the astounding news to Sir Horace Mann at Florence, September 30, 1784: "Think of a reformation of Parliament by admitting Roman Catholics to vote at elections! and that that preposterous idea should have been adopted by Presbyterians. That it was sanctified by a Protestant Bishop is not strange, *he* would call Mussulmen to the poll, were there any within the diocese of Derry."

The rally of the Presbyterians of Derry, however, was but a flash in the pan, the flame of the movement was already practically extinct. The idea of any realization of the Bishop's brave words about "liberating this high-mettled nation," had proved but a dream.

There was yet another and a still more serious cause at work to militate against the realization of the Bishop's ideal of unity, and it came from another quarter. While suspicion of the Catholics was everywhere sedulously excited among the Presbyterians, the pusillanimity of the Catholics themselves was at the same time played upon, and a party among them was led to believe that a union with Presbyterians for obtaining equality of treatment was but a trap which would bring them to disaster, and that in their own interest they had best abandon any such claims as altogether beyond reach of attainment. This pacific section among the Irish Catholics was headed by Lord Kenmare, who deprecated that bellicose party among his co-religionists which was led by Sir Patrick Bellew. It will be remembered that both the Bishop and Lord Sydney in early youth—as Fred Hervey and Tom Townshend—used to associate with Bellew, when all three were the guests of Mr.

and Mrs. Phipps at Horringer.* The Bishop not unnaturally had renewed his acquaintance with Bellew in Ireland ; and he was supposed in consequence to confer with him. In reality the Bishop's aims were utterly distinct from Bellew's plots of separation from England, and treasonable correspondence with France ; and he would have nothing to do with them. Thus from Catholics as well as Presbyterians the Bishop's ideal of a union of reformers suffered a serious, and a final, disappointment at this juncture, and, it would seem, he never again attempted to unite his scattered forces, although leading personages, spiritual as well as temporal, still erroneously associated the Bishop with the disruption of Ireland from England. Meanwhile the Duke of Rutland reported to Pitt on September 13† some tittle-tattle about the Bishop :

" *Your friend* the Bishop of Derry has had his baggage packed for these last three weeks with a view to departing for the Continent ; but his mind is so volatile that it is impossible to say where he will go. He has turned his son Lord Hervey out of his house *for a Tory* ; and a party of Officers, among whom was my first *aide-de-camp* Colonel Dundas, lately dined with him, when his whole language was such complete treason that they were reduced to the alternative of flinging a little bottle at his head, or of quitting his company, the latter of which they preferred. If he continues in this Country to act as he has hitherto done, it will be impossible to avoid impeaching him next session."

As a matter of fact the Bishop did not go abroad till a year later, and his journeys were no further than to neighbouring counties. As to the story of Lord Hervey's being turned out, Charlemont, in his Memoirs, gives a different version :

" Respecting his son Lord Hervey, the poor young man came over not long since in order to procure the payment of his annuity which had for some time remained undischarged. He and a friend who accompanied him were at first politely received at Downhill, the Bishop's whimsical mansion, but happening one night to drink more than his father wished the oppor-

* A letter of Thomas Townshend, Lord Sydney, at Frogmal, dated September 17, 1784, beginning " Dear Sir," says : " I think it is necessary to acquaint you who Sir Patrick Bellew is. I remember to have seen him as long ago as the first year I was at Lord Mulgrave's Father near Bury, when I used to live much in society with the Bishop of Derry. This acquaintance is now resumed, & he may possibly be a great instrument in carrying on the foreign correspondence. His designs are unequivocally declared." . . . Original MSS. bought at the Frogmal sale in 1915 by Mr. Sawyer, bookseller, who allows me to publish extracts from his papers.

† Hist. Com. MSS., " Rutland Papers," page 135.

tunity was eagerly seized, and he with his companions was fairly turned out of doors and even obliged to take refuge in the house of a gentleman who was totally unknown to them and who, being absent from home, his daughter was compelled to receive them."

Whatever of truth there may have been in either of these versions, it seems likely enough that the opposition the Bishop encountered in his public combats left him in no good humour for private dispute. With regard to Lord Hervey, it may be here said that he had a hot temper of his own, and that from his expensive habits, he was often in debt in spite of a handsome allowance which his father made him. He and Lady Hervey—good meek Lady Hervey—had been living and entertaining at Valentines,* a country house near Ilford, and about this time it was found necessary to get rid of this expensive residence. A year later we shall find Hervey living at Naples, where his private conduct made him the subject of some animadversion; and later he became through his father's influence English Envoy to the Tuscan Court at Florence, when he and his father were again on good terms. But whether a story concerning the Bishop were true or false his enemies were willing to believe anything to his discredit. While he was hostilely regarded by the temporal powers, he was even more so by his spiritual compeers. The aspect in which the Bishop appeared to the aged Archbishop Robinson of Armagh†—a man of narrow outlook and little perspicuity—is presented in the correspondence of Lord Sydney in September, 1784. The Primate was in bad health, and his absence from Ireland made his information somewhat belated. His Grace was now on a visit to Tunbridge Wells, and Sydney reports to Pitt conversations he had with the Primate on two occasions at that health resort. There statesmen and other illustrious personages congregated at its Pantiles and discussed the condition of Ireland—at this time the principal subject of conversation. "I have just returned from Tunbridge Wells," writes Sydney from "Frogmal,

* Of Valentines, Lady Bristol remarks in a letter to her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster (January 26, 1784): "It is really a pretty place, & very comfortable house, but there are some inconveniences belonging to it, & I wish your brother, if possible to get rid of it. Lady Hervey is not very well, & they talk of going to Spa early in the season. . . . Your brother is grown fat & looks vastly well." . . . "The Two Duchesses," page 110.

† Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh, first Lord Rokeby, born 1709, died 1794. Churchill thus alludes to him:

"In lawn-sleeves whisper to a sleeping crowd
As dull as R—n, and half as proud."

September 6, 1784,* where I had a pretty long conversation with the Primate."—The latter held the gloomiest views about Ireland and attributed its evils to the machinations of the Papists to whom no concessions should have been made in the past or should be made in the future, neither should any Parliamentary reform whatever be granted. "He is decisive upon the subject of Lord Bristol and thinks he should be laid hold of upon the first opportunity. He does not believe he is leaving Ireland. I should take too much time if I were to repeat all he said upon the subject of this Personage though it would be tolerably entertaining."

Ten days later (September 17), Sydney reports a second interview he has had with the Primate at Tunbridge Wells: "He seemed more at his ease than when I saw him last. . . . He says he hears the Bishop of Derry is alarmed at the apprehension of the Printer for High Treason." Sydney gives details of this conversation and repeats these in a letter to the Duke of Rutland, dated Frogmal, September 26, 1784. (Hist. Comm. MSS., "Rutland Papers," page 140.) "He" (the Primate), says Sydney, "is clear that the Papists mean a separation of the two Kingdoms and a Popish King. He is equally clear that the mad Presbyterians in the North will be the dupes of their own bad policy. He thinks that their madder leader who is neither Papist nor Protestant and therefore, on that score, the more fit to negotiate between them, ought not to pass unnoticed, and indeed that he cannot pass unnoticed, and *that the sooner he is dealt with the better*. . . ." The Primate recommended spy being set upon spy. "O'Leary may be a tolerably good spy. . . . He thought he might be used, but with some other spy upon him perhaps." This was too much even for Rutland. He replies (October 7): "I must apprise you that the Primate, with the utmost zeal for the good of the two kingdoms, is too apt to despond. His prejudice against the Roman Catholics increases his apprehension, and though some of them may meditate the most dangerous designs, I can hardly persuade myself that the larger and better proportion of them do not abhor the dangerous plans meditated by some. My sentiments about the Bishop of Derry, who I suppose is alluded to under the

* Both these letters addressed to Pitt begin, "Dear Sir"; they have not been published or quoted hitherto. They were among the Marsham-Townshend Papers at Frogmal, with numbers of the original letters of the Duke of Rutland to Sydney, of which draft copies exist at Belvoir, quoted by the Hist. Commission of MSS. ("Rutland Papers").

Sydney mentions he has been talking to the Duchess of Beaufort, who had just received a letter from her daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, giving an account of the attack by the mob on Dublin Castle. Both ladies attributed the motive of it to robbery, but, says Sydney, "I do not agree with the two Duchesses." (Letter from Frogmal, now owned by Mr. Sawyer, bookseller.)

title of the madder leader who is neither Papist nor Protestant, and the lines to be pursued with him, are well known to your Lordship. His conduct has indisputably rendered him a fit subject to be dealt with by law. He is a sacrifice which none will regret, and might if necessary be made a striking example to the spirit and justice of Government, though little is to be apprehended from his endeavours at confusion. His character is far even below contempt, and I am confident his influence would neither afford him the means, nor would his courage suffer him to venture farther than the talking of treason over his claret."

As to "character": Whatever the Bishop's private character may have been, Rutland's was as much reprobated on the one side as was the Bishop's on the other. His self-indulgent and intemperate habits were notorious, and were, in fact, leading him to premature death. That grand old man the Earl of Mansfield admonishes his young friend, "the complaint which hurts you the most is drinking hard, and the irregularity of the hours of the Castle."

Rival newspapers vied with one another in scurrilous attacks on the private character of their respective political opponents. The *Dublin Evening Post* and the *Hibernian Journal* besmirched "Charley Manners" and his Duchess and the "Castle hacks," while they extolled the Bishop and the reformers. The *Volunteer Evening Post* and other papers did the reverse. At the same time caricatures of the Bishop with lampoons appeared and were eagerly bought. One bearing the date "November 5" implies a resemblance to Guy Fawkes. It represents the Bishop with a flaming torch in his right hand. On his left shoulder is seated a little imp with wings and tail. It faces the spectator with a broad grin, and holds in its claw a sheet of paper on which is written "An Archbishoprick" (which the Bishop might be supposed to be coveting). On a pedestal is inscribed:

"The Irish Patriot,"

and beneath the figure are the following lines:

"Of base Ingratitude possest,
With rank Rebellion in his Breast,
Tho' rich yet poor, tho' *proud* yet *mean*,
Tho' rob'd in purest Lawn, Unclean:
With such Hypocrisy of Heart
As makes astonish'd Virtue *start*.
When such a Soul the Devil shall fish up,
Depend upon't 'tis D—'s B—p."

(Published as the Act directs, November 5, '84.)

Equally scurrilous, though conceived in lighter vein, is some "Poetry," which appears in the *Volunteer Evening Post*, under date November 27, 1784. It purports to be an "Epistle from Aquilina, a celebrated Courtezan at Pisa, to a Right Rev. Gentleman in Ireland," and begins as follows :

" Oh Thou, whatever title please thine ear
 Priest, Lover, Captain, Shepherd, Statesman, Peer !
 Whether supreme 'midst *Dilletanti* plac'd,
 You give new fashions to the world of taste ;—
 Whether midst Volunteers in phrenzy-pride
 You mount the charger and the phalanx guide ;
 Or meet with Delegates in deep debate
 To take to pieces that machine—the State—
 Health to my Fred !—well be his cellars stor'd,
 Sound be his wine, and jovial be his board :
 O think of me, and when the bumpers pass,
 Let Aquilina mantle in the glass—
 As round the table the lov'd name you send
 Let pealing cheers the vaulted ceiling rend !
 But hark !—methinks the post boy's horn I hear ;
 My breast alternate throbs with hope and fear,
 Hope—that a *billet-doux* from thee is nigh
 Glows in my cheek and lightens in my eye,
 And then a deadly pale o'erspreads my face
 The H(ervey)s all are such a fickle race ;
 Odd neutral things* of maggots born and bred
 From soft Lord F(ann)y† down to mitred Fred—
 But true the good, untrue the boded ill—
 I see, I see a letter from D(ow)n Hill ;
 Yes, from the Courier's wallet piping hot,
 Ave Maria—I'm not quite forgot :
 No common *billet-doux*, but all in rhyme—
 The style, too, tender, as in love's first prime,"

and so forth for a further tale of more than a hundred lines of venomous satire.

* An allusion to the oft-repeated adage, " God made men, women and Herveys."

† An allusion to Pope's scurrilous lines on the Bishop's father, Lord Hervey.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1785

Lady Sneerwell : Why, truly Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent and a great deal of industry.

Snake : True, Madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. . . . Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the *Town and Country Magazine* when the parties perhaps had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives."—*School for Scandal*, Act I, Scene I.

WHILE it is evident that the Italian Aquilina was a mere creation of fancy, there was an Irish lady whom gossip associated with the Bishop at this very time, or at least a few weeks later. It appears she was the wife of a clergyman whose name began with H, but it has not been possible to trace her identity ; and it may be remarked in passing that as the prurient author of Aquilina's ribald verse makes no allusion to the story, we may conclude that it had not reached his ear, and was therefore not matter of notoriety.

However that may have been, the *Town and Country Magazine* first gave wing to the scandal which perhaps had no more foundation in fact than had the inventions of Lady Sneerwell's Mrs. Clackitt. Among the "Tête-à-Tête"—as the lampoons were styled which periodically appeared in that magazine, with small-sized portraits of men notable in the social world coupled with those of their mistresses—our Bishop and a lady are represented in one bearing the title, "The Patriotic Prelate and Mrs. H," with the date, January 12, 1785.

The following sprightly "mémoire" appears under the heading of this "tête-à-tête" :

"Our present hero is a nobleman whose family has upon many occasions distinguished themselves in a civil and naval capacity and some of their names were recorded in the Nautical annals for their glorious achievements in the service of their country. The Patriotic Prelate is not behind hand in appearing conspicuous in the cause of liberty ; and though a dignitary of the Church, has united the military character with it, that he

might more effectually stand forth the champion of a cause he has heartily espoused. His eloquence upon many important occasions has been displayed in a neighbouring kingdom in vindication of those rights and privileges which he thought were in danger of being usurped. How far his Lordship's suspicions were well or ill founded we will not pretend to determine : but having adopted an opinion, and united with a party, he has approved himself a zealous advocate for the cause in which he engaged. Upon this occasion we must observe, to our hero's honour, we cannot trace the slightest ground for a suspicion that he has been actuated by any selfish, any pecuniary, or any sordid views ; on the contrary, the line of conduct he has pursued in this respect in a great degree militated against his personal and his family interests.

“ Pseudo-patriots without number we have seen bellow, rage and foam at the mouth, till the whole nation has been bit, and having caught the infection continues in a state of insanity for years ; but at length some pretty douceurs falling to their lot, their memory became treacherous, and they entirely forgot their country was upon the brink of destruction. The abyss was closed, as well as their mouths, with a snug place or sinecure ; and they thus happily prevented another Curtius engulfing himself to save his country. The contrast is as striking as it must be to our hero, who rises superior to all venal views, all pecuniary designs. Neither is he the echo of party or the whipper-in of faction. He acts upon a noble principle—the real good of his country—the sentiments that flow from him are his own, which he vouches as such, and

“ ‘As on a rock
—that not the wrath of Jove can move his resolution stands.’

“ The Patriotic Prelate in private life is a most amiable character ; he is friendly, hospitable, charitable and humane. His guests require but one invitation to his table and their napkin is ever after placed ; he is not pompous in distributing his alms, he aims not at being conspicuous in a parading list of subscribers or a public contribution ; but when he hears of a family in real distress he attends *incog.* personally ; and in proportion as he discriminates their wants he relieves them. They are ignorant of their benefactor, but they are convinced of his unaffected benevolence. Such characters do credit to human nature ; and no opportunity should be missed of holding them exemplarily to the opulent part of mankind, who in general squander thousands upon race-horses and gamblers, which might be appropriated with the best grace to those purposes which do

honour to humanity, and make us at least in this respect superior to the brute creation. For what is rank and title, all the fastidious glare of pedigree, wealth, or even the pedantry of the schools, but froth and vanity? Pope justly observes:

“ ‘A wit’s a feather, and a chief’s a rod.
An honest man’s the noblest work of God.’

“Our hero, with all those good and brilliant qualities, is not without his hobby-horse; but every man says Tristram ‘has his hobby’; why, then, should the Patriotic Prelate be obliged to pad it out of the common path, when it is allowed there is no doing without a *Bidet*. This premised we can assure our readers that our hero is neither a foxhunter or a gamester, a jockey or a Bacchanalian; and yet he loves a cheerful glass as well as any man in all London, or Londonderry. No—neither of these pursuits constitute his hobby. ‘In the name of wonder,’ we think the reader says, ‘be explicit, come to the point, and tell us what it is.’

“He is there in one word *architecturally* hobbied; building is his passion, and he indulges it to the highest pitch; but let it be observed at the same time he does not pursue it blindly, without taste or genius. Vitruvius himself does not blush at some of his plans and sections; and he as judiciously carries them into execution as he designs them with gusto.

“By this time our readers are made pretty well acquainted with our hero’s public and private character on all respects but one—that is in the capacity of a gallant; and as we have introduced him as such in these memoirs, it may be thought high time that we should peep upon this side of his portrait, having delineated the other features very strikingly. Being of the same opinion ourselves we shall now enter upon this part of our task, which is the more disagreeable, as it may be considered the most invidious; and let it be remarked that under certain circumstances, a female connection may be fairly palliated, if not completely vindicated. In this point of view we think our hero stands—a connubial separation, let the cause have been what it may, places a man in a state of widowhood, which entitles him to another mate. This is precisely the case with respect to the Patriotic Prelate whose amours we are now going to touch upon. Were report to be credited, some of the finest women and of the first rank in Ireland have thought him not unworthy of being enrolled among the list of their *innamoratos*, but as we consider these ladies’ names sacred we shall pass over their connections without any further comment in order to introduce the amiable Mrs.

H—— who does not take any particular pains to conceal her attachment to the Patriotic Prelate.

“This lady is the daughter of a reputable tradesman who gave her a genteel education, of which she availed herself and was pronounced a very accomplished girl before she had attained her fourteenth year. Her person now began to bespeak the woman, and at the same time it announced bordering upon maturity, it displayed such charms as few male observers could behold without emotion. She was tall and elegant in her figure, moved with peculiar grace and ease ; her face was a regular oval, her eyes large, blue, and enchanting, where a thousand cupids lay in ambush. When she smiled a most engaging dimple presented itself to view ; but when she yielded to the full impulse of the risible muscles, fresh beauties appeared in two beautiful rows of teeth that were exhibited between the most solicitous pouting lips perhaps ever beheld. A female thus portrayed, at her juvenile time of life, could not fail having many admirers, and soon several suitors. Our heroine’s wavering untutored heart knew not where to fix. Vanity, the predominant passion of all the sex, failed not to throw in a *caveat* against prigs, puppies and *petits-mâtres*, as they ‘answered no end, and to no sex belonged.’

“Neither would ambition let her listen to plebeians, attornies’ clerks, or attornies themselves ; their briefs were briefly dismissed without any hearing, or at least set over to the next term.

“Whether this conduct was prudential or not, the reader must determine. Our heroine had a great taste for reading—not merely Novels, Plays and Romances, but History and the Belles Lettres with the approved poetical productions of the most celebrated English bards. Hence she had conceived a taste for learning, and of course an illiterate man was her peculiar aversion. In these sentiments men of taste and literature failed not to meet her smiles, and amongst the foremost of these was the Rev. Mr. H——. His person was engaging, and his physiognomy prepossessing, and his address polite and prevailing. Add to this his learning was extensive, and though he often displayed it, he always suppressed the pedant. Our heroine listened to his entreaties, and in a short time she became Mrs. H——. As usual, honeymoons succeeded ; but the Lunar revolutions of this description were not of long duration. The bridegroom soon became the very husband, cloyed with the charms of his bride who ere now sunk into the wife ; and no sooner do these nominations apparently change than the fire-side becomes irksome to the lord and master, and

probably my lady may be inclined to wear the breeches. Be this as it may, it was not long before a separation was agreed upon. Mrs. H——, being freed from the shackles of matrimony, was at liberty to chuse another companion who could afford her more solace and comfort ; such a partner she met with in our hero, who discriminating all her merits and appreciating all her charms, testified his friendship as well as his passion, and they seem now to go hand in hand to promote our heroine's felicity, who acknowledges that in the Patriotic Prelate she has met with a man after her own heart, and, if she could believe in predestination, whom nature formed to make her completely happy."

While this history is related with a light humour there is none the less a touch of true discernment in the writer's appreciation of the Patriotic Prelate's best points and characteristics.

An instance showing his disinterested liberality of mind, as well as of purse, and the spontaneousness of his charitable actions, had lately occurred, and may be here recorded as narrated in the *Hibernian Journal*. A correspondent writes from Belfast (November 26, 1784): "The following is one of the many instances of the Earl of Bristol's unlimited generosity : On the way lately from Downpatrick to Castle Ward (the seat of Viscount Bangor) through the parish of Saul, his Lordship observed unroofed walls which excited his curiosity to enquire what they were erected for. Being informed that they were designed for a Romish Chapel but that the indigence of the people prevented its further advancement, his Lordship immediately repaired to the priest's place of abode, and laying aside the pomp of greatness, entered his humble cabin and generously presented him with ten guineas to enable him to prosecute the work."

It was the same generous spirit in the Bishop which led him to place at the disposal of his Roman Catholic neighbours for purposes of worship a room in the Mussenden Temple at Downhill, and to give specific instruction that this privilege should be continued after his death with the stipend of ten pounds a year to the priest, adding the further thoughtful proviso that his breakfast was to be prepared for him on Sundays, and also a feed for his horse.

It is easy to understand how such kindly and considerate actions appealed to the hearts of the humbler among the Bishop's Irish compatriots.

CHAPTER XXXVII

1785

WHILE at the beginning of the year 1785 the *Town and Country Magazine* set tongues wagging about the "Patriotic Prelate," the Bishop is nevermore to be traced in the Irish newspapers in the character of a Demagogue. For several years scarcely any mention of his name is to be found in them.

The last item of news respecting him is at the end of 1784, and it is significant. At the approach of Christmas, the Bishop—perhaps affected by the genial season—announced, it was reported, that he thought he had "already gone far enough" in the direction of political enterprise.

This, however, cannot be taken to imply that he renounced one iota of his standard of reform, which in truth remained "immovable as the very rock of his Cathedral." Fourteen years later he was still consistently advocating it, though no longer by public propaganda. Some reasons for his withdrawal from the arena of politics have already been suggested. That it was owing to fear, as was insinuated by his enemies, appears the less likely that Pitt had evidently no intention of countenancing his impeachment. It seems not improbable that some private intercourse with Pitt may have henceforth exercised a calming influence on the Bishop's political energies; and it may be noted that his propaganda in Ireland had never been directed against the young statesman—the son of his ideal leader—but rather against the evils of the system of government. Certainly as time went on, the Bishop's antipathy to Fox inclined him the more to the side of Pitt. Indeed, in the Bishop's latter years it was believed that a strong bond existed between him and Pitt.

While the Bishop's political pronouncements ceased, planting and farming at Downhill on a great scale still provided scope for his energies at the opening of the year 1785. He writes to Arthur Young :

“ Downhill, Coleraine,
“ January 15, 1785.

“ My dear Arthur, I am mortified, & should be really ashamed to see your entertaining letter so long unanswered, but that the multiplicity as well as variety of my occupations bereave me sometimes of the most pleasing ones. From sunrise to long after sunset I am not a moment idle, either in mind or person, and I can venture to assure you that agriculture, being the basis of all public and private virtue as it banishes laziness, fortifies the body, leads to fair and honest procreation, provides sustenance, and multiplies the tenderest and most enduring ties in nature, has no little share both of my time and attention. Let 150 men daily employed, verify my assertion ; let the rocks which disappear & the grass which succeeds to them, corroborate that evidence. But then what have I to do with the English plough ? Neither our soil, nor our climate, nor our labourers are the same ; we are poor and you are rich ; when industry has approximated a little of our wealth to yours, perhaps we may be tempted to adopt your luxury in agriculture, unless before that you shall have discovered your errors, and so saved us the trouble of retracting what we have not had time to adopt. As to my Presbyterians, I am glad you are modest enough to censure those whom you are honest enough to confess you do not know. All the harm which I find in them is that they love the rights of mankind ; and if, in pursuing them for themselves, they refuse to participate with their fellow citizens (the Roman Catholics), I would join in your execrations, and set them a better example than hitherto they have received from our Church.

“ Adieu ! let me hear from you sometimes when you have nothing better to do, and tell Symonds, with my affectionate compliments, that I have recovered my lost map of the Pontine marshes, and will send it by the first opportunity. If you see the learned and good-humoured Rector (Reverend George Ashby) don't let him forget your affectionate friend,

“ BRISTOL.”

A letter to Lady Erne next shows the Bishop at Downhill in high satisfaction with his surroundings. Lady Erne, living apart, though not formally separated from her husband, who kept her none too well supplied with money, was now at Nice, the guest of Lady Rivers, a lively lady of some sixty years, well known in the world of fashion at home and abroad.

“ D. Hill,
 “ February 22, 1785.

“ MY DEAREST MARY,

“ Your long letter of the 15th gave me almost as great surprise & spirits as those in which it was written, for tho’ you profess not to be strong, yet it is plain you are not low but are able to keep your ground, which to tell you a melancholy truth is more than I expected. The relief to your finances is probably some to your spirits, and as the little drafts upon them are more perplexing than large & regular ones, & as little Indulgences generally distress & puzzle one more than greater, I desire you wd keep an account of yr Postage both of letters you receive & of those you write, & draw upon me for the amount every six months. By this means you need not fear to drain yr own pocket & cannot fear to distress mine, whenever you travel. I will open another account with you : *en attendant*, enjoy your £100 & expect more when you want it. I communicated to the Viscount a scheme of adding to yr income £100 a piece, but he answer’d me drily, when you was as good a Wife as you was a daughter he wd listen to the proposal. I cd have answered him by an inversion of his Rule, but *à quoi Bon ?* .You say nothing of Lady Rivers* yet she says a great deal of you & gives us the best accounts of you :—poor Elizabeth,† I fear this winter will bear very hard on her. Nice *was* much azurer than Pisa, & a much more salutary Climate—but the Tower of Babel has got among us & we must be dispers’d—Frederick‡ has determin’d his profession for the Church, and I have now no thoughts of quitting Ireland where I am too happy to expect to be equally so anywhere else. My friends on the Continent die—no country is worth visiting when stript of them ; here *I make* new ones every day, & such as are warmly attach’d to me—*ou bien je Rêve*.

“ Pray mention Madame Blondel§ to me *all long*, for her silence is become very mysterious. Mrs. Gage will be much flattered with yr recollections & still more with yr description—*Elle est d’une conversation bien douce*, but too irritable for

* Lady Rivers was the wife of George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, first Lord Rivers, and the sister and heiress of Sir Richard Atkins, sixth Baronet, of Clapham. She was an old friend and contemporary of the Bishop’s sister, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, and a curious correspondence exists at Hinchbrook relating to the association of these two ladies with Lord Sandwich.

† Lady Elizabeth Foster was travelling in Italy with the Duchess of Devonshire. Thus the whole family were “ dispers’d.”

‡ Frederick did not become a clergyman. Perhaps it was for this reason that he subsequently incurred his father’s displeasure.

§ Madame Blondel, the intimate friend of Turgot.



Elizabeth Christian, Duchess of Devonshire, second daughter of fourth Earl of Bristol. *M.* (first), 1776, John Thomas Foster, M.P.; (secondly), 1809, fifth Duke of Devonshire. *D.* 1824.

By Angelica Kauffmann. The head was painted at Naples, and the remainder finished "after at Rome," 1785. Portrait at Ickworth.

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her own happyness or that of her friends. The Barnards* are going to Dublin, wch is a great loss to our Musical Society ; he has hir'd my farm at Banbrook 2 miles from hence, but the nearer the Church &c. &c.

“Downhill is becoming Elegance itself—300,000 Trees without Doors upon all the banks & upon all the Rocks, & almost as many pictures & Statues within Doors count very well. I have had no gout this winter wch I attribute to Musick or harmony of mind. Everything is Redolent of Joy & youth & we commonly sit down to Table from 20 to 25. We have cold suppers, & a bottle of *Champaign* at each end of the table—the Songsters sing *Ketches*, & I go to Bed which just now invites. Dr. Barnard in imitation of his bishop has *half* concerts from Wednesday to Saturday, & yesterday we return'd—Adieu dear Mary, I shall make no scruple of writing to you now I pay for my own letters—.”

Another letter to Arthur Young is dated from Downhill, March 9, 1785. (“Life of Arthur Young,” by M. Betham Edwards. Original letters now in British Museum.)

“Though I do not think my letters worth paying for, yet since you do & I have a leisure half hour, have at you. And in this duel of our pens who would expect a Bishop of the Established Church to be an advocate for the anti-Episcopal schismatics called Presbyterians, whilst a man whose religion lies in his plough & his garden—that is with the goddess of the one and the god of the other—to be so zealous an opponent ? My defence rests principally on this point, that they have as good a right to differ from me as my ancestors from our great Ancestors, or the Church Established above 1,200 years before. As for their political principles, I think their system of parity, & their practise in most parts of Europe, infinitely more favourable to political liberty than ours—witness Germany and Switzerland, & the short reign of old Nol.

“You say : But their political principles never become powerfully active without involving their country in a civil war. And are there not two words to that bargain ? and does not the *pot* call the *kettle* &c. &c. You might as well object the same to all good citizens when oppressed by bad ones ; you may as well object the same to the first Brutus, & to the second, you may as well object to Luther & Melancthon. Did the

* Of the Barnards we hear more later. Dr. Barnard was son of Barnard, Bishop of Derry, our Bishop's predecessor.

Presbyterians ask anything unreasonable when they desired to have *their* nonsense tolerated as well as any other nonsense? For if it be nonsense it is paying *it* too great a compliment, & ourselves too bad a one, to persecute it; and if it be good sense, surely for one's own sake as well as that of our neighbours it deserves a better reception than persecution.

"When I see Switzerland & Germany pacified for above 150 years after throat cutting for 140, by the single means of a reciprocal toleration, & by the Pacta or Conventa of 1648, (the Peace of Westphalia) which allowed them to share those loaves & fishes alternately monopolized by each party, I must confess if I were Frederick the First of Oceana or of Atlantis, I should not hesitate to begin my reign with that system with which most sovereigns are compelled to close theirs!

"The rights of humanity, dear Arthur, the rights of humanity form a great article in my Creed, & that religion, or sect of religion which can teach otherwise may come from below but surely did not descend from above.

"Believe me our whirlwind is not past—perhaps 'tis only beginning—yet 300 labourers with their spades fill my mind with as pleasing & satisfactory ideas as the whole Coleraine Battalion with their muskets before my door. If in this whirlwind I can direct the storm, so much the better for humanity but not for the lank-haired divinity nor the frizzle-topped divinity nor the hocus-pocus divinity.

"I love agriculture because it makes good citizens, good husbands, good fathers, good children; because it does not leave a man time to plunder his neighbours, & because by its plenty, it bereaves him of the temptation; & I hate an Aristocratical Government, because it plunders those honest fellows: because it is idle; it is insolent; it values itself on the merits of it; & because, like an overbearing torrent, the farther it is removed from its fountain head & the less it partakes of its original purity, the more desolation it carries with it, & because, like a stinking stagnated pool, it inflicts those very disorders which it was the chief merit of its spring & fountain-head to heal & remove. Adieu, ever affectionately, BRISTOL."

By which interesting effusion the Bishop may be interpreted in brief as meaning to declare:

I am a lover of humanity, not of creeds.

I take as much pleasure in watching my 300 labourers (Roman Catholics) as in receiving the compliments of the Coleraine Volunteers (Presbyterians). I stand for freedom of thought, freedom of Ireland from its narrow clique of borough-

mongers ; the storm raging for reform of Parliament is not yet over ; when reform comes, so much the better for the country, but not for those who have assumed the right to regard themselves as the sole repositories of truths—whether Presbyterians, Anglicans, or Roman Catholics.

Next in sequence comes the following letter, addressed to “ John Symonds, Esq., St. Edmund’s Hill, Bury St. Edmunds.” (The originals of this and of three other letters from the Bishop to Symonds included in this book came into the possession of the Rev. William Symonds, who died in 1918. The Rev. Lord Manners Hervey is their present owner.)

Among the Bishop’s former neighbours in Suffolk none enjoyed his favour more than the learned and accomplished John Symonds, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, who was a son of a former rector of Horringer :

“ DEAR SYMONDS,

“ I am well authoriz’d in telling you that our Primate is declining fast, (Archbishop Robinson did not die till 1794) and for my own part I could wish that so superior & liberal a man as your friend Dr. Watson could be his successor. Our Vice-Roy by all accounts would make a point of it. He has no Rival to dread on this side of the water but Hotham, Bishop of Clogher. *I* would not exchange *Derry* for ten Primacies, neither for Strasburgh nor Toledo—but I can give your friend some intelligence of it which may not be authentically obtain’d elsewhere—it’s present Income is only £8,300—it may without severity be rais’d to £10,000—but there is a House built upon it, & by the Statutes of this country the *whole cost* is to be refunded by the Successor of the Builder to Him or to his executors—the cost of this Palace was £16,000 & the successor is allow’d three years to repay it—one half of the sum at the end of the first year, one fourth more at the close of the second year and the last fourth at the end of the third year. In three years therefore he will have receiv’d £30,000 & must pay £16,000. The Patronage is an immense one, not less than £17,000 a year ; the house an handsome one, is in a fine country, full of gentlemen’s seats, & it’s distance 62 miles from Dublin—if he chooses Politicks he may have enough ; but if he declines them *quod potius spero* & will reside much in his diocese, he will be a more wealthy & a more powerful man—Tantum ! I sent you word by Arthur Young that I had procur’d you the map of the Pontine marshes, & if you retain’d your wish to possess it, would take care to forward it, but I have no answer—perhaps this letter may procure one—Adieu—are you inexorable upon a

visit to Ireland? The large *yarn* vessels are every day sailing from Liverpool to Derry, Coleraine & Belfast. *Two* days carry you from London to Liverpool in a Diligence & from thence either 36 hours or 40 will land you in the Coleraine River under my park wall. This is but a short journey to see an old friend, & if on the decline of life you would wish to adopt the Profession of your Father, for which I know not of any man more fit, I have from £500 to £1,100 a year at your service together with the invariable esteem of your ever affectionate Friend BRISTOL.

“ L : Derry,

“ March 25, 1785.”

Soon after this, the Bishop's redundant health and vitality were exchanged for severe illness and prostration. He writes to Lady Erne :

The letter is addressed to :

“ Viscountess Erne,

“ à Villa Pitt,

“ près de Lyons

“ France.”

“ D. Hill,

“ May 30th, '85.

“ Would it be salutary for you, my dearest Mary, to go to Spa? my Physician who is now at my bedside after a most severe fever talks of sending me there. I am not determin'd, but should like to know your feelings on the subject—the journey should cost you nothing & you might live there with me if you liked it. Did I send you word poor Dr. Monck is dead & succeeded by Dr. Burroughs? ” (There were two Dr. Burroughs who were successively Archdeacons of Derry—father and son. We hear much of the latter in after years.) “ Coulthurst in the scramble gets a living of £500 a year, & I believe will be married next week to Miss Canning a very pretty & still more amiable woman—He had a narrow escape from another with whom he could not live a month—all his Family much oblig'd to me—Poor Fitzgerald is quite broke and gone off to Mayo*—his wife remains in Dublin and his daughter deposited at Mr. Conolly's—The Downhill in greater

* His nephew, “ Fighting Fitzgerald.” Among his redeeming merits was that of being an affectionate husband and father. The lady here mentioned was his second wife. His unfortunate daughter remained in the care of the Right Hon. Thomas and Lady Louisa Conolly (a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond). The fate of her father, to whom she was greatly attached, being purposely concealed from Miss Fitzgerald, she long remained in ignorance of it, until one day, accidentally coming across an account in a newspaper of his death, she became aware of the facts. The shock and horror so greatly affected her that she never recovered and died soon afterwards.

beauty than ever, & 300,000 trees planted without one of them failing—scarce a stone, nay not a stone, left upon the Demesne, & the Castle getting a Surtout of Freestone with the richest Corinthian Pillasters that cd be executed—but you'll think yr poor father raving in a feverish delirium—Frederick has been indulg'd with going to Handel's Commemoration, the most sumptuous musick jubilee ever exhibited—607 instruments in Westminster Abbey—what a Crash ! write me an exact state of yr health and direct to me in St. James's Square. Adieu.

“ I have this moment been rubb'd all over with Laudanum especially on the Pitt of the stomach & drench'd with Aether by my poor Physician. I conclude, tho' he does not confess it to me, he took the disorder for the gout in the stomach and wishes to avert a return. I reckon I must pass the winter in a warm climate, & so I hope will you—I forgot, & no wonder, to tell you Miss Jackson* is married to the eldest son of Robert Alexander—the father in a Rage, but had left her by herself to herself in Coleraine where she was allow'd to give Balls & to frequent them till she went in a Balloon to this Parsonage—you see my spirits are as good as ever, but indeed the Flesh is weak, & this is the . . . (?) day since I am confin'd to my bed.”

When recovered from this illness sufficiently to travel, the Bishop proceeded in July, 1785, to Bath for the benefit of his health *en route* for the Continent. His absence from Ireland in the summer of 1785 proves an alibi for him against any accusation of his playing the firebrand there at this juncture when the country was in the throes of a fresh political crisis. During successive months from February to August in this year Pitt's Commercial Propositions, by which he hoped to ameliorate the condition of Irish trade, formed the chief theme of political discussion and intrigue. As the Irish newspapers, which the year before constantly chronicle the doings and sayings of the Bishop, are totally silent with regard to him during the events of 1785, while his private letters contain no reference to the subject, his attitude throughout does not appear.

If, indeed, he were inclined to take sides in this new conflict, his illness, it may be supposed, would prevent his playing an active part in it when it was nearing its acute stage ; and he had left Ireland at the date of the actual crisis when he was designated as intriguing there. Nevertheless, the fact that his personality as a political agitator still loomed in the public imagination is indicated in a curious manner.

* Anne, daughter of the Right Hon. Richard Jackson, of Coleraine, married in 1785, Nathaniel Alexander, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Meath. He was the eldest son of Robert Alexander, of Boom Hall, co. Londonderry, younger brother of the first Earl of Caledon.

A caricature published in London and drawn by Sayer, whose talent was exerted in the interest of Pitt's Government by turning Fox and the Opposition into ridicule, represents Fox and the Bishop as conspiring together. They are depicted in a close embrace, each with one arm round the other's neck, while each holds a firebrand in one hand. The Irish Channel flowing between their respective feet, Fox stands in England, the Bishop in Ireland, the two forming a bridge from Holyhead to Dublin—a rival to that which Pitt by his ill-fated Propositions designed to erect between the two countries. Under the picture is "August the 1st, 1785," August the 1st being a date significant as the anniversary of the memorable opening of the Gates of Londonderry after the siege. It was also the Bishop's birthday.

It was in August of this year that the clamour raised in Ireland against Pitt's *Amended* Propositions reached the climax which resulted in their total abandonment. The manœuvres of Fox in opposition to Pitt were from first to last in this business so double as to show him in a light which casts discredit on his honesty. When Pitt's original Propositions were submitted earlier in the year, Fox stimulated the hostility of the English Merchants to them, on the ground that Ireland was being made the arbiter of English Commercial interests. When Pitt, having withdrawn his Propositions mainly owing to the opposition, submitted them in an amended and enlarged form, Fox turned round and, posing as the protector of Irish rights, denounced, as an attack on the Irish Constitution, a proviso in the Amended Propositions which bound Ireland to adopt the navigation laws of England. He had well calculated that it would be easy to awaken the jealousy of the Irish House of Commons, and soon the factions which had lately raged against each other forgot their differences in a common cry that resounded from one end of Ireland to the other. Whether or not there was any truth in Sayer's insinuation that Fox made overtures to the Bishop and counted on his support, there was in fact no need for a firebrand in Ireland to set the country ablaze. Every man calling himself a "patriot" was against Pitt's Amended Propositions. Grattan was actually on the same side with his rival Flood, with Napper Tandy, Newenham, and the most ardent reformers of the Irish Parliament. Probably the point of Sayer's joke lay merely in the fact that Fox and the Bishop who were known to be enemies were now supposed to be united in a common bond of disaffection to Government, and thus metaphorically to be thrown into each other's arms. The Bishop, however,

as we have said, does not appear to have taken any part in the controversy. He hated Fox, and not long afterwards actually commissioned a sculptor in Italy to produce an allegorical representation of Pitt destroying the Hydra, Fox. Fox on his part abused the Bishop and called him "a madman, and a dishonest one." But whatever may be said against the Bishop, his political honesty at least was irreproachable, whereas of Fox even his warmest admirers could not say the same. The Bishop, it is clear, realized how great was the error of Irish patriots in trusting their interests to Fox instead of to Pitt. The red herring which Fox for his own purpose trailed before them served but to increase the general confusion. But the Bishop's open intervention in Irish politics had ceased. Some years later, in a letter to Arthur Young, we find him with characteristic humour suggesting the aspect in which his past efforts as an Irish Leader appeared to himself in retrospect. Comparing the great agriculturist's schemes, often more idealistic than practical, with his own political remedies, he says : " You are as great a quack in farming as I once was in politics." The Bishop's " quack " medicines were at least sincerely prescribed, and were as likely to be efficacious as the remedies of self-interested professional physicians

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1784-1785

LADY BRISTOL AND LOUISA

WHILE the Bishop in Ireland was open-handed with his money in all directions, the establishment of Lady Bristol in England was conducted on as economical a method as was compatible with her position and her residence at Ickworth. The Bishop seems to have taken little heed about keeping the house at Ickworth in repair, as he intended it to be superseded by a new one which was to be designed by himself on a great scale.

Lady Bristol, during the three years in which we have followed the Bishop's career since he left her, led a very retired life at Ickworth. With her lived her youngest daughter, Lady Louisa, who enjoyed none of the social amusements customary for girls of her station. Lessons in music and painting from foreign masters resident in Bury, and the visits of her sisters or of her uncle, General William Hervey, constituted her only contact with the outside world.

The Bishop seems to have written to his wife from time to time on domestic matters and to have lectured her on the duty of economy. This was the more unreasonable that, while he was engrossed with his schemes and hobbies in Ireland, the necessary remittances for the upkeep of Ickworth were not always supplied with regularity. Lady Bristol complains of this state of things in letters addressed to her daughter Elizabeth in Italy, and she evidently acquired a reputation for inhospitality among her neighbours through no fault of her own.

A curious side-light on Ickworth and its hostess at this time is supplied by the journals of a young Frenchman, François de la Rochefoucauld (one of the two sons of the Duc de Liancourt Rochefoucauld, who during 1784-1785 were living at Bury St. Edmunds with a tutor, Monsieur de Lazouski, a friend

of Arthur Young and Dr. Symonds). The Duc de Liancourt resided at Bury ten years later as a refugee.

"Bientôt après notre arrivée à Bury," chronicles the youth, "nous fîmes des nouvelles connaissances . . . Lady Bristol la femme de l'évêque de Derry. C'est une femme de cinquante ans qui a beaucoup voyagé en France et en Italie et qui parle très-bien les deux langues. On la dit de beaucoup d'esprit, et elle est grande et d'une taille noble. Elle a été forte femme. Son mari eu pour son nom Lord Hervé. C'est un homme d'une fortune immense. Il est singulièrement intrigant, d'une caractère vif et de l'esprit, mais on lui reproche de n'avoir pas de fermeté, et de projets arrêtés dans la tête. Il est à présent en Ireland où il fait grand bruit. Il veut changer la forme du gouvernement . . . et protéger les Catholics; veut qu'ils participent dans la liberté en nommant aussi des représentants-toutes choses d'autant plus délicates qu'elles font d'ependre le bonheur de bien des gens. . . . L'ondit généralement qu'il ne réussira pas, parce qu'il n'a pas les qualités nécessaires pour inspirer la confiance entière, et conduire un projet à son but, mais il fait ce qu'il peut, et fait grand bruit à présent. Il à la tête vive, ce qui lui vient, dit-on, de sa famille. On dit que les Hervé* sont un peu fous, et M. de Voltaire étant on Angleterre, disoit qu'il y voyoit trois espèces de gens—les hommes, les femmes, et les Hervé, ce qui preuve bien que de tous tems ils ont en quelque chose de singulier.

"La Comtesse de Bristol pendant tout ce tems-là est restée dans la maison de campagne avec sa fille Lady Louisa, qui a peut-être 19 ou 20 ans† et parle fort bien français; elle n'a pas passé son hiver à Londres comme la plupart des autres gentilhommes des environs, mais nous n'avons pas gagnés grand chose, car nous n'y avons été dîner qu'une fois pendant cinq mois et fait quatres visites; encore ne l'avons nous vue que deux fois quoi-qu'elle fût chez elle, ce qui est contre l'usage des Anglais; quand ils sont chez eux, on peut toujours les voir. Je suppose que Lady Bristol a pris cette usage fort commode de ses voyages en France, mais qu'elle n'a pas rapportée beaucoup d'hospitalité pour les voyageurs.‡

* Here is another source for this oft-repeated adage. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Townshend and Voltaire all share the reputation of having originated it.

† She was, in fact, barely seventeen at this time.

‡ Of Lady Bristol's brother, Sir Charles Davers of Rushbrook, Member of Parliament for Bury at this time, the young Count reports that he was very much liked in the town, because everyone recognized that his conduct was always guided by sincerity, and "by his principles of a very honest man," but that he never made compliments and did not like others to make them to him. "He lives in a large house which he keeps up (*assez mal*) and his park is also neglected."

“ Elle demeure à trois milles de Bury dans une assez vilaine mais grande maison. Son parc est immense, il a neuf mille acres qui vont un peu plus grands que nos arpents. Tout ce parc ne constitue qu’une pelouse d’un superbe gazon, parc semé d’une grande quantité de très-beaux arbres. Il y a dans ce parc beaucoup de daims qui ne sont que pour l’agrément.”*

The simple manner of life led by mother and daughter at Ickworth is shown by a letter from Lady Bristol to Lady Erne, dated January 4, 1784.

Louisa, now approaching seventeen, is reading “Clarissa Harlowe,” carefully bowdlerised by her mother, who writes: “I tore out one letter of Lovelace a little too *descriptive* of the night he got into her room, tho’ she got him out of it with prayers & entreaties without his effecting his purpose. Louisa mentioned the *Lacune* and I acknowledged to have made it. I am afraid she is at present a little too *épris* with Lovelace wch is too natural, & the only danger of the Book; but I think & *hope* that as his perfidious, treacherous character is unfolded more & more in the last volume, it will give her different feelings . . . & a proper abhorrence of him. I let her read it some part of the morning. After dinner (our little dinner in the library) we come into my dressing room, where we play at piquet till tea-time—She plays on the piano-forte whilst I drink tea—which saves her a temptation & gives me a pleasure, & about half an hour after seven she takes her work & I read to her till she is summon’d by Madlle—one Book of Iliad—a little talk on the notes on it after it is over generally fills up this space. She then retires, and I read or play with great amusement & without any heaviness till after eleven.”

Lady Louisa, leading so restricted a life, without amusements or companions, when she grew to be eighteen suffered from a nervous breakdown. Lady Bristol, not sorry to have a good excuse for bringing her daughter to London, “took French leave” and came up to the house in St. James’s Square—it was no longer let—in order to consult a London doctor. “I wrote to your father on our arrival here,” she writes to Lady Erne (Feb. 25, 1785), “an account of your sister & my motive for coming to this house which I hope will meet with his approbation.” The celebrated Court physician, Dr.

* From this it appears that although the late Earl had bequeathed the deer to his mistress, his successor at Ickworth had renewed the herd.

Farquhar, "after a *very delicate* examination" pronounced that Lady Louisa had "no dangerous symptom," but that "her whole frame was shatter'd by an irritation of nerves," and prescribed "mineral waters, moderate exercise, moderate & cheerful amusements &c." The tact which made Dr. Farquhar's fortune in the great world is conspicuous in the last item of his advice. Thus we find that, though the ladies went to "no publick places & kept country hours," they saw a good deal of the best company in a quiet way. "Mr. de Woronzow came twice and brought his children," "Lady Stormont (of Paris fame) was so good as to come to me directly, altho' Dss of Devonshire was here this morning, & looks as healthy as a milk-maid. Lord Mulgrave has been very good to me too . . . he has told me that Lord Cornwallis is appointed to the Government of Bengal—Our friend Lady Macartney is all happiness at Lord M's return. . . . Again we pass'd yesterday evening at Lady Camelford's with a cheerful society, & staid till ten o'clock, Louisa was pretty well. Tell your father that Lord Camelford desir'd me to apply to him for some papers that he had lent him. As I heard Fred mention a parcel from your Father to him perhaps he has left it somewhere in Town, & can give orders for its being deliver'd. I say nothing of politics, nor of another event in *ye highest sphere* wch is too delicate to talk of at all (George III.'s first attack of madness) Lord Strathaven's match with Lady Car. Spencer* is at last quite off—the Dss of Bedford says she knows nothing about it, but that it went off as it came on, & that she is ordered to say that he is a very pretty kind of man."

Here the curtain falls on Lady Bristol and Louisa in the enjoyment of their brief but exhilarating sojourn in St. James's Square amid the surroundings of the fashionable world.

* Lady Caroline Spencer, daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, by Lady Caroline his wife, daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, and of the above-mentioned Duchess of Bedford.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BEFORE following the Bishop on his travels in the years 1785 and 1786 it seems appropriate to review his manner of living at Downhill, and to recall the stories that have been told in connection with it during the period preceding his departure. Those years, throughout which we have traced the Bishop's residence at Downhill, were the palmy years of his hospitalities. Later—after the death of Mrs. Mussenden—his residence there was fitful and unsettled, when a new building supplied a new toy to engross his fancy during the few years he remained in Ireland. We have already had a glimpse of the Bishop's hospitality at Downhill and of the musical reunions which he encouraged among his neighbours. He entertained on a large scale without distinction of creed or party. Presbyterian Ministers were as welcome as clergy of the Established Church, and the Bishop liked both to meet at his table. On one occasion he pitted the opposing parties against each other in a manner highly characteristic of his whimsical humour.

A Nonconformist minister (Rev. Classon Porter) has recorded the tradition that one beautiful summer's evening the Bishop proposed after dinner to his numerous guests that as the weather was so delightful they should adjourn from the dinner table to the splendid strand of Magilligan, which lies immediately below Downhill. The idea was cordially adopted, and the entire party went out for a stroll upon the beach. As they passed the stables the Bishop, unobserved, ordered his grooms to saddle all the horses, of which he had a great number, and bring them down to the strand. When the guests saw the horses following after them they could not imagine what was meant, until the Bishop enlightened them by proposing that his clergy and the Presbyterian ministers should forthwith ride together two and two a series of equestrian races on the beach, and that he himself should start the several batches of com-

petitors. Thus challenged, neither of the parties could refuse ; and the rival clergy had nothing for it but to run with politeness, if not with patience, the race that was set before them. In every instance the Presbyterian ministers were victorious. The Established clergy were generally large, portly men, more accustomed to drive than to ride ; and many of them tumbled off their horses, to the great amusement of their diocesan ; whilst the Presbyterian ministers being better equestrians, and of lighter build, easily won every race. The Bishop laughed heartily at the discomfiture of his Church, and closed the comical scene by saying good-humouredly that he must establish a riding-school for the benefit of his clergy.

Another story of a similar character is told of the Bishop. A valuable living in his gift becoming vacant, he invited a number of the fattest of his clergy to dinner, and after they had well dined proposed that they should race for the living, pledging himself that whoever won should obtain it. The place he selected for the contest, however, was sinking sand ; thus, as the competitors proceeded each sank deeper and deeper in, with the result that, as the Bishop had anticipated, no one succeeded in reaching the winning-post, or, of course, in receiving the vacant living.

But if he would seem to have little regard for the wealthier members of his clergy, who, as has been noted in an earlier chapter, often resided far away from their parishes, the Bishop was extremely considerate to poor curates. He set apart for their special accommodation a large suite of rooms at Downhill, which he called the Curates' Corridor—it is so called to this day—and they were always the most welcome guests at his table.

Stories have come down of the drinking of toasts at Downhill. Mr. Saurin, a curate, had a toast which he was in the habit of giving regularly at Downhill. It was a toast which embodied a wish “perhaps not unnatural for a curate to entertain, but one that few curates would have had the candour so explicitly to avow.” It was simply “a rot among the rectors.” The idea always amused the Bishop, and in due course he made Mr. Saurin a rector. When that gentleman was dining at Downhill for the first time after he got his rectory, the Bishop as usual called upon him for his toast, saying : “I believe, Mr. Saurin, there is a toast which you have been in the habit of giving us on these occasions ; if you please we will take it now.” “Oh, my lord,” said the newly-appointed rector, “since last I had the pleasure of dining here, your lordship has given me reason to change my toast. I ask you no longer to drink ‘A

rot among the rectors ' ; I ask you to drink, ' Patience among the Curates.' "

In order to vary the monotony of toast drinking, the Bishop instituted a novelty associated with it which made the observance interesting and amusing. He requested each lady present at table to give as a toast the name of some gentleman present, and to connect with it the name of an appropriate song. With reference to this custom an instance of the Bishop's ready tact is related. On one occasion the beautiful Mrs. Mussenden, being on a visit to Downhill, was called upon for her toast and its accompaniment. In reply she gave the name of a Presbyterian minister who was present, Mr. Blair, and along with it the song called " The Wild Irishman." Mr. Blair was evidently not pleased with the character thus assigned to him, whereupon the Bishop tactfully interposed, and telling Mrs. Mussenden that Mr. Blair was not an Irishman but a Scotsman (which was the case), he proposed they should drink, not Mr. Blair and " the Wild Irishman," but Mr. Blair and the " Flowers of Edinburgh." To these innocent stories of the Bishop as host, truth necessitates the addition of an unsavoury one. It is told how, suspecting the fidelity of a lady guest, the Bishop strewed flour across the threshold of her bedroom and so traced the liaison. Reference has already been made to the sudden illness to which the Bishop was subject. On one occasion, however, he feigned illness—presumably to test the sincerity of the doctors. The leading physicians in Derry were summoned to his bedside one after the other. At last a young doctor, after a cursory examination, said candidly : " Get up, my lord, you know perfectly well there is nothing the matter with you ; you have been making game of the faculty of Derry." The Bishop's answer was to make the young man his private physician ; and, not limiting his patronage to that, it is said he obtained a knighthood for his protégé, who became Sir Robert Caldwell.

The resourcefulness of Doctor Caldwell, combined with Irish humour, must have specially appealed to the Bishop. Once when the latter lay seriously ill of quinsy at Downhill, the doctor had recourse to an extraordinary remedy. He sent for the cook and said to him : " The Bishop is dangerously ill. But I have decided on a method of treatment which will succeed, and I have to ask you when I send for you not to be annoyed, no matter what may take place," adding, as if it were an after-thought, " by the way, prepare a little porridge lightly boiled." The man duly prepared the porridge and brought it to the Bishop's room. The doctor was in waiting, and after examining the dish, angrily asked the cook what he meant by bringing

such stuff. Did he call it porridge? It was nothing but abominable rubbish which he had no right to bring to his lordship. He then dashed the porridge over the cook's head and face, causing the poor man to look so ridiculous that the Bishop burst into a hearty fit of laughter. The result was just as the doctor had calculated—the swelling in the throat burst and a complete cure followed.

It is further related that it was not long before the doctor had “a taste of the Bishop's quality.” The Bishop made some arrangement for the doctor to travel with him to Italy. He was to join him in Dublin on a certain day. The doctor went thither, and found the Bishop gone, and received a letter directing him to proceed to England. He did so, and on his arrival he found a similar letter awaiting him full of explanations, and regrets so plausible that he gave them the fullest credence. The letter appointed a rendezvous in France. On reaching his destination there, he was handed a still further letter. By this time his patience and his funds were exhausted, and he returned to Ireland “a sadder and a wiser man.”

Lord Charlemont tells a story of the Bishop returning to Ireland from England through Scotland, and being wind-bound at Portpatrick. The Bishop was unwilling to sup by himself, and sent for the Exciseman to keep him company. After supper he began to discuss political subjects, and after a severe abuse of Governments at large he at length attacked the King in a manner so violent and indecent as to make the poor Exciseman tremble. Sensible of the effect he had produced, and desirous to pursue his blow: “Why, friend,” added he, “you do not seem to relish my discourse. Do you not think the King a tyrant? The trembling officer replied that such matters were far too high for his contemplation. “He is a tyrant,” pursued the Bishop, “and I would not scruple to plunge a dagger in his heart.” The poor man instantly left the room in the highest degree of trepidation, and, after a sleepless night, waited early in the morning upon his patron and neighbour the Earl of Stair. (John, fifth Earl of Stair, died 1789), to whom he communicated what had passed, and begged his advice whether he should not, according to the tenor of his oath, give immediate information to the nearest Justice. Lord Stair, who was well acquainted with the Bishop's character, assured the good man that he might rest in peace; and that from that quarter such language was of no consequence, and desired him to take no further notice of it. . . .

Lord Stair, it may be supposed, knew the Bishop well enough to understand that while he enjoyed playing the part of a stage

braggadocio with dramatic effect before his timid audience, he was likely next morning to forget the scene he had enacted after supper the night before.

Popular rumour possibly made its additions to the stories which centred round the Bishop's name. He is said to have consulted seers, and old women, reputed to foretell the future. On one occasion he went completely disguised so that it was impossible to recognize him ; and as he was besides totally unknown in the locality, the woman he went to see could not possibly have guessed who he was. On his coming to her hut, the witch looked hard at him, and asked him who he was, but he gave her no answer. " Ah, sure," she said, continuing to gaze at her strange visitor, " you are the Devil himself—or else," she added after a pause, " you are the Bishop of Derry."

In the Bishop's time there was a tradition that a portion of the written prophecies of St. Columkill had never seen the light, and that the events which they foretold yet remained to be fulfilled. The Bishop, so reports the chronicler of the story, caused careful inquiries to be made as to the whereabouts of these ancient manuscripts, and succeeded in discovering the hiding-place where they were concealed, and the casket in which they were deposited. Tradition, however, said that the casket was only to be opened by a man who had not been born, and who rode a horse which had not been foaled. The Bishop was held to fulfil both these conditions. He had come into the world by means of the Cæsarean operation, and he rode a horse which had entered into existence in a similar manner. The Bishop solemnly opened the casket in the presence of witnesses, when, to the terror of all present, there appeared a number of small, hissing serpents, but no sooner did they touch the ground than they perished. A further examination revealed a small, beautifully bound book of the prophecies. The Bishop, after a brief perusal of it, was observed to grow suddenly pale, and hastily closed the book. Whether it contained some mysterious warning against further search into the unknown never transpired. But it is certain that the Bishop immediately caused the casket to be locked and sealed, and returned it to its original hiding-place ; and so it is believed to have remained untouched from that day to this.

The above stories are here touched with a light hand ; but to others more damaging Charlemont has given the great weight of his name. It should be borne in mind, however, that the two following, which he relates he had from Mr. O'Neill, give only a one-sided version, the colouring of which is likely

to have been blackened both by the original narrator and the retailer ; Charlemont, indeed, for all his profession of impartiality, was obviously swayed by his antipathy to a rival and a foe.

“ Induced by caprice rather than by sentiment,” says Charlemont (Hist. MSS. Commission, Earl of Charlemont, Vol. I., page 165), “ the Bishop had happened to choose for his temporary favourite a very worthy man, Mr. Bristol, a clergyman resident at Belfast and beneficed in his diocese. To this gentleman, having intimated a pressing desire that a parsonage house should be built on his glebe, he was truly answered that, with every sincere wish to execute his lordship’s commands, money alone was wanting. ‘ That difficulty,’ replied he, ‘ I can easily remove. I will lend you the money upon your bond, which shall never trouble you, but will be my security against your successor.’ Bristol with thanks consented, the bond was executed, and the money advanced. Sometime afterwards at his own table, in a numerous company, consisting principally of clergymen, the Bishop, probably heated by wine, entered into a discourse upon religion, and chose to sustain the most impious tenets in the most profane language. The appalled assistants trembled, and were silent ; when Bristol, rightly deeming acquiescence criminal, manfully rebuked his lordship with a becoming indignation, and easily refuted his flimsy arguments. A day or two passed, when the good clergyman received an intimation from the Sheriff, who concurred with all that knew him in esteem and affection, that he should take care to keep out of the way, as a writ had been put into his hands by the Bishop for a very large sum due from him to his lordship. The poor parson, alarmed beyond measure, communicated his distressful situation to his friends at Belfast who, with a generosity by no means singular among the inhabitants of that city, immediately raised the money, not less than a thousand pounds, and the debt was instantly discharged. Bristol now wrote to the Bishop a letter dictated by his just indignation at the treatment he had received, which he concluded by threatening to give to the public the whole transaction at large, the consequence of which was a most abject answer from his lordship, who in the most servile manner begged forgiveness, and as a pledge thereof besought him to take back the money. The poor man, in order to repay his generous friends, unwillingly consented and the affair was hushed.”

Charlemont’s “ Mr. Bristol ” of Belfast is evidently intended for the Rev. Mr. Bristow of Belfast, to a dispute with whom

about money-matters a letter* (now at Downhill) from the Bishop relates. Incidentally it gives a side-light on the transaction which had taken place about Mr. Bristow's glebe house in 1785 to which Charlemont's story refers. Whatever may have been the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we may surely hesitate to assign the good clergyman's righteous denunciation of the Bishop's bad language as the cause of his lordship's subsequent instigation of proceedings against him. It is likely that the Bishop thought no more of his own ebullition at his dinner table, or of his worthy guest's "manful rebuke." Such manfulness, indeed, was a quality which he respected far more than subservience.

A second story which Charlemont relates on the authority of Mr. O'Neill must here be transcribed without comment ; for the Bishop's version—if he had one—is not known :

"Some years ago, Mr. O'Neill, whose goodness of heart often operated against his excellent understanding in rendering him too easily led by designing men, brought a Bill into Parliament highly unjust and of the most unpopular nature, enabling

* This letter is addressed by the Bishop to his kinsman and factotum, Harry Hervey Bruce, some six years after the first dispute with Bristow about his glebe-house in 1785, to which Charlemont's story evidently refers :

"To the Reverend Mr. Bruce, Blackheath, Coleraine, Ireland.

"Annan, 6th October, 1791.

"tho' I wrote to you so lately my dear Harry yet a very extraordinary letter from Mr. Bristow of Belfast obliges me to trouble you again——

"in 1785, when he had convinc'd me by pledging his word of Honor that the certificate for his Glebe house had not been mortgaged, I wrote him an acknowledgement of my Error, as he desired & then spontaneously, unsolicited & of my own accord promised to let him have the £600 again whenever his certificate should be completed in order to put him upon a footing with the other clergy to whom I had lent money——

"some difficulties & great delay arose about the Certificate & being afraid of being involved with his Successor I wrote him that I would pay him the Interest of the £600 instead of the Principal Sum, until he or his heirs received that sum from his successor——

"after many invectives against this change, he at last declar'd in his letter that 'he was quite indifferent whether he received the Principal or the Interest' & he continued regularly to draw for the Interest & to receive it until his successor had paid him the whole sum.

"you will observe it is now about six years since I made him that promise, & about five since he began to receive the interest, during all which time he never made the most distant Claim or the slightest hint of any other expectation whatever,

"but on the 29th of September last he writes me a furious letter & encloses in it, two accounts of a balance DUE to him—one of £441 19s. which he says 'ought to be repaid by Ld. B. for the reason assigned in a letter to his Lordship, but which he almost seems to give up, as on the other side is stated an account which he presumes cannot be refused, & that amounts only to £161 4s. 3d.

"I send you dear Harry a transcript of both for your guidance ; for as he has desir'd that his Demands may be referr'd to Arbitrators, (in which he is right, for if even he gets nothing, he loses nothing) I have appointed *you* & Mr. Galbraith to be my Arbitrators, & I think Bonds should be signed by him & Me to abide by the decision, or the same work may recommence six years hence.

"the Original demand in Mr. B.'s own hand together with his letter I have transmitted to Mr. Galbraith & I think you will be amazed at the Style of Both—here follow the two accounts."

Then follows a statement of the accounts, which need not be here detailed, and of the Bishop's comments upon them.

vestries consisting of Protestants alone to raise taxes for the repair of churches upon the dissenting inhabitants of the parish. This measure had been strongly recommended to him by the Bishop of Derry, who had even written to him several times in a high strain of ecclesiastical zeal. The bill was thrown out, but the odium raised against its mover was so great and universal as to injure him essentially both in his interest and in his peace of mind. Happening one day to meet the Bishop in a large company, he was not a little surprised to find himself severely rated by his lordship, not only for the imprudence, but for the unconstitutional injustice of the measure he had brought forward. O'Neill was too much astonished to reply, and even began to think his memory deceived him, until on his return home, he found the individual letters which the Bishop had written, of which, with far too much levity, he contented himself with sending his lordship copies."

CHAPTER XL

1785

RESUMING our chronological records of the Bishop, whom we left in the summer of 1785 after a severe illness, quitting Downhill for a long time, we find him arrived at Bath to drink the waters. Thither his Irish neighbours the Barnards accompanied him. One of the Miss Barnards was to become connected with the Bishop by her marriage, and closely associated with his later life.

At Bath, too, was the Bishop's sister, Lady Mary Fitzgerald.

The Bishop writes to Lady Erne, who was still the guest of Lady Rivers at the Villa Pitt, near Lyons :

“ Bath,

“ July 25th, 1785.

“ After various relapses, my dear Mary, & those of a very perilous kind I am at length crawling to the Pump. Your letter arriv'd here yesterday on the same day and almost at the same hour with myself, & I am glad you have explain'd yr self so explicitly & candidly on the subject of mine. I deem rest essential to your recovery and wd by no means have you disturb it to meet me. If I can, I will call upon you (at Lyons) & help to make yr journey more comfortable into Italy : if not, I desire you will draw upon Mr. Fletcher for the expenses of it, & not diminish the charges because I bear them, for you wd then defeat my purpose which is to lessen yr cares & not to multiply them—nothing can be more uncertain than my motions, except my health which has received such a shock I know not what can settle it—Don't you suspect yr fever to be a serious one ? and in that case would not *Seltzer*-water be good for you ?—yr journeys & yr medicines must be at my cost that you may not spare them : Give half a dozen kisses to Lal Lal, & bid her sing her Mama to sleep after dinner that she may grow fat—why don't you live upon Fruit & cream in the country where

you are ? Throw physick to the dogs—say you, canst thou not minister to a *mind* diseas'd &c. &c. ?—indeed I could, but the Patient must be at hand. I believe you may write to me by return of this Post—adieu—my pains are returning. Lady Mary and I din'd tête-à-tête today, yet the Barnards, the dear Barnards, are in the same lodgings—very ill, but recovering—direct your's to me at St. James's Square—adieu, my affectionate comps. to dear Lord Rivers. Sister Mary sends hers to Both."

" Bath,

" August 16th, 1785.

" Writing is not the thing at Bath, & I have besides so many pleasanter things to do by means of the dear Friendly Family with whom I entirely live, nine hours of the twenty-four only excepted, that excepting yourself my dear Mary there is scarce a correspondent either of Pleasure or business for whom I take up my pen : but I feel too well, am too certain that such a *well-ness* will inevitably transpire thro' my Pen, & give you too much pleasure my dear child in the perception, not to communicate it : yet attribute not this tardy amendment to Bath alone—Aether and Vitriol contribute, Hemlock & Laudanum assist, Corelli, Bach & Abel come in as powerful Allies, & above all the harmony of the Invaluable Family & the Dear little Matron in it, who is everything she should be except healthy, bring up the Rear of this Auxiliary Army & Insure Victory. Before the Waters took this last turn in my favor I determined not to clog their Restoration with my Martyrdom, but ten days have made so essential an amendment in my feelings that I begin to flatter myself again that we shall land at Calais together—if it be practicable I wish to pick up such a little Drab as you at Lyons, before the cold shall make the transit of the Alps hasardous to yr poor shatter'd frame. But as yet it is impossible to fix anything like a period to our Abode here. Strength here is absolutely necessary to enable us to acquire strength abroad, or the portion we can obtain is as yet so very uncertain that I must still leave you to guess when you will see me. October & part of November are the most favourable months in the year to cross Mount Cenis, and, what is equally material to Us, to traverse Lombardy afterwards—I bring with me a Pillion & a side saddle for your alternate use with Miss Barnard & my dear little friend who is as pale as a ghost, as lively as a Spirit, & as amiable as Blood without Flesh can be. If we find our Party too numerous we can at any rate divide till we center again in some provincial town. In the meantime we

are an Itinerant Band of Musick, a very sensible & sweet-temper'd Physician attends me & there are some tolerable Draftsmen among us—but the Essence of Our Party is Harmony, for there is not a Discord among us, tho' all the instruments are equally sweet ton'd, & it is the general opinion that you are worthy to mingle in so unison a Chorus. Adieu—when you are tir'd of kissing Caroline for her own sake give her one for mine—you have time yet to send me Commissions, the Time & my Purse will both bear it."

Meanwhile the Bishop was kept constantly informed of all that was going on at home. On his departure from Ireland, Downhill was thoroughly overhauled & renovated on a large scale.

In a letter to the Bishop dated August 23, 1785,* one of his clerical agents informs his lordship that he has "paid a visit at the Downhills last week & took a very particular View of all that was going on there. Haffeman has finished the West side of the offices, & I think well—he intended to begin with the North side yesterday—The walls of the great Gallery were being raised while it was necessary to rebuild a portion of the fabric owing to certain defects of its construction."

A side-light on the Bishop at Bath reveals him in his character as a patron of talent and, at the same time, in one equally congenial to him as a protector of the aggrieved—more especially when such were in revolt. Doctor Lort, who well seasoned his letter with gossip, writing to Bishop Percy,† reports that the Bishop of Derry is at Bath and has given fifty pounds to the Bristol poetical milkwoman‡ (Mrs. Yearsley) since she has quarrelled with some of her first patrons and protectors, and has threatened to write the Life and Adventures of Hannah More, who first drew her from obscurity.

From Bath the Bishop went to Bristol Wells to drink the waters. He dated the following remarkable letter there September 24, 1785. It gives insight into the wide principle he pursued with regard to the presentation to livings in his gift :

* Letter at Downhill (in the possession of Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart.), signed Robert McGhee.

† "Nichol's Literary Anecdotes," Vol. VIII., page 474. Dr. Lort's letter is dated October 31, 1785. His news was therefore belated, for the Bishop had by that time gone abroad.

‡ Anne Yearsley, "well known in the poetical world as the Milkwoman of Bristol, was possessed of an extraordinary degree of genius, and, for a person in her situation, most valuable information." (*Ibid.*) She had formerly published a remarkable poem in praise of Hannah More. The Bishop, it appears, was not alone in his support of Mrs. Yearsley *versus* Mrs. More at this time. The literary Mrs. Fletcher, Elizabeth Dawson (born 1770, died 1850), relates in her autobiography that when about seventeen "I read somewhere of a dispute between Mrs. Hannah More and Ann Yearsley the Bristol milkwoman. The poor woman's narrative struck me as having a strong claim on the reader's sympathy."

" SIR,

" It will give me great pleasure to gratify you in your request, but your nephew must procure a curacy in my Diocese previous to his obtaining a benefice. This rule has been observed by my nearest friends, & most importunate suitors. Your nephew will thus be admitted *ad eundem* as the Universities express it. But no merit however transcendent will *yet a while* induce me to transport a foreign plant into my Diocese.

" I am Sir with real regard

" Yours,

" BRISTOL.

" To Andrew Todd, Esq.,

" Shanes Castle, Antrim."

On his way to London the Bishop passed through Oxford, where (wrote Sackville Hamilton to the Duke of Rutland) "a gentleman of strict veracity mentioned being caught by a sudden exclamation from one country-man to another, as he walked through the street: 'Why sure, Thomas, that there man cannot be a parson in them there clothes.' The gentleman turned his head and saw no other but the Bishop of Derry in a light lilac coat and his Volunteer hat fiercely cocked, laced, and with a cockade. He is going to the Continent."*

News of the Bishop's movements was reported from Dover to the *Dublin Evening Post*, which announced that "the Right Honble. and Right Revd. the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, landed at Calais on the 4th Ult. (October, 1785) on his way to Italy." . . .

It appears that the Bishop had, in fact, landed the day before, accompanied by his son Frederick, and by others—designated by the Bishop as "clods." He writes to Lady Erne, whom he was about to join at Lyons *en route* for Rome:

" Calais,

" October 3rd, 1785.

" Here I am at last, my dear Mary, and here is Caroline's Doll—that is your Doll's Doll; and Lady Rivers's turnip seed—if my horses arrive from England to-morrow we shall proceed 'avec des bottes de Sept Lieues' ou de quatre jambes qui les vaillent bien—you must allow me one day with Madame de Blondel, which tho' a Sabbath will not *be a day of rest*—Yet no holding up of little fingers Madame Mary—nous ne sommes

* Hist. Comm. of MSS., "Rutland Papers," page 250.

pas sur ce pied-là—ours is all Platonism, Sentiment & Politics*—fuel more suitable for 55 & a constitution lacerated by unintelligible disorders, & unintelligent physicians. Already however I seem to feel the dry air of the continent ; my sleeps are sounder & my nights quieter. Till within a few days I have been a Spectre. I have now recover'd a little flesh, perhaps as much as you possess, but my spirit has never quitted me—& seldom my spirits—but I want society, & the clods I bring with me are none, except Frederick, & I have lost the most delicious of all ; the dear Barnards are not well enough to accompany me. She indeed is much recover'd, but the two daughters are woefully ill & as yet incapable of proceeding—The Physicians had totally mistaken Miss Barnard's malady & its remedy, & sent her to Bath, where she inflam'd her blood, instead of Tunbridge, where she would only have brac'd her nerves—thither she is now gone & at this time of year when she ought to be landed on the Continent. Mary her sister seems to be following in her steps, & is rapidly declining—the father bears it all with Philosophic serenity—fattens & grows sleek amidst all their Palings & Ghastliness, & sees with equal eye, as Friend of All a daughter languish & a Sparrow fall—His general Philanthropy and his individual indifference are objects of speculation but not of practice—His wife is a *Maitresse Femme* full of sense and sentiment, too much for her lacerated frame, without a spark of vanity, but replete with the noblest Pride with the most sublimated spirits, check'd & controlled by the best principle, Prudence ; lik'd by everybody & lov'd by nobody ; civil to everyone & loving None ; understood by No one & understanding every one ; full of literature, & if possible still fuller of modesty ; living continually in a circle that approach her person & are antipodes to her intellect, her feelings, and her worth. I was persuaded she wd have accompanied me into Italy, but the desperate malady of her daughter has broke the charm & dissipated the vision, & you have lost an invaluable companion, & so adieu dearest Mary. You may yet write at Sr — Lambert's at Paris, for I have not strength enough to travel fast. Adieu Adieu—my blessing & Ten kisses to Caroline."

The Bishop journeyed via Paris to Lyons, where he "picked up" Lady Erne. Thence the party proceeded on their way to Rome through Nice and the Riviera, thus avoiding the mountainous passes. The Bishop went on horseback, following the

* Madame de Blondel, Turgot's friend. Her salon in Paris was much frequented.

coast from Nice, accompanied by Frederick, while Lady Erne went by a more direct route and arrived at Rome some days before her father.

By the middle of January the Bishop was approaching Rome. "Ld. Bristol is expected here daily," writes a correspondent of the Rev. George Ashby* from the Hotel Minerva, Rome, January 18, 1786. "His daughter is here now, as also the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Charlotte Bertie, Ld. Northington, Ld. Bernard &c., &c. Ld. Pembroke's bedroom is over mine. The Duke of Gloucester has ordered lodgings to be taken, and is supposed to be on the road, so that he and the Pretender will often meet at Cardinal Bernis' where the latter is a constant visitor, & where I sat very near him for some time."

Another correspondent of Mr. Ashby gives news of the Bishop's arrival in Rome. He quotes as his authority the notorious Fisher,† the Roman banker, who, in his youth, infamously murdered his employer in London, and having fled to Italy, made a large fortune and became an important figure in Roman society. Ashby's correspondent‡ writes that he has had "a letter from Mr. Fisher, dated Feb. 11th," of which the following is an extract :

"The Vescovo Inglese (the name Ld. Bristol is most known by in Italy) arrived here two or three days ago. He travelled with his son on horse-back all the way by the coast from Nice. I met him at the Cardinal de Bernis' last night. He asked me if I was known to his friend Mr. Ashby. I am to dine with him tomorrow ; we shall call upon Bacchetti next week to consult him on Mr. Ashby's commission. The father (Ld. Bristol) is not only very learned but a very polite & obliging man."

A letter from the Bishop to his friend Ashby shows that

* Letter among the "Hardwick House Papers," signed Philipppo Bacchetti, Library Keeper, addressed to Rev. George Ashby, President of St. John's, Cambridge.

† "he may relate the history of Fisher," says Fielding ("Tom Jones," Book VIII., Chapter I.), "who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having, one morning, received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend's scrutoire, concealed himself in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time no tender, no grateful, reflections arose to restrain his purpose ; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking-place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball at his head. This may be believed when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of *Hamlet* and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out Good God ! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now present ! manifesting in this way a more seared and callous conscience than even Nero himself. . . ."

‡ J. Chevallier to Rev. G. Ashby, March 5, 1786 : "Hardwick House" MSS.

immediately on his arrival in Rome he interested himself about the literary "Commission" alluded to by Fisher. It will be remembered that Ashby, President of St. John's, Cambridge, had been one of the erudite circle of friends at the weekly dinners during the Bishop's residence at Ickworth.

The Bishop wrote :

" Rome,
" 9 Feb. 1786.

" SIR,

" I yesterday received yr letter among others upon my arrival at Rome, & lost no time in applying to Cardinal Bernis's Secretary who has been himself 10 years employ'd in collating & transcribing MSS. He assures me that since the death of our common friend & liberal encourager of science, the Prelate Assemani, such indulgences are become almost unfeasible. I will however apply to Cardinal Buoncompagno, who is my particular friend, and if without indiscretion I can be indulged, you shall have notice. About 8 years ago* I myself collated those very passages in the Monte Cassino Library, that of Friuli, Vercelli, & Trent & found such variations as convinc'd me all Parties wish'd to have a finger in the pye.

" I wish you had nam'd our friend Sir John Cullum† whose health I am told is desperate, & Dr. Symonds whose welfare must be precious to every man of Literature. Pray give my best compliments to M. Mure & let Arthur Young know that the Pontine Marshes, being almost drain'd, are traversed by an Imperial Road 25 miles long & 50 feet wide. The tillage yields 145 for one of Turkey Corn. Adieu ! BRISTOL."

That the Bishop was as munificent a patron of painting as he had been on former visits to Rome, appears by a letter from Dr. Lort to Mr. Ashby at this time.

" Enclosed," he writes, " is a paragraph relative to your friend Lord Bristol whose arrival at Rome was very acceptable to all the various artists."‡

Letters from Lady Rivers addressed to Lady Erne at Rome show that the Bishop spent some months there and was on the happiest terms with his daughter. " I quite love his Lordship," writes Lady Rivers, " for his attentions and kindness to you, and beg you will say all sorts of kind things for me to him ; and

* When he was in Italy, 1778-1779.

† Sir John Cullum, of Hardwick, had, in fact, lately died.

‡ " Hardwick House " MSS. : Dr. Lort's letter dated, " Saville Row, April, 1786."

tell your brother Frederick I wish him all sorts of pleasures & the comfort in you that I think he cannot fail of finding." Again (March 3, 1786), she sends "ten thousand loves to Ld. Bristol. . . . Tell me about John (Lord Hervey) in your next, & Elizabeth (Foster) & when you are to see them."*

The Bishop went from Rome to Naples, where he fell dangerously ill. With reference to this illness of the Bishop, some gossip is reported in the "Life of Grattan," by his son. While the insinuations drawn by the narrator from the facts of his story are the less convincing by reason of his manner of relating it, a curious scene is here presented; and the association with it of Lord Northington, the convivial ex-Viceroy of Ireland, who two years before had sought to impeach the Bishop, adds a feature of some interest:

"When the Bishop was lying ill at Naples," says the younger Grattan, "Lord Northington was there. Colonel Fitzgerald (Mrs. Grattan's brother) was calling at the Hotel where the Bishop was, when a scene, very singular, and not very moral took place. The Bishop was just receiving the sacrament, when a *young and interesting female* pressed forward to enter his apartment. She was informed it was impossible to see him, as the rites of the Church were just administering. The Italian not understanding the ceremony and thinking that it was some medicine, exclaimed 'quando avrà passato, io entrerò.' . . . Lord Northington and Colonel Fitzgerald were somewhat surprised; when the former, addressing the Colonel, said: 'There is the Bishop! when I was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, I had the warrant in my pocket to arrest him for his seditious conduct and commit him to prison.'"

Reports of the Bishop's grave condition reached Ireland where a "rot" among the Bishops was as eagerly desired in high places as ever was a "rot among the Rectors" by the hungriest curate. It was usual for great peers to solicit from the Lord Lieutenant the highest Church patronage for such younger son or brother, as the case might be, who was eligible for promotion, and the Bishopric of Derry was so large a prize that it was the especial goal of the most prominent personages in Ireland. The Earl of Tyrone, the head of the Beresford family, writes from Curraghmore, August 3, 1786, to the Duke of Rutland.† "I have an account that the Bishop of Derry is in a wretched & emaciated state, & that we shall hear of his

* Mrs. J. Talbot's Papers: Lady Erne's correspondence.

† Lord Northington died abroad soon after this incident in the summer of 1786. His health had long been impaired, as was well known, by his too great addiction to "Bacchus's blessings."

death in a very short while. Let me mention to you that the transference of my brother the Bishop of Ossory to the see of Derry is an object which on many accounts I have greatly at heart."

The Bishop, however, recovered, and kept the place-hunters waiting for many a year to come.

The gossip of Sir Horace Mann next reports the movements of the Bishop. Writing from Florence to Horace Walpole in the summer of 1786, he says :

"We have another curious being hovering about Tuscany, but he has not yet been here—the Episcopal Earl of Bristol. He moves from place to place to avoid his eldest son whom he leaves in absolute distress, at a time when he himself squanders vast sums in what he calls the *Beaux Arts*." . . . Doran, the Biographer of Mann, adds :* "Lord Hervey who with his lady and a numerous family (he had in fact only one child—a daughter) had resided at Naples for sometime, made frequent trips to Rome to implore his father's assistance. He was often refused admittance, and when he did obtain it always met with a denial. The young Lord, when his father escaped from Rome unknown to any of his family, went back to Naples to quit his creditors." Mann was now very old and complained of languor, "but," says Doran, "not so much affected by languor as not to exert himself to serve an Earl Bishop." When the news reached Florence that Fighting Fitzgerald, who fought in six-and-twenty duels, was hanged for a brutal murder at last, Mann† prevented the publication of it in the Italian gazettes.

How the Bishop received the news of the shocking end of his nephew with whom he had been so intimately associated

* "Mann and Manners at the Court of Florence," by J. Doran, Vol. II.

† George Robert Fitzgerald was executed at Castlebar on June 12, 1786. A feud with a certain McDonnell whom Fitzgerald's men ambushed and wounded caused a reward of £3,000 to be offered for Fitzgerald's apprehension. In spite of this he again waylaid McDonnell, who was endeavouring to effect his arrest, and in the scuffle one of his antagonists was killed. A rescue party coming up, he was captured, attacked by a mob, and left for dead, but survived to stand his trial for murder. See Appendix to "A Bit of 18th Century Romance" (in which some curious letters by his mother, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, to Lord Sandwich are published), by H. C. Marillier in the "Sette of Odd Volumes," No. XXXIX., privately printed.

Timothy Brecknock (to whom I have alluded as treacherously offering his services to Pitt's Government as a spy against the Volunteer reformers, while he was residing with Fitzgerald as his guest in Dublin) was hanged with Fitzgerald for his complicity in the murder of McDonnell. The Duke of Rutland, in a letter to Lord Sydney, mentions the execution of Fitzgerald and contrasts the fortitude of Brecknock with the "unmanly terror" displayed by Fitzgerald. But he omits the shocking circumstances which unmanned him. Fitzgerald went to his death with courage, but the rope with which he was hanged gave way and he fell to the ground. His nerves were then completely unstrung, he lost courage, and prayed for delay. But a fresh rope being eventually brought, he was hanged. See "The Life and Times of George Robert Fitzgerald."



John Augustus, Lord Hervey, son of fourth Earl of Bristol.
B. January 29, 1757; *m.* October, 1779, Elizabeth, daughter of
Colin Drummond; *d.* January 10, 1796.

By Thomas Gainsborough. Portrait at Ickworth.

[To face page 396.]

two years earlier, there is no record. We lose sight of him on his journey homeward from Florence, and do not trace him until after his arrival at Downhill some months later. With regard to Lord Hervey, it may be said here that on returning to Naples he found an object more agreeable to himself than that of "quitting his Creditors." He was in love. Probably his wife was not with him.

The object of his passion was a very young lady belonging to one of the most influential families in Naples, the wife of Prince Roccafionta. The intrigue had gone so far by the summer of 1787 that the lady's family besought the King and Queen of Naples to put a stop to it. A curious feature of the affair was that King Ferdinand, whose own reputation for gallantry was notorious, should have felt constrained to intervene; whilst the two intermediaries he employed were his Prime Minister, General Acton,* who was reputed to be the lover of the Queen, and Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador, at that time openly living with Emma Lyon before marriage had consecrated the union.

Lord Hervey was appointed in the following month (August, 1787) English Envoy to the Tuscan Court at Florence in succession to Sir Horace Mann who had died in the previous November. By this access of fortune he was placed in a position of pecuniary independence of his father, to whose favour he was now restored, and at the same time he was sufficiently removed from the scene of his recent intrigue.

* This eminent statesman, John Francis Edward Acton, born of an old Shropshire family, for many years governed, with the Queen, the kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies. Eventually becoming head of his family, he succeeded as sixth baronet of Aldenham; and was grandfather of the late Lord Acton, the distinguished historian.

CHAPTER XLI

1787-88-89-90

DURING the Bishop's absence abroad in 1786 a matter of great interest to him occurred in his domestic surroundings in Ireland. This was the marriage of his young kinsman Henry Hervey Bruce to Miss Letitia Barnard.

The elder of the two brothers of Mrs. Mussenden, whose premature death the Bishop had lately mourned, Harry Bruce was a young man of excellent character. He graduated in the University of Dublin in 1785, and was destined for Ordination. The lady of his choice was highly approved by the Bishop, she being one of "the dear Barnards" frequently mentioned. Her parents were the Revd. Dr. Henry Barnard (son of the former Bishop of Derry) and Mrs. Barnard (a daughter of Stratford Canning of . . .) whom the Bishop designated a "female Pitt."

The course of their true love had not run smoothly until the Bishop intervened and removed the obstacle to it of poverty. Lord Charlemont, whose "candour" compelled him, as he says, to record some facts in the Bishop's favour, relates the following episode concerning the young lovers and the Bishop's kindness to them :

"Mr. Bruce," says Charlemont, "was desperately in love with an amiable young woman who ardently returned his affection. Mutually wishing to be indissolubly united, the lover asked his mistress in marriage, but met with a peremptory refusal from her father, on account of his poverty, which was indeed such as to render matrimony to the last degree imprudent. Sensibility, without my aid, will readily conceive the situation to which this wretched couple was reduced. The parental opposition was just ; even the lover's sentiment was forced to concur with the father's reason. The difficulties were insuperable, and two innocent bosoms were resigned to the horrid tyranny of despair ; when at once the obstacle was



Rev. Sir Henry Hervey-Aston Bruce.
B. 1752; *d.* 1822.
(*Murphy.*)



Letitia, Lady Bruce, daughter of
Rev. Dr. Henry Barnard.
M. 1786; *d.* 1816.
(*Murphy*) (at *Downhill*).

generously removed by the Bishop who not only promised to provide for Bruce in the Church, but nobly settled upon him out of his own pocket a yearly income of no less than 400 pounds."

The marriage took place on November 10, 1786. It proved a happy union from youth to age. Henceforth Harry Hervey Bruce devoted himself to his patron's interests with great attention and ability, and during the latter's long absence abroad kept him constantly informed on all local matters, diocesan, civil and social; while Bruce and his wife—"dearest Letitia," as the Bishop styled her—grew more and more closely in touch with the Bishop, and bound up with his dearest projects.

In February, 1787, and perhaps some months earlier, the Bishop was back at Downhill. Lady Erne had remained abroad and returned to Rome for the winter. The Bishop wrote to her there.

"Downhill,

"March 8th, 1787.

"MY DEAREST MARY,

"It is an age since I have heard from you, wch makes me wish that you wd make it a rule to write every week or fortnight or month as best suits yr spirits: in this periodical correspondence you may write a few lines every day & I shall get a delicious long letter without fatigue to you at the end of the term—my business both within & without doors is so multiplied that I have scarce leisure or inclination for writing unless to a very few intimates—Elizabeth has wrote to me for £50 to pay *two* pictures of Mr. Day's. How can two miniatures come to £50: Louisa has *sold* the beautiful gown I gave her, because the shape was not *fashionable*, and I have redeem'd it & paid her the price—I think you wd not have sold my present at any era of yr life for Ten times its value—'mais je suis fait à Tout.' I strike against my heart & it hurts my hand, all but a corner of it which will not petrify—in the meantime I am stoick enough to find adopted children, brothers, everything, & can smile with ineffable contempt at the injuries & revilements I incur: in this country I am more popular & more courted than ever: yet I do nothing but build houses, plant forests, decorate villas, &c. & live with my acquaintance as my inclination induces & my property prescribes.

"March 30th.—We have renew'd our monthly concerts, & Dr. Barnard finds the air of Downhill so *Confacente* that he has desir'd to pass some weeks here, & Mrs. Barnard is such a favorite & such a Pitt that nothing can be pleasanter than the distribution of our time. In the meanwhile, I have begun

a *new Villa* upon that leasehold estate of Ld. Massareene wch fell into me on the first day of last month—(Ballyscullion) the rents amount to £593 a year—the situation is beautiful & salubrious beyond all description, yet I must say something of it. Imagine to yourself then my dear Mary a globular hillock of gravel carpetted with dry green grass whose declivity reaches at the end of half a mile to the Banks of the River Bann or rather of *Lough Beg*, the small lake ; this Lough Beg terminates at both ends in the River Bann—southward wch you may be sure is the Front of my house ; the River again, after being decorated by Mr. O'Neill's new Bridge at Toome, ends in Lough Neagh, & this is finally bounded by an immense ridge of the Conical Mountains of Mourne—such is my Prospect to the South. On the East, wch is the aspect of my Eating Room, the River Bann & the hills of the county of Antrim, together with a few hundred acres of my own estate, & a bridge which I am on the point of building will serve to amuse our eyes when we are not employing our knives and forks : but, on the West, that Phenomenon in the County of Derry, a woodland Country with an elegant Village and the Mansion of Mr. Dawson together with a serpentine River of Two miles length will decorate the view from my drawing room : the House itself is perfectly circular in imitation of one which I saw upon an Island in the Westmoreland Lakes—it consists of an Oval Lobby & drawing-room of 36 by 24 & 18 feet, a Library to the South of 63 by 22, & a dining-Room of the same size with the drawing-room, a butler's hall, or Pantry like that at Derry & a breakfast-room or office Room of the same dimensions. The staircase is in the Center of the house & oval, & like a double screw includes the Back stairs, like Ld. Besborough's at Roehampton and that of Marshall Saxe at Chambord in the Poitou. Apropos to France, would you think I have never heard from Madame Blondel since I left Paris ? her health had very much affected her temper, her sentiments & her affections.

“April 2nd.—I am much alarm'd by not having heard from you in the course of this month. I renew my request that you would write periodically : tell me how & what you do ? What occupies Caroline & does the atmosphere of Naples agree with her ? I have not heard from your husband of an age, tho' I have expected him every day : he is building a Cabin near Crum. Who do you care for in this country ? Lady Frances Stewart has been promising herself & me a visit these 3 months ; her husband will probably be here today without her.* Mr.

* The Right Hon. Robert Stewart, afterwards first Marquis of Londonderry, married Lady Frances Pratt, daughter of the first Earl Camden.



Frideswide (sister of Sir H. Hervey-Aston Bruce).
B. 1766 ; *m.* 1781, Daniel Mussenden ; *d.* 1785.

Jackson, after superintending the Education of his son at Oxford, dangling as usual at the Castle. Kitty Black (?) alias *Maghee* breeds fast & recovers her constitution by it: Miss Downes, as it was in the beginning &c., &c., &c. wishing she could join in the first sentence of the Doxology, 'Glory be to the *Father & Son.*' Adieu Adieu—pray serve *Martin Torlonia** all you can—you will find it for yr own Interest as well as my satisfaction, & let him know how much I interest myself in his welfare."

The "New Villa" which the Bishop was intent on designing was eventually to become a great house called Ballyscullion. The faithful Shanahan writes, April 20, 1787: "It would have made me happy could I have been present when your Lordship was laying the foundation-stone, the Tenants & all the neighbourhood have a good right to rejoice, they all know very well it is the only means to enrich them"—true testimony to the fact that while the Bishop was gratifying his hobbies he was giving employment to the whole countryside—"filling their bellies," as his phrase was. Before tracing further the growth of Ballyscullion we observe, by Shanahan's next letter, the singular fact that the "Edifying" Bishop, although turning to a new object, was even now, or at least up to this very moment, also engaged in enlarging, transforming, and adorning Downhill, the hitherto favourite residence which had engrossed his attention during more than ten years. It may be observed that he was thus not as yet wholly off with the old love before he was on with the new. Shanahan writes from London whither he had been dispatched by the Bishop. (Original at Downhill.)

" May 23rd, 1787.

"Your Lordship says nothing of how many grates you want for Downhill, for the Gallery, library, Lady Elizabeth's Alcove and Drawing room for Ditto: the Temple & Rooms to the end of the 2nd Gallery. I will do everything in my power to procure the best kinds of such articles your Lordship writes for, and upon the best terms, but must consult Mr. Wyatt or my friend Mr. Stewart who will go with me while in London. . . ."

The letter continues with reference to bridge-building in which the Bishop was at all times greatly interested. . . .

"I knew before I left Cork that Dr. Roch was engag'd with Mr. George Darly in building a part of the North Wall in Dublin.

* Torlonia, the founder of the great banking house in Rome now represented by the Duke of Torlonia.

I have got a much cleverer man & one of more experience & knowledge in bridge building ; he was principal man in building that of Lancaster, he can make all the Engines & other Machinery necessary for such works. He has engaged with me for two years for £100 a year. As soon as my bridge is anyway forward, he & I will go & build your L.p's bridge at Newferry. Mr. Harrison the Archt. of Lancaster bridge who your L.p. might remember to have seen in Rome has recommended this man to me (Abram Hargrave) as being the first in England in that line.—I have also brought, or sent over two labourers at 16/3 a week. . . ."

The Bishop's propensity for building may be traced to his love of novelty, which, increasing with advancing years, constantly demanded a fresh object for its gratification. An illustration of it is supplied by John Wesley at this time: On June 4, 1787, Wesley, visiting the Bishop's garden at Derry in his absence, and seeing the delightful summer-house 50 feet long which the Bishop some years earlier had erected on the point of a hill with a beautiful view, comments thus in his Journal:

"But his Lordship has utterly forsaken it, for it is no longer new."

The Bishop's fancy was now diverted to the designing of his newest toy, Ballyscullion, which was originally called the "Castle of Bellaghy." The account he had written to Lady Erne did not exaggerate the beauty of its situation in one of the most romantic spots in Ireland. Rising on a gentle eminence overlooking Lough Beg, north of Lough Neagh, it was erected in a part of his diocese remote from Downhill, and in complete contrast to it. Protected from the northerly gales, its climate was mild. It was well wooded, and its grass lands were fertile ; and through them meandered the wide and deep waters of the Bann. With regard to Lough Beg the Statistical Survey of the County of Antrim (1812) remarks: "A curious circumstance respecting this lake which the writer (Rev. John Dubourdier) heard from Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, many years ago, is too remarkable to be omitted: 'In a monastery on the Continent, a manuscript existed which mentions that in the sixth century a violent earthquake had thrown up the rock at Toome, which by obstructing the discharge of the rivers had formed this body of water, and that Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh, was produced at the same time.'"

The same survey notes that on one of four islands of Lough Beg are the remains of a church on which the Bishop "built a handsome spire which is a good relief to the prospects of

the country around it." This was a feature to be seen from the new house at Ballyscullion. While the house was still in embryo the Bishop bethought him of stocking his waters with fish. He appears to have written to his friend Lord Moira to ask him for a supply. Lord Moira replies, July 16, 1787: "I shall ever feel happy in obeying your Lordship's commands. I sent immediately to Moira but I learn they were all stolen. However I have a good pond here (Montalto). Yr Lordship may have them when you choose. . . . A pond full of gudgeons which breed amazingly and which I think little inferior to smelts." (Sir Henry Bruce's Papers at Downhill.)

The building of Ballyscullion at first proceeded rapidly. While the ground plan was an oval of 74 feet by 84, of which the exterior wall was to be ornamented all round with twenty fluted Corinthian pilasters, the northern front presented a stately portico supported by six pillars. An attic story of 12 feet high rose above the whole and terminated in a sky-light. Two long corridors led from the two sides of the main building to picture galleries each 82 ft. by 25 ft. Eventually the line of building extended to 350 ft. On the portico the Bishop caused an inscription to be made in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

" Here is a verdant plain :
I will place a temple of marble
Beside the waters where the vast
Bann strays in sluggish windings
And clothes its banks with tender reeds."

(This portico now adorns the church of St. George's, Belfast, to which it was presented by the Bishop of Down when Ballyscullion was dismantled in 1813.—The *Irish Daily Telegraph* for December 8, 1908.)

A year after the foundation stone was laid, the *Dublin Evening Herald* reports (April 17, 1788): "The Earl of Bristol's magnificent structure Ballyscullion in the county of Derry is in such forwardness that, if the season is favorable, there are hopes it may be covered before the winter."

As a matter of fact the building of Ballyscullion continued during many years and it was never wholly completed.*

* Early in the nineteenth century the greater part of it was dismantled on account of the "window-tax" and became a ruin; and what remained of it was known to travellers as "the Bishop's Folly." In one of Charles Lever's novels, "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," he is supposed to describe Ballyscullion in his opening pages. Of the Bishop—describing him under another name—he says: "A Liberal in politics in an age when Liberalism lay close on the confines of disloyalty, specially hospitable at a period when hospitality verged on utter recklessness, he carried all his opinions to extremes. He had great taste which had been cultivated by foreign travel, and, having an ample fortune, he was able to indulge in many whims and caprices, by which some were led to doubt of

The following letter from the Bishop to his Paris bankers seems to relate to plans in connection with the construction and adornment of his new palace. A courier from Rome would be likely to convey Italian designs ; while the royal château of Chambord was to supply a specimen of French taste :

“ L. Derry,
“ 17th April, 1788.

“ Sirs, A tin case will be delivered to you for me by the Cardinal Bernis’s Courier. I request that you will either send it to me by the Post to Derry, or to Mr. Garvey at Rouen to be forwarded to his Dublin Correspondent. I prefer the post, if the charge be not above a guinea. I am really impatient to have it, as the Messenger has detained it a great while. I cannot forbear reminding you of the plan of the staircase at Chambord which you was so good as to promise me—Pray send it by the Post—BRISTOL.

“ A Messrs.

“ Messrs. Peregeaux,

“ Banquiers,

“ Paris.”

(The original in possession of the Rev. Sydenham Hervey, Bury St. Edmunds.)

In the meanwhile plans for building the great wooden bridge over the Foyle at Derry, the project for which had been initiated by the Bishop some twenty years before, were again in agitation. Shanahan writes from Cork, January 26, 1788 :

“ I would have done myself the honor of writing before this had I any News worth relating to your Lordship.—The paper your Lordship enclosed me is a copy of Mr. Miller’s manner of laying the foundation of the piers of the bridge of Derry. The novelty of his manner of laying the foundations made

his sanity ; but others who judged him better ascribed them to the self-indulgence of a man out of harmony with his time and contemptuously indifferent to what the world might say of him.” Of “ Bishop’s Folly,” which he describes as an Italian Palace, Lever says: “ The mansion stood on the side of a mountain which sloped gradually to the sea. The demesne well wooded, but with young timber, was beautifully varied in surface, one deep glen running, as it were, from the very base of the house, and showing glimpses through the trees of a bright and rapid river tumbling onward to the sea. But placed as was ‘ Bishop’s Folly ’ in the midst of a wild mountain region, many miles away from anything that could be called a neighbourhood, many were led to wonder how the Bishop could have selected such a spot ; but the same haughty defiance he gave the world in other things urged him here to show that he cared little for the judgments which might be passed on him ; or even for the circumstances which would have influenced other men. ‘ When it is my pleasure to receive company, I shall have my house full, no matter where I live,’ was his haughty speech, and certainly the whole character of his life went to confirm his words.”

me desirous to procure a copy of it, to show some of my friends here. The most interesting paragraph in his description is unintelligible to every person who has read it.—The foundations on which he erects his piers are composed of two cones of 19 feet Diameter at the base & 25 feet high, the hint of using Cones he took from the Engineer of the Harbour of Cherbourg ; the late public prints say they were all destroyed by the late storms.—Mr. Miller's piles are to be at least 55 feet long.—The difficulty of driving & managing a pile of this length in the deep water of Derry is what I should be sorry to encounter, in short we are of opinion here that what he advances is not practicable. . . ." (Letter now at Downhill.)

This plan was discarded, and the firm of Cox, of Boston, America, was eventually employed to construct the bridge.

CHAPTER XLII

1788 (*continued*)

THE nomad Bishop had again started on his travels by the autumn of this year. A letter to Lady Erne, then on a visit to her brother, Lord Hervey, the English Minister at Florence, shows the Bishop in the environs of Paris. It gives incidentally a scene of the *ancien régime* on the eve of the French Revolution such as never afterwards could be witnessed.

“ Chantilly,
“ Nov. 5th, 1788.

“ I return'd here from Paris, my dearest Mary, to see the Prince of Condé's hunt* on the great festival of St. Hubert, —but like most other things it did not answer. He & his family were dress'd like so many drummers & trumpeters in a Peach Color'd Cloth, coat, waistcoat & Breeches lac'd down the seams with silver—their hair as completely dress'd as if going to a Ball, & their Jack boots the only emblem of hunting ; except indeed a large French horn, slung round the shoulder of each of them, which, the Prince & his grandson, the Duc d'Enghien† a youth of 16 sounded from time to time. . . .

“ Previous to the Chace at the easy hour of ten & $\frac{1}{2}$ they all met under a superb tent, with the Princess Monaco, the Queen, or rather *Quean*, of the feast—here they devour'd a most comfortable and regular dinner of *Three* courses and a Desert, followed 'dans toutes les formes' wth coffee and liqueurs and thus 'with a Body cramm'd & vacant mind' they hied them to the chace, wch to the poor stag lasted two hours.

“ The stag took to the water the hounds follow'd and then the Huntsmen with a coup de fusil gave the coup de Grâce &

* Louis Joseph Prince de Condé (1736-1815) served with distinction in the Seven Years' War, emigrated in the following year (1789) and formed the Army of the Emigrés.

† This was the Duc d'Enghien, the last descendant of the Great Condé, whose tragic death in 1804 is well known. He was born at Chantilly in 1772, the son of Louis Henri Joseph Duc de Bourbon and the Princess Louise d'Orleans.

shot him dead—after this trophy they went in pursuit of a Second and a third—but what is such a skirmish compar'd to the Campaign of today—this morning at five he sallied forth with an Army of *Hounds* to dislodge a wild Boar, & if he defeats him his Highness purposes, like another Frederick of Prussia to enter his post chaise & go in quest of another enemy at Compiègne—such are the Laurels, worn by the Descendant of *the Great Condé*, who by the *By* has in his Portrait at least the most cut-throat look ever yet described by Lavater.

“All this have I wrote without one single reproach for your silence—I have not found one single letter from you among ninety that waited for me at Paris—we have more delicious weather, & I should have remain'd much longer at Paris, but for some untoward circumstances—for I never lik'd it so well—& Politicks are going forward at a great rate—but I do not yet believe in the *States General*, the Resurrection of the dead, the forgiveness of Sins nor Patriotism Everlasting.

“I shall stop at Lyons sometime if Lady Rivers, dear Lady Rivers, be there; if not I shall proceed to Marseilles—et puis—vous savez ma chère fille autant que moi—I wish to pass a winter in Spain before I return; 'tis a favorite country with me, for its climate, its manners, & its Natural History wch is as yet *Vierge*—parfaitement *Pucelle*.

“An Irish Abbé, Chanoine de Dreux,* a great protégé of the Duke de Penthièvre† & of his daughter the Duchess of Orléans, travels wth me—he has great animal spirits, great (?) much curiosity, no information, I was never so well in my life—all gout is gone—health, spirits, & color are return'd, & the D. of Dorset's housekeeper at Knowle, daughter of Nurse Murton who had not seen me these 22 years knew me at first sight—it is now 13 weeks since I left D. hill. The high road is my Apothecary's shop & my Horse my medicine—adieu dear Mary, do not grudge a kiss or two extraordinary in my name to Lal Lal.”

“Bordeaux,

“Dec. 5, 1788.

“A strong desire to see Monsr. de Secondat‡ a persuasion

* The Abbé O'Cassidi. A letter at Downhill from the Duc de Penthièvre's chamberlain to him shows that the Abbé hoped through the Bishop's influence to be made a Roman Catholic Bishop in Ireland.

† His Royal Highness Louis Jean Marie de Bourbon Duc de Penthièvre.

‡ The great French scientific agriculturist, Jean Baptiste Baron de Secondat, was the son of Montesquieu. Born 1716, he lived all his life at Bordeaux. He adopted the principles of 1789 and escaped persecution in the Revolution owing to the simplicity of his life and the glory of his father. Died 1796. (*Nouvelle Dict. Biog.*)

The Bishop imported Claret to Ireland, purchased direct from the Baron de Secondat and made from his vineyards at Bordeaux.

that he wished much to see me, an old longing to visit the Eastern Coast of Spain with the fine climate of Valentia, Andalusia &c. &c. made me take a short turn here where I shall stay a month & then proceed thro' your old acquaintance Montauban, Carcassonne & Toulouse for Perpignan—my poor Abbé was forced to quit me & go into residence at Drew. . . Mr. Burroughs, Chaplain to the Duke of Dorset, had leave to accompany me as far as Tours, & there I found a most pleasant Irish gentleman who had sold out of the Country & was retir'd to Tours to learn the French language & enjoy the french blue sky of which we know so little in Ireland and he accompanys me thro' Spain. We have five saddle horses, for the journey is long ; I have two led for myself—as soon as we pass *Perpignan* we shall find a perpetual sunshine, & such a succession of new objects as cannot fail to benefit the mind as much as the other will the body—our Project is to coast it *by land* (*bien entendu*) by Gibraltar, Andalusia, peep into Don Quixote's country, return by Algarve, Lisbon, Oporto, Gil Blas, Salamanca & Oviedo, thro' Biscay to Bayonne & Bordeaux—

“ If you name this my dear to the Great Duchess (of Tuscany) it is possible she may give me letters for the Court, which you may enclose to me à la Poste Restante à Barcelona, or if you have a Spanish Minister at Florence with whom you are much acquainted he may indulge me with his Passport—what I most desire are letters from Litterati or to them—I propose to myself great pleasure, great health, & great improvement by this excursion ; all I want is a good Architect to copy the interesting buildings—& perhaps I may meet with such an one here.”

“ Dec. 12th.

“ Since writing the above, my dear Mary, our journey to Spain is suspended partly by the very bad accounts we receive from every quarter of the style of travelling in that country, everything even to a spit for roasting must be carried with us, & the Inns & *Passadas* are nothing more than bare walls with square holes made here & there for future generations to convert into windows.

“ In the meantime we are admirably well here—bien agréés, bien fêtés & so forth—what will become of us when the merciless frosts relent I know not—some unknown region I must explore for the sake both of my mind & body—perhaps visit Sicily & ascend Etna. The political tumult here is incredible & every morning relates some new debate of the preceding night—I only laugh at 'em, & say a frenchman turning Patriot in imitation of an Englishman is the fable of the frog swelling to the

size of an Ox—they laugh too & talk on—Yr letters my dear are still best directed to Marseilles, yet God only knows when we shall get there—but, if you have any thing very particular to say, address them to Mons. Peregeaux à Paris—Adieu, the Multitude of letters still before me shortens the answer to everyone.”

On Christmas Day, 1788, the Bishop wrote to Peregeaux à Paris. (Letter in the possession of the Revd. Sydenham Hervey.)

“SIRS,

“My Servant in St. James’s Square has by some fatal mistake sent a Roll of paper on a Stick directed to me by the Diligence to your care instead of by the Post. Should you receive or recover it, I request you to send it immediately to Messrs. Skinner here at Bordeaux, as I am obliged to wait for it here, & postpone my journey to Marseilles. Mr. Abbé Cassidy says he left some silk stockings for me in your care—is it so?—& a parcel of Prints are missing.

“BRISTOL.”

While the Bishop was at Bordeaux his name was enthusiastically honoured at Derry at a banquet held on December 7, 1788, in commemoration of the Centenary of the “Shutting of the Gates,” when a poem was recited in which he was extolled as a patriot and “a friend and benefactor of mankind.”

It has been erroneously stated* that the Bishop was present at Derry in the following August when the commemoration of the Relief of Derry—“the Opening of the Gates”—was held. But in fact he remained abroad the whole of the year 1789.

During the winter of 1788-89 and the following spring the Bishop was wandering in the South of France, as is indicated by a letter to Lady Erne dated “Montpelier, 22nd March, ’89.”

“MY DEAREST MARY,

“The weather has been so intolerably bad that I am yet arriv’d no further than our old acquaintance Montpelier. ’Tis true we travel very leisurely, & abide with every Prelate & Laick whom we like or who likes us: At Toulouse I had many reasons for wishing to pass much more time, but the

* Mr. Classon Porter, in his pamphlet, states that the Bishop headed the procession to the Cathedral and the Lion’s Gate and laid the stone of the Triumphal Arch on the occasion of the Centenary commemoration in August, 1789. The *Dublin Evening Post* of August 14, 1789, however, in an elaborate account of the proceedings in which the names of those present are given, omits all mention of the Bishop.

weather was so damp & our lodging so confin'd it was not feasible : but if ever you have occasion to pass that way, be sure not to omit visiting the very greatest curiosity of All Europe in its way ; 'tis the Library of Count Mac-Carthy an Irishman by birth, & by taste & letters-Patent a Frenchman. It consists of Books not intended to be read but to be admir'd, old illegible Manuscripts illuminated in the most exquisite manner, & first editions of printed books wch look like Manuscripts of the most beautifull handwriting,—all these either on Vellum or parchment, or such superfine paper you would take it for Parchment—then the binding in Blue & Red & yellow Morocco so superbly gilt that the binding often exceeds the cost of the book, and every page lined so delicately wth Red Ink that this article alone is worth more than an Ordinary binding—

“ Yr friends the Camelfords are at Monaco, & Le Viscomte de Polignac who corresponds with them tells me he expects them here—poor old Vicomte ! you know I conclude that he had married his Gardener's Daughter, & by an education *bien soignée* had made her a most accomplish'd woman, an excellent Mother & an invaluable wife ; whose whole solicitude was to fulfil the duties of her situation in every respect ; was visited & respected by all the first people here, & indeed could give no offence to any one. He has lost her & is inconsolable.”

“ Tuesday, 23rd.

“ I was called away to dinner when in the middle of a fine sentence—today, such is the mutability of human affairs, Captain Cane who travels with me is taken with a shivering, a puking &c. &c. & we are prevented from travelling—heaven only knows when we shall reach Marseilles—it was impossible to visit Spain, the Disaccommodations are so great. Another year will I hope produce better roads & better Inns—for the Climate is superior to everything, & the Inhabitants as honest as Human Nature can be.

“ *This Frippery Country* (France) is still the same, a skipping dancing tribe—they are fit only for themselves—and when the circling glass goes round they talk of Beauties which they never saw, & Fancy raptures which they never felt—All now is commotion, & all soon will be sing-song, in the meantime the hot heads let one another's blood, the Clergy rise against the Bishops, & the laity against the Nobles. . . . Adieu my dear Child—I now must finish or I lose the Post—one kiss to dear little Caroline.

“ I observe you say something of inconveniences from your

letters not having reach'd me. I send you a draft at a Venture as Captain Cane's illness may retard us considerably—Adieu."

The Bishop could not have foreseen the upheaval which was soon to engulf the France such as he knew, and such as he was never to see again. But in the summer of this year he must have heard of greater and greater "commotion" with little prospect of "sing-song." He had by that time left France for Germany.

He was expected at Pymont in July, as appears from two letters addressed to him by the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Gotha (among the Downhill Papers). The Prince, who had formerly travelled so much in Italy with the Bishop and his wife, writes in the effusive and exaggerated terms then the fashion among those who affected the French manner :

" A Pymont,
" ce 11 Juillet, 1789.

" Que vous êtes adorable, My lord, de vous souvenir de mon existence, et de me donner rendez-vous à Pymont. . . . Plus cette marque de bonté m'est chère et précieuse de votre part, plus ma joie est excessive. . . . Venez donc, my lord, entre les bras de votre ancien ami et Serviteur qui est si heureux d'avance par l'idée seule de vous voir et de vous assurer de vive voix de son tendre et inviolable attachement pour vous. . . .

" AUGUSTE DE SAXE-GOTHA."

By a second letter from Prince Augustus to the Bishop dated " Pymont, 22 Juillet, 1789," it appears that the Bishop had dispatched thither his old servant Barwick with a letter inviting the Prince to join him at Francfort-sur-le-Main. But His Highness had made other plans and entreats the Bishop to hasten to Pymont and to give him " un bonheur si inespéré que celui de vous revoir enfin après une séparation de plus de onze années. Excusez cet horrible barbouillage et ne l'attribuez, my lord, qu'à l'impatience avec lequel mon cœur vole au devant du vôtre."

These letters the Bishop endorsed " all answered August 31, from Hanover." In October he was at Dresden. A letter from him to his bankers in Paris, Messrs. Peregeaux, refers to the model of a pagoda belonging to the Duc de Penthièvre at Chanteloup, the Bishop desiring to erect a similar one at Ballyscullion.

“ À Dresde,

“ ce 15me 8, 1789.

“ Messrs. Peregeaux sont priés de la part le Comte de Bristol de faire tenir une lettre incessamment par des Bonnes Mains à M. Le Duc de Penthièvre.*

“ Son Altesse aura la bonté leur consigner un modèle de sa Pagode, lequel Messrs. Peregeaux fera passer à Mr. Garvey à Rouen pour être remis par le premier Bâtiment, à

“ Mr. Shanahan,

“ Architecte du Comte de Bristol,

“ à Corke en Ireland.”†

There are two letters at Downhill addressed to the Bishop by the Duc de Penthièvre, signed “ L. J. M. de Bourbon,” which show that this highly esteemed Prince and his correspondent were on terms of mutual friendship and regard. Written in 1789, both relate to the promised model of the Pagoda, which three years later, it appears, the Bishop had not received.‡

At Downhill is a letter from the Duc de Penthièvre, Chamberlain to the Count du Authier, who writes (September 8, 1792) to

* Louis Jean Marie de Bourbon, Duc de Penthièvre, son of the Comte de Toulouse and grandson of Louis XIV. Born in 1725, this eminent personage, a great patron of men of letters, was reckoned the possessor of the most prodigious property in Europe, and on account of his worth and goodness was much respected. After the death of his wife, a Princess of Este, he became melancholic. He survived his son, the Prince de Lamballe, and the Princess (whose head was carried on a pike before the windows of Marie Antoinette), and died in 1793.

† Revd. Sydenham Hervey's collection.

‡ “ On ne peut estre plus reconnoissant que je le suis, My lord, de la très obligeante lettre que j'ai reçu de votre part ; je désirerois beaucoup mériter la façon de penser que vous volltes (voulez) bien avoir sur mon compte. Il me tarde infiniment de sçavoir le modèle de la pagode de chanteloup remis entre vos mains, je ne cesse d'en presser la fabrication, si j'avois quelque chose à faire venir d'angleterre j'userois avec confiance de la permission que vous me donnez (donnez).

“ L'abbé O'Cassidy estoit inquiet de ne point avoir de vos nouvelles, je lui ai Mandé que j'en avois reçu.

“ Je vous demande, My lord, de ne me pas refuser la justice d'estre persuadé des sentiments distingués que j'aurai toute ma vie pour vous.

“ L. J. M. DE BOURBON.

“ Châteauneuf sur Loire,

“ 23 Mars, 1789,

“ Mr. le Comte de Bristol.”

“ Je viens de recevoir, My lord, la lettre que vous estes donné la peine de m'écrire le 13 de ce mois ; ce malheureux modèle de la pagode de Chanteloup qui ne finist point ne peust pas encore estre remis a Messrs. Peregeaux, il leur sera délivré tout le plus promptement possible.

“ Le sort de pauvre Abbé O'Cassidy éprouve de l'incertitude ; je ne scais cependant, si les chappelles Castrales (nous nommons ainsi les chappelles de château) lesquelles sont entièresment dans la main des fondateurs ou leurs représentants quant au temporel, ne sont pas d'une classe particulière ; quelque chose qui arrive, je m'occuperois de lui autant que je le pourrois, dans tous les cas.

“ On ne peut estre plus sensible que je le suis à l'amitié que vous voulez bien me témoigner ; je vous demande, My Lord, de n'en pas refuser la continuation à la sincérité des sentiments distingués que j'aurai toute ma vie pour vous

“ L. J. M. DE BOURBON.”

the Abbé O'Cassidy advising him to send as quickly as possible the model of the Pagoda to the Bishop ; and at the same time to " write to this Bishop and ask him when he writes to thank Monseigneur, to say that he desires to see you made a Bishop—*placé épiscopalement*—et qu'il scait que le Clergé de France va beaucoup perdre de son bienêtre—et surtout un pauvre chanoine de Dreux " (owing to the Revolution) : The Bishop was to ask Monseigneur to write to the Cardinal de Bernis at Rome to procure for the Abbé the promise of the next vacant Catholic Bishopric in Ireland.

During the autumn of 1789 the Bishop associated with Prince Ferdinand of Würtemberg, and by his care of the Prince during a dangerous illness earned the gratitude of the young man and that of his mother, Princess Eugene of Würtemberg. The Princess, a niece of Frederick the Great, a clever woman who has been described as the " enlightened mother " of her large family, writes to the Bishop from " Montbéliard, ce 6 Nov. 1789," with regard to her son Ferdinand : " C'est lui qui me parle, avec une reconnoissance bien vive, des soins que Vous lui avez prodigué et je m'empresse de partager avec lui, milord, tous les sentimens de sensibilité et de gratitude, qu'il vous avoue pour la vie. Je vous remercie, Milord d'avoir distrahit la Douleur que me donne la maladie de mon fils, pour le plaisir attaché au bonheur de voir s'intéresser à lui une Personne de votre mérite . . . Mon cœur vous portera à jamais le tribut de sa plus vive reconnaissance . . . Votre très humble et dévouée servante Dorothee de Prusse, Princesse de Wirtemberg." (Letter at Downhill.)*

A letter of later date from Prince Ferdinand to the Bishop is expressed in terms of warm affection : " Vos souvenirs Votre estime, Votre amitié, sont du baume pour les plaies profondes de mon cœur qui vous aime, autant qu'il vous respecte, et vous honore." The curious fact appears that the Bishop had

* Letter at Downhill. Frédérique-Dorothee-Sophie, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Schwedt, by Sophie Dorothee, sister of Frederick the Great, born 1736, married Prince Eugène de Würtemberg—their sixth child, Ferdinand, was born 1763. Their eldest son, Frederick William, became the first King of Würtemberg (who married for his second wife the Princess Royal of England, daughter of George III.). Their eldest daughter became the Empress Marie of Russia—wife of the Emperor Paul.

Letter at Downhill dated " Montbéliard, ce 10 de Mars, 1790," endorsed by the Bishop, answered 20th April, 1790, and invited to England for a year. In this letter the Prince Ferdinand laments the death of the Emperor Joseph II. and of his own beloved sister, Elizabeth, who at the age of fifteen had not long before married the Emperor's nephew and eventual heir, Francis : " Tout le bonheur," writes the bereaved brother, " que je pouvais attendre dans les États de L'Empereur a disparu comme un songe. . . . Il ne me reste de tant d'Espérances que des regrets inutiles et une douleur bien profonde. . . . Ah cher et respectable Ami, vous, dont l'âme sensible tenoit si bien tous les liens et les sentimens de l'amitié, pleurez avec moi, en me permettant de trouver dans votre cœur toutes les consolations que le mien me refuse. . . ."

solicited, for an English protégé of his own, nomination as officer in the Prince's Austrian regiment. This Prince of Würtemberg, a nephew of the reigning Duke—the beneficent ruler whom the Bishop had visited at Stuttgart and nicknamed “Déjà-déjà”—was one of a curiously cosmopolitan family, he and his brothers being respectively in the military service of Russia, Prussia and Austria, while their father, Prince Eugène, was Governor of Montbéliard, the ancient inheritance of the family in France, on the borders of Alsace, and the eldest of these brothers was eventually to owe his kingly Crown of Würtemberg to the good graces of Napoléon. No sooner was the Bishop's request made than it was granted: “Votre protégé,” replies the young Prince, “peut compter sur tout l'empressement que je lui dois à titre de Compatriote de mon ami (the Bishop). Le premier Drapeau vacant à mon nomination lui appartient. Dès ce que cette place d'Officier sera vacant dans mon Régiment je vous en ferai part. J'attends de vos nouvelles avec toute l'impatience d'un ami qui vous porte dans son cœur. . . .”

The Bishop was everywhere fêted on his tour in Germany. He writes to Lady Erne from Bamberg on November 6, 1789: “You will wonder my dearest Mary, at not having heard from me of so long a time, & still more at hearing from me at this time of the year from the centre of Germany—but the truth is, my dear Child, I am so occupied & so amus'd, so fêté par tout, that I cannot get on—& my curiosity is as insatiable as if I were five & twenty—this country is full of natural history & of natural historians. The roads are so bad they give me full leisure to study the country; & the inhabitants so civil from the *Prince* down to the Peasant that nothing is hid from me—my common course is a Circle, & like a Planet, a vagabond star, I almost turn round my own axis whilst I make another revolution round the Sun—in a few days I shall arrive within a few miles of Augsburg, & then like a Comet strike off at a Tangent to Francfort where I expect to meet a Professor of Natural History whom the Elector has lent me, tho' he was the Director of his Cabinet. From thence we go to Mayence, Mannheim, to the dear Princess of Baden, so to Stuttgart—déjà déjà—and at last to Augsburg—then dash into the Tyrol, & so for Italy—but when or where as yet I know not—If you have a mind to write to me direct à la Poste restante to Innspruck where I have business will keep me at least a week—The Blessed, says the Latin proverb, never count hours, but I count neither days nor weeks, & whereas others lay their cares under their Pillows & resume them the next morning, I lay my

spirits there to resume them at day-break—for this body of ours, my dearest Mary, is but a Fiddle, & the Soul a Tune wch depends on the Rosin given to the Fiddle.

“ I have long expected the famous & aimable Madame de la Reck, sister of the reigning Dutchess of Courland to accompany me to Italy—but her domesticks are all fallen ill, & she is detain’d at Halberstat—if I do not find her at Francfort I must proceed without her. The Dutchess of Brunswick (sister of George III. The Bishop had visited the Duchess at Brunswick this summer, 1789) writes continually to prevent me forgetting next Summer at Little Richmond near Brunswick, & only wishes to know what circumstances can make it as comfortable to you as it will be pleasant to her—Let me know my dear what Berger, More,* Durnot & Mr. Pye are about (painters in Rome). Is Hewetson employ’d, & in what?—have you seen the large picture of Alexander & his Physician & do you approve it? †

“ Is Lady Caroline making her usual progress? Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord St. Helens) at Dresden speaks of her with raptures, but especially of you. I do not think either he or his poor wife can last beyond this winter. Imagine Mr. Fitzherbert going Minister to Madrid—what can that mean? and who are his Patrons? are you as great a favorite with him as ever & do you hear from him? Who do you imagine I found at Dresden? without Man or maid—who with a Coach tumbling to shivers, & a quantity calculated to shiver it—Only poor dear Mrs. Palmer, but did you ever, Madam? Did you ever hear of such a plan of travelling? quite alone, quite in spirits, yet out of humour with almost all this world—she knows every motion *you* make, every company you keep, the same of Elizabeth &c. &c.

“ My house at Bally-scullion, which you don’t care about, is finish’d—the Offices will begin next Spring.” (Here follows a description of the house.) “ Comment cela vous plait-il ma fille? Vi piace, mia figlia & ti par di buon gusto? Qui si godera, ti assicuro. I want some beautiful chimney pieces

* Jacob More (1740–1793), a native of Edinburgh, he resided in Rome, where Prince Borghese engaged him to decorate the Villa Borghese. A landscape painter of merit, he imitated Claude. His portrait by himself is in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

† This picture was by Jacques Berger of Rome. A letter at Downhill from him to the Bishop (dated 8 Janvier, 1791) expresses his gratitude for the Bishop’s kindness during his illness and for offering him change of air—“ puissent les bonnes œuvres de votre Excellence avoir le récompense qu’elles méritent.” The letter is endorsed by the Bishop, “ Answered, and bespoke sacrifice of Isaac and Alexander’s Physician.”

Berger, a native of Chambéry, was one of the best colourists of his time. “ Lord Bristol ” (says the Dict. Nat. Biog. Universelle) “ in 1786 drew him from the extreme misery in which he lived in Rome, by giving him a pension and buying five of his pictures.”

pray tell Cardelli so—at the moment I am writing to you the officer who din'd with me has sent his Regimental Band & they are playing under my window on the sixth November at eight of the night.

“Let me know what English you have at Rome—are Mr. & Mrs. Vans-Agnew with you? if they are, pray show them all the civility you can—for their attentions to me at Lescar they deserve it—I never met with more. Adieu, remember me particularly to Mr. More, & give Caroline a thousand tender kisses. Adieu my dear Mary.”

If the Bishop made all the circuitous peregrinations he proposed, he must have travelled “like a comet,” for he arrived in Rome before the end of the year. Dashing through the Tyrol on his way from Germany, he is to be traced at Brixen where he associated with the Count de Brandis, Canon of Augsburg and Brixen. The Count Canon afterwards wrote a letter to the Count Bishop alluding to the latter's visit, and discoursing about the geological formation of the neighbouring mountains.* It appears from this letter that the Bishop proceeded to visit his son, Lord Hervey, at Florence, and expected to find his “*filie chérie*” at Rome.

Arthur Young, now on his Continental travels, records, in December (1789), that he learns that Lord Bristol is somewhere in Italy, and that Lady Erne is probably at Turin. “My Stars,” he adds, “will not be propitious if I do not see them both.”†

At Rome, in the winter of 1789-90, the Bishop met Madame Vigée le Brun, then at the height of her fame. She records in her memoirs that at Lord Bristol's personal request she made for him at this time a copy of her celebrated portrait of herself, now in the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence. She also painted Lord Bristol's own portrait at Rome, which she describes as “*jusqu'aux genoux.*”

Proceeding from Rome to Naples early in 1790, Madame Lebrun “took a fresh portrait of Lord Bristol,” she says, “whom I found again at Naples. One may say he passed his life on Vesuvius, for he ascended the mountain every day.”

The latter picture is now in the present Lord Bristol's house

* Letter at Downhill, dated “Brixen ce 3me Janvier, 1790.” The writer alludes to the formation by an earthquake of the wonderful Lake of “Alagé” (in the Dolomite country) which, he says, one saw form itself not long ago on the borders of our principality in the Republic of Venice—“*formé par la chute de deux montagnes isolés, qui a arrêté le cours d'une rivière.*” (The villages engulfed may still be traced beneath the blue waters of the lake:—W. S. C. P.)

† Young's “Tour in France,” under date December 18, 1789.



Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol. Vesuvius in background.
*Portrait by Madame V. Le Brun, painted in Naples, 1790; formerly in
St. James's Square, now at Ickworth.*

[To face page 416.]

in St. James's Square. It represents the Bishop down to the knees, and Vesuvius depicted in the distance shows that it was painted at Naples.

We have now traced the Bishop as being at Naples in the early months of 1790—probably this was a flying visit from Rome.

A letter from a highly-placed Italian lady, which is so warm in expression it may be termed a billet-doux, was received by the Bishop on the eve of his departure from Naples. Undated, it is addressed, "A. S. E. (à son excellence) My lord Comte de Bristol, Crocelli"—(the name of the Bishop's hotel at Naples).

"MON CHER MYLORD,

"On m'assure chez moi que vous partez demain, c'est un bruit d'assassin, de s'en aller sans me voir—cet après dîner je passerai chez vous, et si même vous ne dînez pas au logis, je vous y attendrai jusqu'à minuit Dites moi donc l'heure que vous y serez, et soyez persuadé, mon cher milord de l'empressement extrême avec le quel je désire de me dire votre affectionnée Amie—La Duchesse de San Clément. Dimanche."

(As this letter is at Downhill, among the papers which the Bishop left there on his final departure from Ireland in 1791, the date of it could not have been that of one of his later visits at Naples, as obviously no letters addressed to him on such occasions would be found at Downhill; though many letters from him, written during the latter phase of his life, are there.)

The Bishop returned to Rome in the spring of 1790 and there gave an order to Flaxman for one of the great sculptor's greatest works. In connection with this, he wrote the following note (Add. MSS. (British Museum), 36652, f. 121):

"Rome,

"March 5th, 1790.

"Mr. Flaxman is to make the Group of the Fury of Athamas of the size of the Laocoon for the Price of about 600 guineas Mr. More will be so good as to supply him gradually with the sums necessary and to give his Genius every encouragement he desires.

"BRISTOL."

Flaxman, in an undated letter to Sir William Hamilton, refers in grateful terms to this commission from the Bishop. (Hamilton and Nelson Papers: Morrison Coll., Vol. I., 237.)

After mentioning that he (Flaxman) had intended leaving Rome—evidently from want of employment—he says: “but I have the honour to inform you at present with much more satisfaction that I shall be detained three years longer by the Noble patronage of Lord Bristol who has ordered me to make a large group for him in marble of the Fury of Athamas from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* from a small composition of my own. I cannot conclude my letter without telling you the liberality of Lord Bristol has reanimated the fainting body of Art in Rome; for his generosity to me I must be silent, for I have not words to express its value.”

And yet despite this warm testimonial to the Bishop’s generosity it has been said that Flaxman’s relations with him over the payment for this great work—the Fury of Athamas—were a source of dissatisfaction to Flaxman; and it would seem that grave injustice has been done to the Bishop in the matter. The statement which has been made* that this money was unpunctually doled out is certainly contrary to fact, as is proved by Flaxman’s own receipts on the back of the above-quoted note of commission from the Bishop. The first instalment of £50 was paid on May 4, 1790, and the whole of the £600 was paid off by August 3, 1791—that is long before the work was completed,† which Flaxman had anticipated would take him three years to execute.

A. Cunningham, in his essay on Flaxman (“*Lives of the Most Eminent Painters*” (1830), Vol. III., page 303), says that the stipulated sum, £600, was “wholly insufficient; the proud sculptor made no complaint, he wrought early and late till he completed his group and delivered it into the hands of the nobleman . . . such a work would have been cheap at £2,000. Flaxman must have lost some hundreds of pounds by this piece of patronage.” That Flaxman spared neither labour nor money on his masterpiece was but characteristic of the great man he was. As, however, it is admitted that he “made

* See D.N.B. under Flaxman (A. Cunningham’s “*Lives of the Most Eminent Painters*”): “the price fixed was £600, the instalments were unpunctually doled out.”

† Notes by Flaxman on the back of the Bishop’s letter (36652, Add. MSS., f. 121):

Rome	Recd.	£	s.	d.
May 4, 1790	—	50	—	—
July 18, „	—	50	—	—
Aug. 11, „	—	50	—	—
Oct. 14, „	—	50	—	—
Nov. 3, „	—	50	—	—
Dec. 17, „	—	50	—	—
Mar. 16, 1791	—	50	—	—
May 27, „	—	200	—	—
Aug. 3, „	—	50	—	—
(This amounts to £600).				

no complaint," it seems the more unreasonable to blame the Bishop, who could not be supposed to know that he was expected to pay at least double the sum agreed upon. As Flaxman was "never greedy of gold" (Cunningham's words) the grievance was probably of his friend's making and not of his own. This splendid creation of genius, consisting of four figures of the heroic size, is now at Ickworth.* It is, in fact, the only specimen to find a place there out of those later collections which the Bishop formed expressly to adorn it.†

In June, 1790, the Bishop was still in Rome. In that month, we know by the diary of Angelica Kauffman, that he sat for her fine portrait of him which is now at the Downhill. She describes it as a "life-size half length figure seated next to a pedestal on which is a marble bust and head of Mercante," and states that it was "five spans 10 high, and four spans 2 wide," and that it cost 120 Zecchini which was equivalent to 258 Roman crowns: it was handed to a painter, Mr. More, to be sent off September 24, and was paid for on October 25 through the Bishop's banker Torlonia.‡

No information is forthcoming by which to trace the Bishop's movements abroad during the next five months. He returned to Ireland in the following November. Dr. Halliday of Belfast, in a letter to his friend Lord Charlemont, gives a peep at the Bishop soon after his arrival.

" Belfast,
" Nov. 8, 1790.

" I had the honour of sitting an hour with my Lord Bristol, last night as brisk, young and blooming as ever. He seems to expect a counter revolution in France, & that the Brabançons will be settled by the mediators. In one thing he proved a true prophet. We shall have no Spanish War, he said; and I am just told that the Convention is signed. England has sold her honour that she may sell her cotton." (Hist. Commission, Charlemont MSS., Vol. II., page 131.)

The following paragraph appeared in the *Dublin Evening Post* for November 25, 1790, and it seems no improbable

* When the Bishop's property in Rome was seized by the French this sculpture was sold by them. It was eventually purchased by his son, the first Marquis of Bristol. (See Gage's Thingoe Hundred, 306.)

† H. Crabbe Robinson saw "The Fury of Athamas" at Ickworth in 1829 as noted in his Diary.

‡ This picture—the only portrait which Angelica painted of the Bishop—is now at Downhill. The Bishop, in the codicil to his will, added at Aosta, 26th February, 1794, states: "I give to Madame Diroff wife of Senator Diroff at Petersburg my portrait painted by Angelica, & desire Mrs. Henry Bruce to be so good as to send it to her at Petersburg."

conjecture that the "very eminent character" referred to in it was no other than the Bishop of Derry who had passed through London lately, on his return to Ireland from the Continent :

"It is confidently asserted that a very eminent character of this country when lately in London received a marked indignity at the Court of St. James's. On his soliciting a favour from the greatest personage, instead of receiving a gracious answer, that personage turned short on his heel without deigning to make him any reply. The next parliamentary campaign in the House of Commons will probably show the effect of this."

The people of Derry would be likely to resent a slight from the King to their popular Bishop and consider it a slight to themselves ; and they would be likely to take occasion to mark the regard and affection they felt for him. It seems probable that such a motive inspired their conduct at this time. In a paragraph of the same newspaper we read :

"The Citizens and Corporation of Derry are making preparations to honour the Earl of Bristol on his arrival among them from the Continent by every mark of esteem and affection ; a deputation from both bodies are to wait on his lordship to learn the time of his intended visit, and to notify their intention. In every character in which this prelate has appeared, he has shone forth with a lustre which attends only on the conjunction of a good heart with fine talents. As a man, and a denizen of the world, the Earl of Bristol has been distinguished for his zeal in the cause of freedom, as a peer of Ireland he is honoured for his attention to her peculiar interests—interests which in the hour of trial his indefatigable exertions to secure and promote, shewed to be nearest his heart ; and as an Irish Bishop—Derry stands eminently distinguished by a *singular* line of conduct,—a uniform promotion of *native* clergy to the benefices of his diocese. Since the See of Derry was filled by the Earl, every vacancy in the Irish Church has been filled—as every vacancy in the Irish Church ought to be—by Irishmen."

As the result of the deputation to the Bishop it was arranged that the ceremonial reception of him should take place on the 30th November (1790). Accordingly "about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that day his Lordship arrived at the Waterside, and was received on the Bridge by the Corporation, citizens, and Volunteers of Derry, when a procession was formed to the Episcopal Palace where the Bishop was presented with the addresses of the two former bodies ; after which his Lordship and all the gentlemen came to the steps in front of the Palace, and

there Captain Fergusson read the address of the Londonderry Volunteers, in presence of the Company, *under arms*, and an immense multitude of spectators. When his Lordship had delivered his elegant and most animated answer, the Volunteers fired three volleys, accompanied by the loud and repeated acclamations of the populace. In the evening his Lordship dined with the Corporation at the New Inn.”* These addresses related chiefly to the same topics of congratulation ; the safe return of the Bishop to Ireland, the prospect of the speedy completion of the Bridge, and the princely munificence of his Lordship in his liberal support of all works of utility and ornament in the city of Derry ; in addition to which the Volunteers referred to the fact that at the commencement of their institution his Lordship was among the first to express his decided approbation of the principles upon which they took up arms, and to confer a distinguished honour upon their corps, by becoming a member of their association. The Bishop in his reply to the Corporation, after stating the great principles on which he had obtained their esteem and affection, concluded by expressing his own convictions, for the benefit of all future Bishops of Derry, in these remarkable words : “ Nor can I doubt my carrying them to the grave, where a silent but instructive stone, shall often admonish my latest successor, that the *softest down* in his pillow is the love of his fellow citizens, and their *applause* the *brightest jewel in his mitre* ; that to *preserve* his *dignity* he must learn to waive it ; and truly to *enjoy* his *wealth*, he must have the courage to *share* it.”

In his reply to the Citizens the Bishop spoke of his predilections for Ireland, “ as having originated from a sense of duty, and of friendship,” though it seems strange that, among those duties, he referred to that of personal residence in which he himself was so deficient—“ the duties of an extensive and opulent Prelacy,” he said, “ wear a superior character, and a more binding ; they summon loudly to residence and discipline, and a pious discharge of such duties can alone vindicate, or insure, the splendid rent-roll annexed to this office.”

To the Volunteers the Bishop referred to their virtuous association . . . “ whose praises still echo to the remotest regions in Europe ” and described it as “ that . . . auxiliary to an almost impotent Government, which secured the internal peace, and fixed the external safety of this kingdom ; ” and he recollected, with equal pleasure and pride, his former official

* This account is taken from Maturin’s “ Bishop of Derry,” a rare pamphlet. Maturin gives as his authority “ a curious original document dated December 3, 1790, recently (1867) reprinted in the local newspapers.”

connection with that body, and the "unlimited delegation" which they conferred upon him; while he concluded by assuring them that his sentiments were invariably the same," and that he was "as eager as ever to run the same goal with them," while his exertions would be "equally vigorous to obtain the great objects which they had in view."

Laudatory comments on the Bishop's sayings and doings appear in the *Dublin Evening Post* during December. One "Pollis" drops into poetry in a lengthy and, it must be confessed, prosy poem, and after reference to the "Spartan vigour and Roman virtue" displayed by the dauntless citizens of Derry a hundred years before in the ever memorable siege, he proceeds :

" 'Tis thine, my Lord, from souls like these to find
The purest joy that can exalt the mind," etc.

Finally : "On Tuesday previous to Christmas day the Earl of Bristol set off from Derry on his return to the Castle of Bellaghy (Ballyscullion) after displaying in that city several new and striking instances of princely munificence. It is impossible to describe the regret that was visible on the countenance of every citizen at his Lordship's departure."

CHAPTER XLIII

1791

WE now come to the last year of the Bishop's residence in Ireland. His movements and interests during it are shown by a few scattered letters surviving out of his correspondence, to the vastness of which he often alludes.

He wrote to Lady Erne :*

“ Bellaghy,

“ 1st Feb. 1791.†

“ I write to you my dearest Mary barely to give you an anecdote of yr friend Cardinal Bernis wch enchants me, & I am certain will delight you.

“ On the day my friend wrote from Rome, an express had arriv'd from Paris announcing to the Card, that in his future nomination of Bishops no Regard wd be had to the Pope ; that all nobles were requir'd to return home, & the Card, specifically, was ordered to take the New Oath.

“ His Eminence answered with a firmness worthy an old Roman. He had already taken an oath to His God, his religion & his King, & he would take no other.

“ 'Tis said Prince Borghese has made him most noble offers.

“ The *Begars* as Lady Emily (Lady Emily Hervey, sister of the Bishop) calls them (the French) are grown more contemptible than ever. They are a band of Monkeys who have burst into a shop of old China & are breaking all about them. Don't fail either you or Lou to send me the very earliest intelligence publick or private that you can of the‡ dear Empress's progress

* Mrs. J. Talbot's Papers.

† Near Ballyscullion—Among the papers at Downhill is a letter from a Mr. Richard Williams (28th March, 1791), offering to sell to the Bishop the woods, park and buildings at Bellaghy. It is endorsed by the Bishop, “ I accepted with thanks and desired at least half the wood to be cut down.”

The Empress Catherine II.

towards Constantinople, she will be the Messiah of the Greeks & of Grecian literature & Art.

"I fear the Margravine's* account was but too true—He was desperately in love wth a lady of high fashion at home—'Tis said he has jilted her when all was ready for nuptials—what is become of *his Government* under his Sovereign,† has he quitted the service too? Adieu I am as usual up to the eyes in letters but ever yr affectionate B."

The Bishop wrote again to Lady Erne :

" Downhill,
" April 1st, 1791.

"Yr letter, my dearest Mary, of April (March) 16th, is but just arrived, & I lose no time according to yr request to give my final answer about *Barwick* the second; which is that he will not suit‡—but I hope in God that dear Mr. P. (Pitt) will not think of War, as I dare believe he will not, as we have never been the richer nor the stronger for Continental connexions, & that I verily believe we could get more for driving the *circumcised* (?) Dogs out, than for keeping them in§ besides it is next to impossible but that, if Semiramis (Catherine the Second) should go to Byzantium, she should lose either by intestine division or by foreign depredations the northern part of her Empire; & then she wd have to begin anew in the South what Peter the Great effected long ago in the North; & that in a country stript of Inhabitants, & so inur'd to slavery that they would never be capable of any exploit: add to this, the moment she should settle in Byzantium, Vienna & the near Eastern Empire, Sweden, & Prussia, would eternally be plucking her best feathers in the North & the maritime powers would be destroying her fleets as fast as she equipped them. But literature & the Arts and the sciences would gain rapidly by the culture of the descendants of Archimedes, Plato, Aristotle, Phidias & Praxiteles. Do try to know dear Mrs. E. Hervey|| I think

* "The Margravine" means the celebrated Lady Craven who had lived notoriously with the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach and Baireuth during the lifetime of her husband. Lord Craven was alive at this time, but died in the following September, 1791, and Lady Craven married the Margrave on October 13th. The Margravine of Anspach, a noted traveller, died in 1828.

† The Margrave had sold his principality to Frederick William II. of Prussia in 1790 for 1,500,000 francs.

‡ Barwick the first was an old servant who had accompanied the Bishop and his wife on their travels in 1777–1779.

§ This alludes to the prospect of the Empress Catherine invading the Turks.

|| Miss Elizabeth Hervey was the unmarried daughter of his uncle, the Hon. William Hervey. She was born July 13, 1730, and died in Park Street, April 30, 1803.

she will be a great acquisition to you—my dearest Mary ever most affectionately yrs.—B.”

On the same day the Bishop wrote to his agents in Paris a letter which shows him in correspondence with the eminent agriculturist Secondat whom he had visited at Bordeaux a few years before. The subject “of the greatest consequence” may have related to agriculture, or perhaps merely to the replenishing of his cellars at home, for he got all his claret at cost price direct from Secondat’s vintages at Bordeaux.

While owing to “the disturbed” state of France many of his letters to Messrs. Peregeaux had miscarried, the following is endorsed as received by them. (Original belongs to Rev. Sydenham Hervey.)

“ A Derry,
“ ce 1st Avril, 1791.

“ Il m’est de la plus grande conséquence, Messieurs, que Mr. de Secondat receive l’incluse. Je vous prie de m’en accuser la réception, et de lui parvenir, puisque tant d’autres ont manqué.

“ LE COMTE DE BRISTOL,
“ ÉVÊQUE DE DERRY.”

During 1791 the Bishop wrote two letters to Sir William Hamilton, one before and one after the latter’s marriage to Emma Lyon. A statement made by a modern authoress alleging a rupture by Hamilton of his friendship with the Bishop on this marriage is without foundation,* as is also the insinuation that the cause of it was a supposed liaison between the Bishop and Emma before her marriage. The innumerable letters in the Morrison Collection from the Bishop to the Hamiltons subsequent to the marriage show that the old friendship continued to be of the warmest kind, and, as will be seen, he was frequently in their society at Naples and Caserta in after years.

The first of the two letters from the Bishop was written from Ireland on his hearing of Hamilton’s arrival in England. It contains no mention of Emma. Hamilton had brought with him from Italy his beautiful mistress who had lived under his protection in Naples for some six years—ever since she had been handed over to him by his nephew Greville. As during those years Emma had behaved with propriety and fidelity to Hamilton, he, after some deliberation, determined to make her his wife.

* “ Nelson’s Legacy,” by “ Frank Danby,” pages 204-205.

The Bishop wrote from "Ballyscullion, May 25, 1791" ("The Nelson Papers," Morrison Collection, Vol. I., number 194):

"MY DEAR SCHOOLFELLOW,

"Nothing shall ever excuse you either to my head or heart if you play me truant. I count so much upon your passing the Irish Channel if you come to Wales, and I would even send a warrant for you if I thought it would bring you. A month or two will repair you for the fatigue of yr journey. You shall have musick every day, or no day; you shall see the Giant's Causeway by sea & by land; you shall see extinguished volcanos, & almost burning ones, you shall have grouse shooting or not, as you please; you shall fish on salt water or fresh, just as you like best. I will meet you where you please, and bring you to the most romantick, & perhaps the most sublime scenery you ever saw. Only come, and do not disappoint yr old friend and Schoolfellow."

Hamilton, however, did not go to Ireland. He remained in England till his marriage, which took place towards the end of this year. On hearing of this event, the Bishop wrote to Hamilton. ("The Nelson Papers," Vol. I., number 200.)

"Woodstock,

"Dec. 21st, 1791.

"I congratulate you my old friend from the bottom of my heart upon the fortitude you have shown, & the manly part you have taken in braving the world, & securing your own happiness & elegant enjoyments in defiance of us (it). I was for a long time prepared to receive you both, and would have been too happy in contributing to unite you, had Lord Abercorn been in Ireland instead of England; nobody mentions your decision but with approbation; no wonder, provided that they have ever seen or heard Lady Hamilton; & now I flatter myself you have secured your happiness for life, & will enjoy your *otium cum dignitate*, and take your *dignitatem cum amoenitate* for the remainder of your days, & I shall claim my old cabin at Caserta that I may be a witness of that permanent comfort I so often wished you before. As to the Verd—antique slabs, I certainly reckon upon them entirely, and have provided nothing else in their place.* Messrs. Heygelin will advance the

* Supplied by Hamilton and bought by the Bishop for Downhill or Ballyscullion. Hamilton made a profitable traffic in such things.

money. What becomes of Skawronski* on the death of Potemkin? I pity her sincerely. Direct to me in St. James's Square, London, & write soon. Adieu most cordially yours &c. B."

The Bishop had by this time left Ireland never to return. Probably it was far from his intention to bid final farewell to the land of his adoption; but, however "loudly" "the duties of an extensive and opulent prelacy" may have "summoned to residence" a year before, his insatiable appetite for travel now summoned this singular prelate still more loudly. His bad health was his excuse, and a frequent change of scene seems to have been needed to exhilarate his spirits, which grew more uneven and more restless with advancing years.

Crossing from the North of Ireland to Scotland early in the autumn of 1791, the Bishop was detained at Annan by a serious attack of gout. So alarming was his condition that he made his will, as appears from the following letter to Henry Hervey Bruce, who was now left in charge of the Bishop's Irish affairs—a position which he filled during the next twelve years with complete satisfaction to the Bishop and credit to himself. This letter, in the possession of Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart., at Downhill, contains news of great import to Bruce, affecting his prospects, and is dated Annan, October 5, 1791:

"I have your letter of the 30th, my dear Harry this very moment, & am glad to hear that dearest Letitia continues so well in spite of her size & rejoice that you had spirit enough to remove her from so melancholy a scene as Mary's illness must have made Banbrook. If when I reach Bath those waters should be judged beneficial to her my house there will always have a room for her & whoever she brings with her. I congratulate you on yr legacy & the whole family upon the extinction of a poor Man who was a burthen to himself and to others.

"If I acquire strength 'tis very slowly, & the gout wch at present is in both my feet scarce allows me to walk, & the bed is too debilitating to be confined to it. My Physician is a man of Ingenuity & tenderness, visits me twice a week from Dumfries & remains wth me about a day & an half; his conversation is the best medicine he gives me. Now for business—upon my arrival here & finding my strength greatly declined

* Countess Scawronski was the niece of Prince Potemkin, the all-powerful favourite of Catherine II. She was the wife of the Russian Ambassador at Naples. Madame Lebrun, who painted her portrait there, describes her as of enchanting beauty and angelic sweetness, but so indolent that her only happiness was to recline on a sofa indifferent to the beautiful dresses her mother sent her from Paris and the enormous diamond Potemkin gave her. To send her to sleep she made a slave, whom she kept under her bed, recite the same story to her every night.

I made a new will wch I gave to Thomas Booth to deliver to you in case of my death, which I still think not very remote—in it I have left to you all my Property in Ireland of every denomination whatever—part of it eventual, such as the leases of Dunboe, Grangebeg, Kilcranahan & the town parks about Derry, & part of it Immediately such as the leases of Ardbra, Ballyscullion, Banagher, Donaghkiddy, Drimrah or Omagh & the two leases in Magilligan—together with all furniture, plate, Pictures, Statues, Busts, Books &c. &c. The first leases are held in trust by Sr Charles Davers and should be renewed immediately—the others are also held in trust by Soden, Mr. Gage, Mr. Galbraith, & if I mistake not by Lord Erne.

“But none of them have yet made a Declaration of Trust, which might involve you in great difficulties.—The first thing then to be done is to get a Declaration of Trust from all those gentlemen—Mr. Jones’s Declaration of Trust for the lease of Drumrah is in my possession, but Galbraith shd draw up one for each of the other leases—you will find Galbraith very dilatory in such matters—but that is a reason the more for sticking to him—or getting some other attorney to do it—the Sequestration of *Soden’s* parish is not yet perfected, by which you may lose £900 if I should die previously—I never could bring Galbraith to conclude the business tho’ I saw the Instrument all but perfected—if the leases were fill’d up, you may send Robert Dallas wth them to Liverpool, where he will find me in about a fortnight—at all events write to me at Mr. John Brown’s Liverpool—but your answer to this may be directed to Annan, where I shall certainly remain at least one week longer—you have done very right about the trees—& very kindly about the roof of my house—I hope this will reach you time enough to stop *Masterson’s* bill of £200 as I know of no possibility of such a Bill existing—Balfour has been paid every Article without Doors to the day of my departure from Mr. McGhee’s—Mr. Ch : Hill pays only the Artists within Doors & any bill of his should be sent to Mr. Sandys, who computes the Charges at the House at £20 per week exclusive of Bellaghy Castle. I advise you to endeavour to see & consult wth him & write me soon. Adieu, I am jaded, my best love to Letitia.” (A letter written by the Bishop from Annan the following day (October 6, 1791) and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Bruce, Blackheath, Coleraine, is given in our Appendix.)

The will which the Bishop made at this time at Annan was proved on his death twelve years later and is now at Somerset House, together with a codicil which he added to it at Aosta

in 1794. As regards the contents of the will we will only note here that he mentions in it his "affectionate & dutifull daughter Louisa" and his "undutifull and ungratefull son Frederick" to whom he leaves only £1,000. He commends his chaplain, Mr. Lovell, the companion of his travels, "to the kindness and protection of Lord Hervey," to whom he leaves nothing, Lord Hervey being the heir of the settled estates in England.

What had been the cause of Frederick's offending does not clearly appear. Born in 1769, the quondam boy-Colonel of Irish Volunteers was now aged twenty-two. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, he had distinguished himself when he was eighteen by passing all his examinations "with such wonderful credit and éclat" (wrote his mother) "that he was declared first of his year in every subject." Great expectations were then formed for his future.

It appears that his father was bent on his going with a tutor to Holland. His mother,* however, strongly opposing the plan on account of the dangerous insurrections which occurred in that country in the summer of 1787, succeeded in preventing his going there; and it seems likely that the Bishop was angry in consequence. Whatever was the cause, the Bishop and Frederick were on bad terms in 1791, and we shall see that two years later no reconciliation had taken place.

When the Bishop had recovered from his illness at Annan sufficiently to travel, he proceeded southward, and is next found at Blenheim. From thence he dated the following letter to Bruce:

"Blenheim,
"15 Dec. '91.

"MY DEAR HARRY, yr letter of 17 Oct. being directed to *Annan* did not reach me till this morning as I had interdicted all Irish letters during the weak state of my nerves, but having gained some strength by the respite I am now determined to try it. Pray tell that worthy fellow Langford Heyland that if he could contrive to be at *Bath* before he goes abroad, I might contrive to meet him & settle his route, nay perhaps accompany him for some miles. If Galbraith sent the Leases to St. James's Square, I have heard nothing about them but shall immediately inquire; sign, seal, & remit them. As you are so deeply inter-

* Lady Bristol wrote to Lady Erne, June, 1787: "I am alarm'd at yr Father's perseverance about sending him to Holland during ye troubles there. Alexander (Frederick's tutor) has just had his orders confirmed, but I must suppose yr Father ignorant of the state of things, and I have insisted on his not going till I can furnish him with a remonstrance, for which purpose I have this moment wrote to Lord Carmarthen to beg I may see him and talk about it."

ested in the Trust, you will do well to see with your own eyes the Declaration of Trust executed by each. Mr. Gouldsbury's objection to You being the Universal Trustee was a very solid one as you are appointed to set the seal & could not renew to yrself ; but then he might be appointed by a short Instrument transmitted to Me to set the Seal, & you become for your own safety *The Trustee General*—or if you like it as well, He may become the *Trustee General* except where Sr. Ch: Davers is appointed, & you continue to fix the Seal, wh at present seems to be the more plain & simple method—but at all events, my dear Harry, compel him to pass his accounts half-yearly—for he is a slovenly accountant poor fellow & hates it, & neglects it—one *method will be effectual* & That I strongly recommend not to Sea or Sign any leases whatever, until he has transmitted to you a *Duplicate* of his accounts of the renewals. The Arch-deacon's (Soden) accounts are finally settled, & Galbraith has received a draft from me for the amount of his own charges. I only lament that I did not *JOIN YOU* in the letter of attorney for examining & passing Mr. Soden's accounts, you wd then have seen with your own eyes how I had been treated, & how slow to anger & how ready to forgive I have been on *That* as well as *MANY OTHER* occasions. I long to hear the issue of your Aunt's Bequest to you at Litchfield as I hear from all quarters that Her property was immense & that she undoubtedly left all her *NEPOTISM* except *Hervey Aston* of Aston Hall residuary legatee—adieu dear Harry my best love to dearest Letitia & to Stewart, most affectionately yours, B. Be sure you send me all the *News* ecclesiastical, Civil & neighbourly that you can, & do not deem any trifling or indifferent to one as much interested about Ireland as I am.

“ My dearest Letitia I have just open'd Harry's letter to thank you for yr delicious one of November 5th wch arrived at the same time—continue to me my dear Child from time to time such memorandums of your affection & continue to make me happy by assuring me that you are so, wch you well know has long been the object the wish & pursuit of yr affectionate BRISTOL.”

CHAPTER XLIV

1792

ON leaving Blenheim, where he was perhaps the guest of the Duke of Marlborough, the Bishop moved to Woodstock whence he wrote the letter to Sir William Hamilton already quoted. Thence passing through Bath he went to Plymouth, where he spent the winter on account of the mildness of the climate. The following succession of letters addressed to Lady Erne were written by the Bishop at this time :

“ Plymouth,
“ 29 Jan. '92.

“ MY DEAREST MARY amid the Chaos of letters wch surround & almost confound me I have only a moment to say that, if your husband will not allow you a Coach in London, your Father will—& tho' I never was more pinch'd for money, yet I beg you would do the thing handsomely & not only have the comfort of going in your coach but also The pleasure of being drawn by pretty horses—& I will pay you either monthly or at the end of the season as you like best—Adieu my dear child—I really have not a minute to spare, nor a brain to resist such incessant calls upon it—I will write next post to dear Lady Hervey, or to dearer Lou, yrs. B.”

“ Falmouth,
“ 12 Feb. 1792.

“ Don't imagine my dearest Mary—or rather you did quite right in not imagining—that I would strain at a gnat after swallowing a Camel—so that the Livery was only an *Act of Uniformity* for the better celebrating yr Ladyship's exercise wth the Coach & horses—but I hope my dear that you are not imposed upon in the monthly price, for unless my memory greatly fails me I paid but £12 a month for my horses in 1782—I don't grudge you the benefit of my money, shd only grudge

to others the Plunder—At all events it gives me as much pleasure at least as it does you to think you will pass the winter so comfortably & owe that comfort to me—Can you tell me whether it is Sr Wm. or Sr Joshua Rowley who lives at Tendering Hall, or some such Hall near Polstead, & what his Post town is? I have a favor to beg of him, relative to an Estate of £3000 a year he holds in my Diocese, & 'tis whimsical enough but I cannot ascertain his direction—but 'tis equally whimsical his landlords 'The worshipful Company of Drapers' in the city of London have in the most obliging & flattering manner given me unanimously £100 towards building a steeple & spire at Ballynascreen, so that before the end of the year I hope to have 4 or even 5 spires in the sight of Ballyscullion built chiefly at the expense of other People to beautify my prospect. A propos dear Mary if you ever write to Lady Londonderry, press her to recommend my spire at *Magherafelt* to her husband who has the chief property in the Parish—she reproach'd me in a letter some time since with not having solicited her influence—the Church is directly in front of my best Rooms about 3 miles distant, & if the spire is made an handsome one will greatly enliven my Prospect—put it home to her—she is much inclin'd & will do the business if she can.

"In spite of your coach, remember how very necessary exercise & open air is to a child of Caroline's age & sex—that movement, movement, is above all things essential to the human frame, wch for want of it must be loaded with obstructions, bad secretions, redundant bile, & the inevitable consequences of all, bad humour, discontent, pining &c. &c.

"A National Bankruptcy I take to be the only measure that can save that nation of Baboons—they tried it in the time of the Regency & succeeded—no doubt but they will do the same now—

"Poor dear Mrs. Greene (unmarried sister of the late Lady Davers). I fancy the candle is in the socket, & all Dr. Norford's art & skill cannot that light relume. I am delighted at her generosity about the lottery ticket—et je la reconnais à ce trait—adieu my dear child—direct ye next to Plymouth Dock, 'tis the best air I have felt yet in the west."

The following undated letter from the Bishop to Lady Erne seems to have been written in February, 1792 :

"DEAREST MARY when a person is hard run, a small supply is yet a great relief, & as yr finances are very nicely calculated, the above draft for a score of Oratorios in the approaching

Lent may not be unseasonable—but indeed I should not have thought of it, I fear, amidst all the busy nonsense that now assails my brain from many quarters, but for poor Lou's writing that the loss of her opera made her quite capotte—this immediately brought your love of musick into my head or into my heart, & away I wrote the above draft, wch I fancy you will have scarcely more pleasure in receiving that I in writing, & so good night and let me know how you like the first Oratorio, or Opera or whatever it is that I have the good fortune to give you."

The next letter is addressed from Plymouth, 3rd March, 1792, to the Countess of Erne, in Bruton Street :

"I have yr letters my dear Mary & am delighted to find how much pleasure my dirty ten guineas for plays or Operas can possibly have given you—indeed it struck me as very hard to give sweet Louisa her opera ticket to prevent her having quite Capotte at a time of life when scarce anything can make one capotte, & not indulge you with a few Operas at an Epoch when almost everything can make one capotte—so away I went & sent you a score of Operas which if you can convert into two score of plays—tant mieux—cela ne gêtera Rien. I am now busy, who would think it? in procuring lodging diet & accommodation for two miserable French Exiles whom I met at St. Austell's in Cornwall—one is certainly a Bishop—the other I conclude his Grand Vicaire—When you are quite at leisure I wish you would send for *Chevalier* & ask him if he could not procure for those two exiles—one Room with two beds up two pairs of stairs in the neighbourhood of some good cook-shops where a man may fill his belly without much emptying his Purse. I remember when I was at the Temple we din'd at an excellent Coffee house in St. Martin's Lane for one shilling per head—but since that, I know there are cook-shops, & I dare say General Hervey, who rambles everywhere & knows every thing, could lead my two friends, french ecclesiasticks, to some of those Cook-shops in the Alleys near St. Martin's Lane where a man fills his belly for 4d. or 6d. & with two pence more dilutes the whole wth good beer—dear Mary! if you are yr Father's own daughter, & I doubt it not, help me extricate these poor exiles, all french that they are, from their present distress. William can certainly relieve them & surely has the heart to do so. For my part je déteste la France—mais quelque fois j'aime—Non—je plains les François—don't give yourself any trouble about them that can fatigue or distress you, for I can write to somebody else—but if you find

that a work of humanity enlivens without too much exerting you, proceed, and let me know the result.

“Poor Thomas (Thomas Booth, his servant, witnessed his will in Sept. 1791) is this day dismiss’d—his fourberies became too frequent & too glaring—he was like a Tyger that had tasted blood, & sucked it à grosses goûtes—*celà me dérange un peu, & fait plus d’impression sur le moral que sur le physique*—what an infatuation for a man who had every enjoyment & every prospect that human nature could desire—I am now without a single servant of confidence—I, who am made for Confidence—born confident, & who wish to trust & be trusted—I am delighted to see the spirits in which you write & still flatter myself that they arise from the consciousness of owing yr happiness to None but those who owed to you—adieu dear Mary—What does Lady Hervey ? ”*

“Plymouth Dock,
“4th March, ’92.

“I am delighted my dearest Mary at the servant you have procur’d me & only hope I shall not spoil him by my *Prévention* in favor of a protégé of yours : but I am still more delighted to find yr health & yr spirits so much the better for my antidote to yr husband’s poison—the giving you so reasonable convenience in *spite* of him gives a zest to that good dish—a coach well garnished with a pretty pair of horses that makes your cook quite happy.

“Je suis enchanté que vous vous êtes tirée d’affaire si bien à York House, or the House of Yorks, & je reconnois votre Esprit Philosophique & Anticoquette à chaque pas de la vis ; ’tis a pity you should not be happy, so well do you deserve to be so, & so easily might one make you so. Poor Thomas Booth’s ingratitude, Perfidy, & almost villany are unaccountable ; the Devil must have a much greater sway in this world than we imagine ; for this poor man had no temptation to be dishonest, & has been cheating me I fear for years past : but he who sells himself to a Brimstone of a wife for an imaginary & an eventual £200 might well sell me to every innkeeper & every Publican he met—I hope yr protégé brings his testimonials with him, & if you ever see Lord Hopeton, pray give him my affectionate compts & say I never forget some comfortable social hours I used to pass with him near 30 years ago. Here we are amidst the mildest rains that can sprinkle us—but rain as it is, there is no damp from it—I wonder from what fleecy cloud it is dis-

* His daughter-in-law, who lived much with her own family.

till'd, for I am sitting wth my window open & scarcely a spark in my chimney.

"What books appear this year I like,—'The Loves of the Plants' immoderately, & think Townshend's travels thro' Spain not unentertaining—Has Whitaker's defense of Mary Queen of Scots* (come out ?) the beautiful & as he says 'the Vertuous, the chaste Mary'—believe it who can ?—a Princess born in Edinburg & educated in Paris—chaste ! & vertuous—'tis Hypocrisy against the Devil—I am delighted at poor Lady Duncannon's progress & prospect†—yet I once thought—had he been a *Widower*‡—m'avete Capito—or Capisce Lei—Signora ? Adieu dearest Mary, I have still forgot to bid you not send your letters so formally—yet 'ever yr affectionate child' or Daughter are words that gladden my eyes—and the space where they used to be and should no longer appear would be an insufferable Blank to him who is truly yr ever affectionate Father—tell that sweet Pug, Lou, I will send her the draft for her Old Opera, when I have despatched the Ninety three letters I found here at the one miraculous draught.—What a coquette is this Plymouth sound to me—here am I flirting with it perpetually—& not one single John Dory to be caught—nor even a Red mullet. What say you or yr intelligent friend to *The Polygraphica*—is a Claude Lorraine worth sending to me ! Je m'en rapporte à vos beaux yeux.

"Pray mention dearest Lady Mary (his sister, Lady Mary Fitzgerald) in yr next—& yr next after that, & whenever you can—I would not wish the servant to set out untill I reach *Exeter* but you may hire him on receipt of this—but specify to him not to bring much Baggage, as I am still one of *The Light Cavalry*."

"Dock,

"20 March, 1792.

"Commission on Commission, my dearest Mary, yet do not be alarm'd—it shall not cost you a step nor scarce a word or a look—but I have set my heart upon two pictures to be sold at Christie's in Pall Mall on Saturday the 24th which I actually did buy in my last séjour at Rome, & was jockey'd from by the Vendor pretending after 3 days receipt of my money that he meant Pounds sterling and not zecchins—eh che differenza, Mia Cara !

* John Whitaker (1735–1808). In his "Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated" (1787) he went beyond all previous writers in defending the Queen and incriminating her enemies. Whitaker was a friend of the Bishop.

† Lady Duncannon, *née* Spencer, afterwards Countess of Bessborough.

‡ Some insinuation of Lord Duncannon having courted Lady Erne.

“ Were I rich at this moment, I would fly at higher game—but I shall not ruin myself if, in case my brother William has not time to bid for me, you just take Chevalier to see No. 86 & 87, or No. 102. They are all three Portraits & I will not give more than fourteen or at most 15 guineas for each which is exactly the price I gave for them at Rome.* No one is a more critical judge than General Hervey, if he will undertake it—but even poor Chevalier cannot blunder here if he does not exceed his commission.

“—think what a lucky man is Ld. Camelford—he has just bought 3 Claudes at one stroke—my own collection is forming from *Cimabue* thro’ Rafael & delicious Guido down to Pompeio Battoni, the last of the Italian School.—& in Germany from Albert Durer’s Master down to Angelica.—but I have no good Rafael, nor any satisfactory Guido, but a *Correggio* that is invaluable & two Claudes, sold to me by that Liberal Gentlemanlike excellent man Mr. Henry Hope of Amsterdam.

“ As to my Servant, dear Mary, do not make yr self uneasy about him or me—perhaps he may yet come, or has received from this family some intelligence that has deterr’d—for about that time, Thos. Booth who had loiter’d here some days set out for London—in the mean time one of the Innkeepers 30 miles off who had join’d in cheating me, yielded to his conscience & made full restoration, unasked, of the money—but the great peculator is obdurate—ten to one Mary, upon the *Arsenick* and upon that french Catiline the Duke of O. (Orléans ‘Égalité’) for administering it—didn’t they hoot him out of the Thuilleries not long ago wth Poison!—du Poison! & didn’t he run like a *Forcené* into the first coach he met—Tiberius’s Reign is return’d—thank God we are free for a little sparring or libelling—such as *This Jockey Club*—but what an ass must the author be to endeavour to persuade the publick that William Pitt is no minister & only a clerk in Office who understands pounds shillings & pence & no more—do you guess at the Author? I do shrewdly & make him one & the same with the Epistle to Sr

* Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods have been so good as to look in their catalogue for March 24th, 1792, and send me the following information :

Cav. Tinelli. 86.	A Portrait—of wonderful effect and strength of colour, in which this scarce and famous artist excelled.
	Realised 18 gns. purchased by Nixon.
Schiavone. 87.	Venus and Adonis.
	Realised 19½ gns. purchased by Nixon.
Capuchin Genoese. 102.	Portrait of a Doge of the Raggi family—this picture so remarkable for execution and effect, was purchased of the heirs of the above family.
	Realised 33 gns. purchased by White.

Wm. Chambers.* I have lately been reading a sermon of his on the Slave-trade, & nothing but being a slave to an Egyptian task-master could make me drudge thro' a second of the same author's, & I think I am sure of the style—add to that, all the antiquated zeal for a reform of Parliament which no Minister in England can atchieve, & which only 14 Counties out of 52 ever petitioned for, so the presumption was the majority of the kingdom did not desire it.—whereas in Ireland when we moved it, every County and almost every city petitioned—and sooner or later it must be obtained.

“What think you of our Western climate when I tell you we are this day going to eat *Mackerel*, but I fear no green gooseberries—adieu I have now 25 letters on my table gaping for answers—I had rather have some of Hercules's labours than my quotidian one—adieu dear Mary.”

Next in sequence comes a letter† addressed to Wilmot Vaughan, first Earl of Lisburne,‡ whose influence the Bishop solicits with regard to a matter affecting his property in Lincolnshire.

“Plymouth,
“24th March, 1792.

“My DEAR OLD FRIEND, I little expected ever to trouble you upon Parliamentary business, but an event has happened which renders it inevitable, and I am certain you will not deny me your own assistance & that of your friends as far as you can with propriety grant it. A Bill now lies before your House (the English House of Commons, where Irish peers had the right of sitting before the Union) for a navigation through *my town* of Sleaford in Lincolnshire. I am informed that an unexpected opposition has arisen to it from the famous Mrs. Nesbit, Mistress to the late Earl of Bristol, who left her an estate for life in the vicinage of Sleaford.

“I know nothing of the merits of our cause, but that will instantly raise my rents in that parish, which is all my own, above £1200 a year. There are 1200 powerful arguments with me and I am certain will weigh with you in the scale of friendship, if nothing very powerful occurs against it.

“'Tis true our adversary has many a *standing counsel* to whom she occasionally gives a retaining fee, but I rely on Sr

* The Author of the “Epistle to Sir W. Chambers” was the Bishop's old friend (or enemy), the Rev. William Mann (or Mason), the correspondent of Gray.

† Add. MSS. in the British Museum.

‡ The fourth Viscount Lisburne was created an Earl in 1776 and died in 1800.

Joseph Banks, who has a deep stake as well as myself, & conducts the business like an old Marshall de France *avec le tour du bâton*. Adieu my dear Lord, I am certain my friend the General who never deserted his colors will not desert those of friendship. Ever most affectionately yours BRISTOL."

The Bishop writes to Lady Erne :

" 26th March, 1792.

" A thousand thanks to you my dear Mary for all yr trouble & sollicitude about my pictures—If they are truly sold they are certainly gone for more than they were worth.

" I am delighted to hear dear little or *Great* Lal Lal has resum'd her drawing under good auspices—giochiamo dunque ? . . . but think of *Flaxman*, the modern Michael Angelo—he has had the courage to undertake, & the good fortune to have a Patron to bespeak, a restoration of the *Torso* in Belvedere. Mr. Dankerville has prov'd to the satisfaction of all connoisseurs that this *Torso* or *Dorso* was a sitting Hercules with his wife *Hebe* beside him as described by Homer in his *Odyssey*—*Flaxman* has made a model of it in Clay with *Hebe* by his side—Ld. Camelford writes me word that Michael Angelo might have been afraid to undertake it, & that *Flaxman* has succeeded.—young Mr. Hope of Amsterdam has bespoke it, & to Ld. Camelford's great grief sends it to Holland. How happens it that you never mentioned *Seringapatam*—especially as poor Ld. Cornwallis is wounded ? Where were you and *Louisa*—play—opera ? where ? & not one Evening paper made the least mention of it.

" After Thursday direct yr dear letters to the Post Office Wellington—for I fear I must leave this delightful air—The Abbé wants to get home. Adieu adieu——"

" Plymouth,

" 30th March, 1792.

" Tomorrow I leave this my dear Mary with very great regret—but my poor fugitives seem impatient to be at home & can not receive one sixpence of their small income at *Honfleur* till they reach it—

" My logick upon the East India news was always in favor of yr silence—no letters—no victory & I agree perfectly with you my dear child that *Seringapatam* would be dearly bought by the loss of so honest a man & so able an officer as Ld. Corn.—yr letters must be addressed to *Wellington Somersetshire* where the air is excellent, my acquaintance form'd—my books numerous and from whence if my fugitives continue impatient and will

wait untill the Tail of the Equinox is passed, I can dispatch them to Brighton.

“Thither too, if you please, you may send my servant upon *Easter Monday*—for as I conclude he is a *Papist*, we need at least have no communion together on Sunday—but sweetest Mary, why no answer from you nor Louisa nor Lady Hervey about my Sleaford navigation bill?—did you never receive my letter—or did you think it a joke—it was near being a very serious affair, had not Sr. Joseph Banks interested himself warmly & ably in it—it was a dear good-natur’d thing of you to call upon old Flaxman & tell him the good fortune of his son, who will probably rise to be the first Sculptor in Europe—exquisite *Canova* not excepted.—by the by do you guess what this same *Canova* is doing for me? I do not, but he swears it shall be his Masterpiece & that I may have it or not as I please—Only think of *Berger & his Wife*—she has wrote me a Philip-pick full of such scurrility as yr Burkes, Sheridans &c. vent in their wrath—& why? because *after six years* I discontinue the Husband’s pension for which I have received just 3 pictures—‘Oh! I have taken Too, Too much care of such.’ (Jacques Berger, the celebrated French landscape-painter, whom the Bishop had rescued from extreme poverty in 1786.)

“My Scotch friends have serv’d me wonderfully in the Sleaford navigation, & so has the Bishop of Landaff, yet I know not still whether it be lost or not. Sr J. Banks has promis’d to inform me—adieu ever affectionately yrs. B.

“I am delighted to hear of Lady Caroline’s success, Lady Londonderry in a letter of today speaks in raptures of her.”

The Bishop made two excursions to visit the erudite John Whitaker at his Rectory, Ruan Langhorn, Cornwall, the first in March, the second in April. Whitaker besides being a writer in defence of Mary Queen of Scots’ reputation (which the Bishop held lightly) was eminent as a Greek scholar, and in consequence was esteemed and sought by the Bishop. In a letter to his friend Polwhele, dated May, 1792, Whitaker says:

“We have had a singular character with us, the Bishop of Derry. He is ingenious, lively, and a man of great taste in sculpture, painting & architecture. He came and took a bed here, then went to Plymouth Dock, returned two or three weeks afterwards & came professedly to spend two days in talking Greek with me. I have been devouring Polybius these three days, he said in his premonitory letter, & I want to chew the cud with you.” (“Polwhele’s Traditions and Recollections,” page 287.)

It would seem that during one of these visits Whitaker thought it incumbent on him to reprove his episcopal guest for some unseemly levity in conversation, which was presumably not wholly confined to Greek.

Polwhele, after Whitaker's death, recalling his strict principles and his intolerance of anything approaching profaneness or scepticism, mentions as an instance of this that on one occasion he had even "rebuked the Bishop of Derry" and "had smitten his lordship (too light in talk) upon the knee." (*Ibid.*, page 615.)

Passing through Somersetshire on his way from Plymouth to London in April, the Bishop seems to have halted at Wellington, near where lived another learned friend of his, Clarke, to whom he is known to have written many letters. These are believed to be now in the possession of Colonel Sanford at Nynhead Court, where the late Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, saw them many years ago.

The Bishop is next to be traced on his arrival in London at his house in St. James's Square, where he arrived in April, 1792. There he was laid up with gout for many weeks and amused himself by reading in bed.

From here he wrote to Lady Erne :

" 15th May, '92.

" I have been immoderately entertained, my dearest Mary, and during the 4th & 5th Act convuls'd with fits of laughter, in reading *The Sentimental Mother*, a comedy in 5 Acts the legacy of an old friend to Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale, now Mrs. H. L. Piozzi—c'est de la main d'un maître, & I wish you cd find out for me who that Maître is*—I suspect our friend Greathead—il en est capable à tous Égards—& has spoke daggers to her—but us'd none.

" Two more very recent performances have engrossed me much & been read with the greatest avidity, just as if I was still a boy at College, wth the same interest & the same enthusiasm—a description of the Plain of Troy & all the important objects it still contains by a Monsr. Chevalier,† & translated by Dr. Dalzel wch I think might interest Caroline—I beg to present it to her with another Book or Books that yr Purse cannot or yr husband's will not afford.

" The other is of a very superior merit, but I fear in spite of

* In the " Life and Writings of Mr. Piozzi " (A. Hayward), 1861, illustrated, internal evidence leads almost inevitably to the conclusion that Baretti was the author of " *The Sentimental Mother* " (printed in 1789). The play, without any disguise, gives the story of the Thrale household, husband, wife, two daughters and " Signor Squalici "—the nickname of Piozzi, Mrs. Thrale's second husband.

† J. B. Le Chevalier, " Description of the Plains of Troy," translated 1791.

its beautiful poetry too profound to engage even your attention — ‘The Botanick Garden,’* a Poem in two parts, the second part was publish’d just about 2 years & was known by its Title, ‘The Loves of Plants,’ selon moi c’est du premier Mérite & he has united the Philosophy of Sr Isaac wth the Poetry of Mr. Pope—but still I fear it is beyond you—especially in London Town.

“Pray name it to Lady Dumfries† & beg she will read it for my sake—there is honorable mention of Mrs. Damer, Elizabeth, & Dss. Devonshire—for he embraces everything and would puzzle Lavater himself for he is from head to foot the counterpart of such a London Alderman as Hogarth wd have chosen to die of the last oyster—stutters besides—has his tongue too large for his mouth—but his head too small for his brain which is continually oozing out at his fingers ends, his mouth &c.

“I long much to know Ld. Stormont’s opinion of it—who is a real Scholar, Philosopher & Statesman, & ought to have £20,000 a year to make a Mæcenas of him. At last the *Sow’r* Abbé & his maussade niece leave me tomorrow—they have been summon’d home in Thunder—with menaces against his Pension, his property & his Person—they will embark at Southampton & I hope land at Dieppe in a few hours—a more triste maussade Duo I never saw—totally uneducated, unread, unfashion’d & she at the age of 48 has employ’d all this afternoon under the hands of a friseur to prepare her grey head for a small straw hat with a green border cloath’d wth a fine muslin & *pink ribband* which the old Hag really deems essential to her return into Honfleur—add to this that she is Humpback’d, has at least 12 furrows in her forehead, her teeth of the color of tortoiseshell, & ready to drop from her head wth scurvy, Kings Evil &c. &c.

“‘And each Vacuity of sense by pride.’‡

“Yr idea for ascertaining the Property of the Culottes is excellent—but I fear not quite conclusive—& yr transcript of the P. of Wales’ Toasts & Declaration very acceptable—in this Country the Clubs are innumerable & all of the most dangerous tendency—I own Mr. Pitt’s politics & mine wth respect to Reform differ greatly—I wd call on Mr. Grey & Doctor Priestly

* By Erasmus Darwin.

† Margaret, wife of Patrick, fifth Earl of Dumfries, and daughter of Ronald Crawford.

‡ The allusion is to Pope’s lines :

“Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply’d
And each vacuity of sense by pride.”

(“Essay on Man,” Ep. II., 283-286.)

for a specifick system of reform, As an *Ultimatum* beyond which no more was desir'd, & then canvass it fairly, as they do the African Slave trade, not as a Ministerial but as a Political measure—for whilst All Reform is precluded by the high hands of Power, & so many of the very best Citizens think that some is necessary, what can we expect but an explosion like that in France, which, had the *severity* of the *Bastille* been corrected, the *abuse* of *lettres de Cachet* been restrain'd, the Nobility and Clergy tax'd like other citizens, had probably never *happen'd*.—The Dissenters are becoming every day more numerous, the Clergy of the Church of England every day more remiss, more voluptuous, more Abandon'd, more dissipated, less learned & more contemptible—where can it end?—in some great convulsion—I pledge myself *that* at no remote era—Adieu. Have you seen the 2nd Jockey Club—'tis flat & insipid, & betrays Ld. Shelburne's shop. I am still in bed, day as well as night, but am oblig'd to drink wine instead of water, & eat as heartily as if I was to procure the Gout & not get rid of it—*j'ai fait le Pas de L'Été à l'automne et je le sens bien.*"

Next day he wrote to the Right Honble. John Beresford the first presented of a series of letters which show that in spite of his absence from his diocese he did not cease to take keen interest in the erection and adornment of its churches, and in the business details connected with these objects.*

“ St. James's Square,
“ 16th May, 1792.

“ SIR,

“ I cannot help recurring to our Church at Ballykelly for which you have been so generous & zealous an advocate.

“ We have now a very competent sum subscribed for steeple and spire, but unless these sums are called in & lodged at a Banker's, death may deprive us of some of them, & caprice of others.

“ I propose to you to lodge all the money at Alexander's & Bond's in Derry subject to your draft on them; that Mr. John Mitchel, who will contract for the whole, shall receive his payment for the Church in three gales. One-third beforehand, one-third when the Church is roofed, one-third when the Churchwardens shall certify it fit for Divine Service next year. We can divide the steeple and spire in the same manner, if you approve it.

“ Would you choose that I should send you drafts upon

* “Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Beresford” (Vol. II., page 6), son of the first Earl of Tyrone.

those persons who have subscribed to me as well as you ? I think it will save you trouble, and simplify our proceedings.

Lord Tyrone*	£40
Mr. Conolly†	50
Mr. C. McCausland	30
Mr. D. McCausland	20
Mr. Gust. Hamilton‡	30
Mr. Con. McCausland, jn	10
The Parish you will manage	
Jack Stirling	10
	<hr/>
	190
Society	100
Company	100
Lord B. (himself)	100
Mr. Beresford.	

“ Remember, Mitchel must build at six shillings per perch, considering the proximity of stone & lime. I am now eight weeks in bed with the gout, & have nothing to do but to build steeples & churches & other castles in the air ; but ever with great esteem, your faithful humble servant BRISTOL.”

* Second Earl of Tyrone, afterwards first Marquis of Waterford, elder brother of Rt. Hon. John Beresford.

† The Right Hon. Thomas Conolly, married Lady Louisa, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond.

‡ Rev. Gustavus Hamilton, a grandson of the first Viscount Boyne. His daughter married C. McCausland, Esq., of Coleraine.

CHAPTER XLV

1792 (*continued*)

BEFORE going abroad in the summer of 1792 the Earl Bishop appears to have paid a short visit to Ickworth in the absence of Lady Bristol who, with her daughter Louisa, was now sojourning at Ramsgate.* The object of his going to Ickworth—it was ten years since he had been there—was to make arrangements for the site and building of the present great house, which was eventually begun in his absence on a model such as, it was said, “only Lord Bristol could have designed,” and which he himself alluded to in later years as an “impudent house,” while his wife called it a “stupendous monument of folly.” So states Arthur Young, writing some years after the Bishop’s death (“Autobiography of Arthur Young,” pages 104–105). “This eccentric man,” he remarks, “built in Ireland a large and very expensive house (Ballyscullion) on a plan as singular as himself, and, what was more extraordinary, a repetition of it at Ickworth. But the most extraordinary

* A letter from Lady Bristol to Lady Erne written at Ramsgate at this time must find place here. Although it has no bearing on the Bishop’s life and movements, it appears of too much interest to be set aside, giving as it does at first hand the story of the Duke of Orléans (*Égalité*)’s callous behaviour during the horrible scenes enacted in Paris. She writes: “Ramsgate, 15th September, 1792 . . . What do you think of Mr. Lindlay’s dining with D. of O. a few days before he left Paris, in short ye day of the Massacre of the Prisoners. It open’d a strange scene to him, that is certain, for while they were at dinner, there was a great noise in the streets, and upon some apprehension being expressed, the D. of O. said: ‘*Ah ce n’est rien—c’est la tête de Madame de Lamballe qu’on promène*;’ and taking Mr. L. by the arm he carried him to ye windows to see it. Was there ever anything so horrible! and does it not seem to *prove* the connection between him and *Pétion*?”

Lady Bristol proceeds to give news of Devonshire House and its inmates, among whom her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster, had lived in closest intimacy during ten years. In allusion to a carriage accident which had befallen Elizabeth with the Duchess of Devonshire and the latter’s sister, Lady Duncannon (afterwards the celebrated Lady Bessborough), Lady Bristol writes: “her (Elizabeth’s) fright was owing to the horses having kick’d and run away with a carriage down-hill, in which was the Dss. and L. Duncannon, herself and two children—it was not overturn’d, but Lady Duncannon was almost in fits with fear, and had so bad a return of her spasms that she could not be carried home, and tho’ the Duchess shew’d great courage, yet the whole scene was so affecting that her nerves were seized in such a manner that Tissot sat with her all night. It was a great while before she could be brought to *cry*.—she was relieved by it—but the P. of Wales follow’d with excessive violence—in fact she was very ill with it, wch is no wonder.”

circumstance," he continues in relation to the new house, "was that he began it while he disliked the spot from the wetness of the soil, and would often tell me that he should never be such a fool as to build in so wet a situation." Whatever may have been the stricture and criticisms of the Earl Bishop's family and his Suffolk neighbours concerning the new Ickworth when, in course of time, they watched the building during his absence, it must be admitted that it was designed on a grand scale ; and, if its exterior may excite greater surprise than admiration, its interior with its curving corridors of stately and magnificent proportions is extremely striking, while it displays the fine collection of ancestral portraits which adorns its walls ; although it never became the great treasure-house of the Bishop's latest collections which he at one time intended it should be.

Moreover, there was much to be said in favour of building a mansion at Ickworth suitable in scale and dignity to be the residence of the head of the family ; for the home which the first Earl had constructed out of an old farm-house was intended by him to be merely a temporary residence until such time as a new one should be built.

But the completion of the modern edifice, the Bishop, who, throughout his remaining eleven years, took a keen interest in its construction, was himself destined never to see. Before the autumn of 1792 he had started for the Continent, and remained abroad for the rest of his life.

Accompanied by his chaplain, the Rev. Trefusis Lovell, he set forth bound for Italy ; but the only safe route thither lay through Germany ; for massacre and pillage were now raging in France. We find him lingering in Germany for more than a year, being well received and fêted wherever he went. Pyrmont seems to have been for some time his headquarters from which he made excursions hither and thither. The following letter to Lady Erne* shows him at Cassel, October 9, 1792. "Think of my bad fortune, dearest Mary, 32 letters left this place for Pyrmont on the very day that I arriv'd here, so that I have to wait the end of the week before they can return—& 'tis now a month since I have had a scrap of paper from any of ye—in the meantime Pyrmont has done me all the good I expected, and the journey a great deal more, so that I want nothing but to perpetuate the health & spirits I enjoy. Most of my acquaintances say that I am 'Rajeuni' & others 'que vous avez my Lord un Singulier de Jeunesse pour votre Âge' ; nothing tires, nothing ennuyes me except the silence of my

* Letter addressed to "The Countess of Erne, Christ Church, Hampshire."

companion (his chaplain, Mr. Lovell)—our weather is excellent, our Roads the same, our horses delicious & tout va à merveille—you may direct to me for a month to come at Augsburg poste restante—and then to Inspruck—This (Cassel) is a place of singular amusement for one who loves natural History, Painting & Sculpture—the town is the most elegant in Germany, a *circus* twice as large as that at Bath—a Square exquisitely elegant & spacious—one side of which is form'd by the façade of the *Museum* a repository of everything curious in Arts & Nature, & another side opens into the most beautiful country that wood, water, Hill & Mountain can form, & in the foreground the publick walks & gardens. A gallery 130 feet long contains 4 Master pieces of Claude Lorraine, 2 landscapes of Rembrandt de toute beauté, Portraits & Historical pieces by the same Author—almost inimitable—exquisite Vandykes, Holbeins, Berghems, & invaluable Teniers—The Publick walks here are elegant & magnificent, and the Road to the *Weissenstein* or country house of the Landgrave about 3 miles out of the town most delectable—thither I walk'd this morning between Breakfast & dinner to view my old acquaintance which I saw building some years ago—but my other acquaintance the poor Prince Augustus of Saxe Gotha is desperately ill & I fear irrecoverable. That cold dry air which fortifies me, debilitates him, attacks his bowels, et le mette à deux doigts du tombeau.

“Yesterday I left that strange animal the E. of *Findlater* at Gottingen ; he had fled from Frankfort upon the approach of *General Castine* with some thousand French who had made an excursion from Landau, destroyed a magazine at Spire, levied contributions at Worms, & was advancing à grands pas to *Mayence* & Frankfort. The great Bankers and wealthy merchants at this last town had already left it, & the Noble Earl was pursuing his route to Berlin & Vienna pour satisfaire ses Goûts.* If ever you come abroad again, I advise you to travel leisurely thro' Germany & de bien voir un pays aussi Singulier que celui-ci—you will be admirably received at Brunswick,† fêtée à Berlin & Goûtée partout—adieu then—till I can receive yr letters from Pymont where I conclude they are gone, & write to me as often as yr spirits & nerves will allow you.”

We have a glimpse of the Bishop at Leipsic soon after this. There he called upon an English lady of his acquaintance, married to a Bavarian Baron. Her father, Jacob Houblon of

* James Ogilvy, seventh Earl of Findlater and fourth Earl of Seafield, died *s.p.* in 1811.

† By the Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III.

Hallingbury, Essex, and her brother were old friends of the Bishop, but he had not heard of her marriage to Baron von Feilitzsch until he met her at Leipsic where she was on her way to England, fleeing from the Continent.

"Lord Bristol," she wrote thence in October, 1792,* "has just interrupted me by a very civil visit, but gave me no intelligence. He was most diverted with the idea of Sir John Hynde Cotton's grand daughter marrying a German Baron!—says had it been an Hanoverian He certainly would have returned to haunt me."†

While the Bishop was in Germany this winter, a talented little girl in England was dedicating to him "by permission" her first attempt at authorship. Anna Maria Porter, and her better-known sister Jane, were to become popular novelists in their day. The former, aged fourteen, was at this time preparing for publication a little volume entitled "Artless Tales," the dedication to which is dated December 16, 1792. In flattering terms this artless child devotes a page or two to the Earl Bishop's praise, and alludes to "your well-known and eminent taste in the fine arts—a taste, my lord, which you possess by hereditary right—it has always distinguished *your* family."

No clue is forthcoming, however, as to the young authoress's association with the Bishop, and we hear nothing further about her.

We next trace him at Ratisbon, writing thence good sense and a graceful refusal to Arthur Young on January 17, 1793:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,

"Why will you make me a request with which I cannot in prudence comply? And why must I say *No* to a man whom I wish only to answer *Yes*? You are as great a quack in farming as I once was in politics, & therefore, knowing the force of the term I must be on my guard against you. No reform, dear Arthur, at this time of day. Ipswich has an old prescriptive right to our lambs—we have sold them well at that market, buyers are accustomed to it; have their connections there of every kind; may very possibly not come to

* Letter quoted in "The Houblon Family" (by Lady Alice Archer-Houblon, 1907, Vol. II., page 250). The letter writer, Lætitia Houblon, had married 24th November, 1789, Baron Friedrich Ludwig von Feilitzsch, Capt. in the Piedmontese Regt. of the King of Sardinia. After the Napoleonic wars the Baron sold his German estates and was naturalized in England.

† The Baroness's mother, Mrs. Houblon, was a daughter of Sir John Hynde Cotton, who died in 1752. He was a noted Tory member of Parliament.

Horningheath for many years. Let the buyers advertise that they wish to change the market, & I, tho' a great heretic against most establishments, will be none against them. Adieu mag-nanimous Arthur. Reserve your powers for a greater object than distressing poor Ipswich by bereaving it of its ancient patrimony.*

"We have a sheep fair here too at Ratisbon, but of old horned rams and not of young Suffolk lambs. Yours cordially,
BRISTOL."

The Bishop spent much of the ensuing months at Pyrmont, where he drank the waters and had a villa to which he alludes as "home." His approval of the Partition of Poland which he expresses in the following letter to Lady Erne is the more surprising that as an Irish patriot he might be expected to have sympathized with a crushed and humiliated people. But he had been led to believe that Poland was a hotbed of Jacobinism, and the French Anarchy, at its height in the summer of 1793, now inspired the Bishop with horror. Henceforth he became more and more a partisan of Pitt, and it is amusing to find him abusing Fox in terms similar to those formerly applied to himself.

"Hanover,
"29 June, '93.

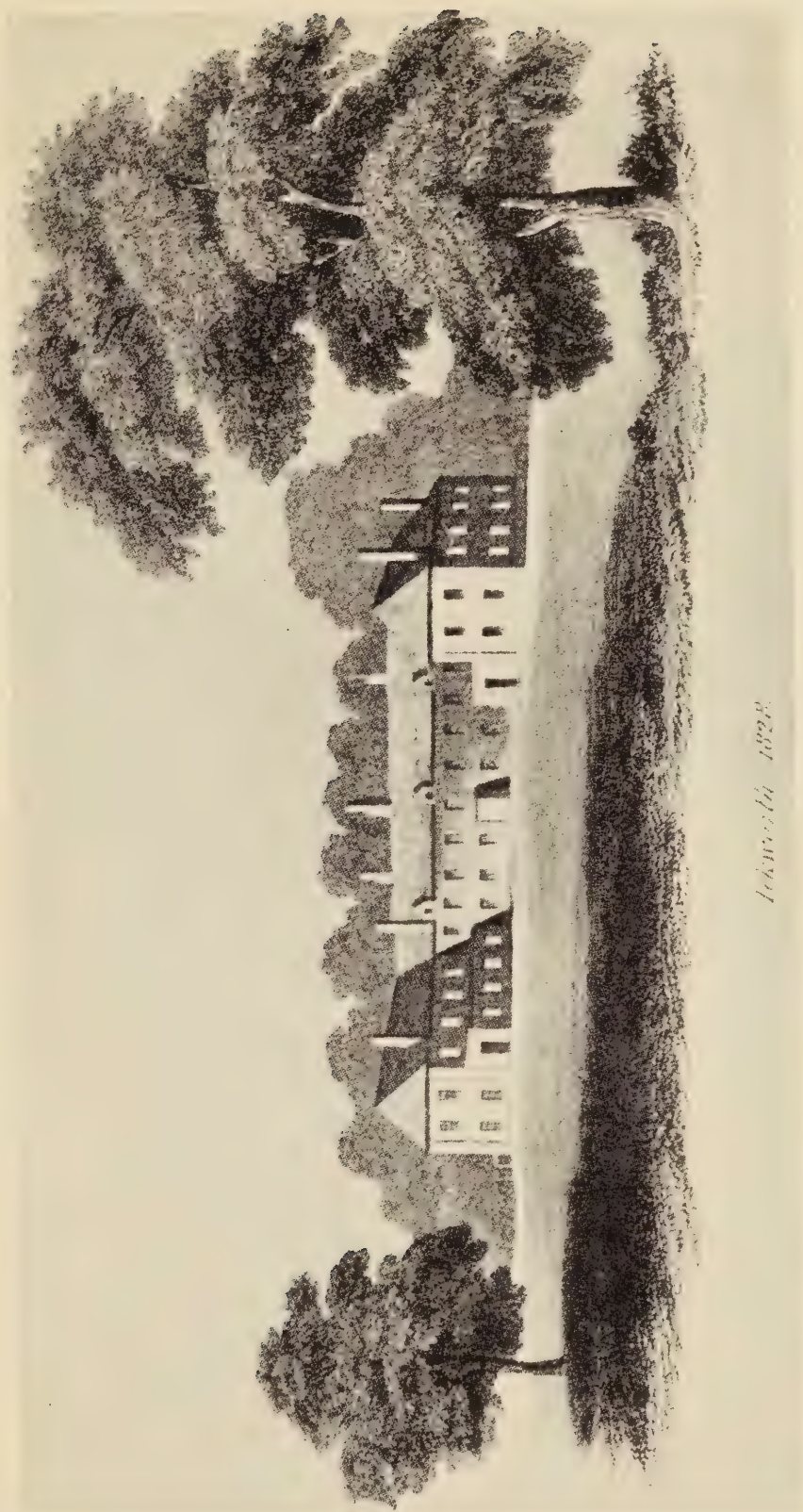
"DEAR MARY,

"We are told here that nothing could be more eloquent or more logical than Mr. Pitt's speech in confutation of that execrable Demagogue & Rebel Charles James—I beg of you therefore to send me one or two of *those papers* that Retail & detail the best.—Fox seems to be in universal contempt both as a man and a Politician all over the continent, & his last mendicant pension has made his heart as contemptible as his mind.

"The partition of Poland seems to me to be one of the wisest, the most just & the most humane strokes in Politicks that has as yet been struck. 'Tis certain past all doubt that the french Democracy & Anarchy was on the point of being introduced not only into Poland but into Prussia, Pomerania &c.† & 'tis hardly possible to meet a man of any station what-

* Autobiography of Arthur Young. Original letter in British Museum. Add. MSS. Lady Bristol, writing January 4, 1793, to Arthur Young, promised to forward his letter to the Bishop through the latter's agent in London.

† This was the Empress Catherine's plausible excuse for her suppression of the Poles and she announced everywhere that her object was the necessity of "stifling the influence of the horrible tendencies of the dreadful Parisian sect and of the French Demagogues." The Bishop had probably caught this widespread belief from his friend Madame Elise de Recke, the protégée and devoted adherent of the Empress.



Ickworth 1828.

Ickworth, 1828.

ever who is not imbued with those principles of Chaos. Clubs prevail in every town in Germany & such places as Pymont, Gismar, Meimberg &c. & receive Committees where all these opinions are broached & where a stranger need only to shut his mouth & open his eyes to be convinc'd of the Progress which the love of Anarchy has made in all this country.

“ We are come here to avoid the rains of Pymont, & indeed I never breathed a more salubrious air in any country—but as the Barometer rises & with it the clouds we shall set out tomorrow for the mountains of Hartz, where are the Hanoverian Silver-mines, thence to Gottingen, Cassel & so home—that is Dear Pymont. I wish you could pass your time as pleasantly & as healthfully—I have letters that mention poor dear Louisa's health & spirits to be both bad—is it true? and what can be the cause? has her friendship with Lady Chatham subsided? I hope not, as she could not have a better society in every respect.* Adieu—by what post do you send yr letters to Hanover?—they should go by Helvoetslys & not to Ostende.”

To Lady Erne :

“ Pymont,
“ July 14, 93.

“ I am delighted to find you are situated so much to yr mind, tho' I wish you had found courage enough to return to yr former habitation because it wd have been cheerfuller & that I know you love old acquaintances—so I do too, yet I find perpetually new ones avec lesquels je me lie de tout mon cœur ; of this sort is a Mons. Dimhoff high in office in Petersburg, & nephew to our Woronzow—he was an intimate College acquaintance of the favorite Orlow of whom he has this evening recited to me the noblest anecdotes and who after exposing himself to the plague at Moscow, flying from the Arms of his friends his mistress & his Sovereign merely to rescue that unfortunate city from the devastation that harassed it, ended by marrying a most beautifull & elegant woman his Gardiner's daughter, & then losing his intellect at her death, & dying raving of her—& this Mary, the other day in the 18th Century—but what is most extraordinary nobody talks of him, few people know him, & no one records his Vertues or his misfortunes.—He has given me a thousand anecdotes of Potemkin & his Mistress (the Empress Catherine II.) & we pass our times

* Mary Elizabeth, wife of John Pitt, second and last Earl Chatham, second daughter of Thomas Townsend, first Viscount Sydney, whose hostile action towards the Bishop in former years will be remembered.

in most delicious promenades—it ever the fancy shd take you to visit me at Pyrmont I think I could venture to protect you from all sea-sickness—at least it always succeeds with me, tho' tis true I have not weaken'd my stomach with *Tea* as you have—& wth good reason for the smallest cup of it will shrivel up my fingers as if I were ninety, will give me cramp in my legs & soles of my feet, & bereave me of sleep during half the night.

“But to the ship—lash your carriage to the mast & in the center you know is little or no motion—then let down the glass on the Windward for fresh air, but above all clothe yr self in a Pelisse as if it were winter, & keep yrself in a perpetual sweat. I have been 22 hours at sea and felt no inconvenience whatever but a little mawkishness at times—& this I first learnt in traversing from Leghorn to Corsica in the middle of summer—'tis the stoppage of perspiration is one of the chief causes of our sickness—keep up that & we are safe—as soon as Valenciennes is taken, away I gallop to Mentz to see a Bombardment, a Breach, & a storming. What ails Lou? I do not hear from her? she must not think of Ld. St. H.*—'tis too great a risque, & her happyness wd be too problematical—adieu sweet Mary write often if you can & take the liberty of being comfortable where you are.”

It was during his wanderings in Germany in this year (1793) that, accompanied by his chaplain, Mr. Lovell, he visited Jena where Goethe passed an evening in his company. The story of their interview, at which the Bishop began lecturing the great man, but was soon reduced to the mildness of a lamb, is best told in Goethe's own words.†

“Lord Bristol, évêque de Derry, passant par Jena, eut le désir de faire ma connaissance, et m'engagea à le visiter un soir. Il lui prenoit parfois fantaisie de faire le grossier : mais quand on lui renvoyait ses grossièretés il devenait d'excellente composition, Pendant le cours de notre entretien il voulut me sermonner touchant Werther‡ et me charger la conscience de se que, par cet ouvrage, j'avais poussé les hommes au suicide. ‘Werther’ dit il ‘est de tous points un livre immoral et damnable. Halte-là m'écriai-je—si vous parlez ainsi du pauvre Werther, quel ton prendrez-vous alors contre les grands de ce

* Sir Alleyne Fitzherbert, the distinguished diplomat, had been created Lord St. Helens in 1791. He was at this time Ambassador at Madrid. Born in 1753, he was many years older than Lady Louisa Hervey. He began his diplomatic career at Brussels in 1777 when the Hervey family were there. He died unmarried in 1839.

† “Entretiens de Goethe et D'Eckermann,” page 266.

‡ “The Sorrows of Werther” had been published many years.

monde, qui, d'un seul trait de plume, envoient à campagne cent mille hommes dont quatre vingt mille s'égorgeront et s'exciteront matuellement au meurtre, à l'incendie et au pillage ? Après de pareilles horreurs, vous rendez grâces à Dieu et vous entonnez le *Te Deum* ! que direz vous lorsque, par vos prédications sur les terribles châtiments . . . vous avez tellement effrayé les âmes faibles de vos paroissiens, qu'ils en perdent la raison et terminent leur misérable existence dans une maison de fous ? Ou bien encore lorsqu' au moyen de maintes propositions orthodoxes, qui ne tiennent pas devant la raison, vous jetez dans les cœurs de vos auditeurs chrétiens la semence funeste du doute, en sorte que ces esprits à moitié forts, à moitié pusillanimes, se perdent dans un labyrinthe, d'on ils ne trouvent l'issue que dans la mort,—Quels reproches ne devez-vous pas alors vous adresser à vous-même ? et vous prétendez rendre un écrivain responsable, . . . qu'un de ses ouvrages, mal entendu par des intelligences bornées, a tout au plus purgé le monde d'une douzaine de sots et de vauriens incapables de rien faire de mieux que d'éteindre complètement le faible reste de leur pauvre lumière, Je pensais avoir rendu à l'humanité un véritable service, et m'être acquis des droits à sa reconnaissance, et maintenant voici que vous venez de me faire un crime de ce petit exploit, tandis que vous autres prêtres et princes, vous vous permettez de si grandes et si notables licences !

“ Cette sortie produisit sur mon évêque un effet superbe. Il devint aussi doux qu'un agneau, et, dès ce moment, se conduisit vis-à-vis de moi, durant le reste de notre entretien, avec la plus grand courtoisie et le tact le plus délicat. Je passai ensuite avec lui une très-bonne soirée. Lord Bristol, quelque grossier qu'il pût être, avait de l'esprit, et pouvait, s'il le voulait, traiter avec politesse des matières les plus diverses. Lorsque je pris congé il m'accompagna, et chargea ensuite l'ecclésiastique qui Voyageait avec lui de me continuer les honneurs. Quand je fus descendu dans la rue avec celui-ci, ‘ Ah, Monsieur de Goethe, que vous avez bien parti, me dit-il, combien vous avez plu à ‘ Sa Seigneurie ! Combien vous avez su trouver le mystérieux chemin qui mène à son cœur ! Avec un peu moins d'âpreté et de décision dans cette visite, vous n'en seriez point revenu aussi satisfait qu, à present ! ”

In September of this year, 1793, the Bishop was in Switzerland, and still thinking of the new spire and steeple of Ballykelly. In the following characteristic letter addressed to John Beresford the Bishop expresses his sense of the necessity for providing labour for the unemployed :

“ Schaffhausen,
“ 3rd Sept., 1793.

“ SIR,

“ I send you Mr. Mitchel’s estimate, which is not as moderate as I could wish, but your complaisance may possibly induce him to execute the work in the ablest manner—by not employing an Architect to supervise you will save £60, which may be employed in beautifying the steeple & spire, which I hope you will be good enough to make as beautiful as possible. As to the Church, I entreat you not to make it larger; the increase of our congregation is too problematical, & a small one in a large church is as uncomfortable as it is ridiculous. Let it decorate the country if it cannot receive it, and at least be a monument and an example to posterity how well the squire and the Bishop could draw together. As to the execution, let me beg you to have all the freestone for the spire and the quoins of the steeple quarried this year, that they may be hardened for use in the course of the next—this will be of great use to us.

“ I have proposed to your nephew & my friend James Jones to build a steeple at Tamlat—keep my Council, I beseech you, but give him a jog privately without naming me, & if we can employ the idle they will make no riots, and if we can fill their bellies they will no more open their mouths. With the greatest regards yours BRISTOL.”

A few days later he wrote again to Beresford on the same subject from the St. Gothard en Suisse, September 7, 1793 :

“ SIR,

“ Though I troubled you so lately, yet I cannot forbear transmitting the plan & elevation of our Church at Ballykelly, lest Mr. Shanahan should not have provided you with one. If your pew is made to project from the Church, I propose that for uniformity sake, that of the rector should do the same, especially as most rectors are likely to have as numerous a family as the squire—few squires are as prolific as yourself, & still fewer who so well deserve to be multiplied. . . .”

On his way to Italy the Bishop becomes lost to our view for the next three months. Apparently even his family did not know where he was. This appears incidentally à propos to a matter causing them concern which was now under discussion—the recall of Lord Hervey from Florence. He had for six years been English Envoy to the Tuscan Court where he had lately

given offence. Already in June, 1793, his retirement was talked of :

“ It will not be possible to allow him to remain,” remarks Lady Holland (then Lady Webster), “ after his behaviour to the Grand Duke. In those letters which he wrote remonstrating against the exportation of grain from Tuscany to France, he calls the Grand Duke a fool, and Manfredini (the Prime Minister) a knave. Shortly after this Hervey gave ‘ a fine ball ’ to which La Flotte the French Minister was not invited—a very marked insult to a neutral Court.”

A letter from Lady Bristol to Lady Erne in September alludes to the subject of her son’s recall which was then decided on, and which caused her much distress. She refers to “ Lord Grenville’s answer to my letter which besides the unexpected mortification of it, shuts the door to all future plans abroad, and shows me that he does not lose his situation by the revenge of the Italian Minister, but by his own indiscretion. Fred saw Mr. Pitt this morning. Nothing could be more gracious, open and condescending, with very obliging professions of regard to the Family, and concern for this unlucky incident. I find they have nothing in view for him but a pension—but we must try for some *distinction*.”

It was now arranged that Frederick Hervey should set out for Florence to break to his brother the decision of the Government to recall him. It was hoped moreover that he would meet his father in Italy, and that a healing of the breach which had existed between them for some years would ensue.

“ Here is the 27th, dear Mary,” continues Lady Bristol, “ & Louisa will have told you our successful application in order to soften this *fâcheuse pilule*, & the kind manner in wch we have been treated by Administration. I have no doubt that we shall work round again, tho’ this eddy has carried us out of our course—Fredk.’s request to be messenger of *bad news* is so uncommon that I see it has struck Mr. Pitt very much, and he has behav’d with uncommon kindness to him. It is certainly a charming thing, and I think his going to Hervey will mollify him & do a great deal of good—He sets out tomorrow, by which means he carries the letters from Mr. Conolly* & Lady Mar† to his brother who is to find out Ld. B. (Bristol). Have you heard from him since his account of his illness ? I hope you passed a comfortable day with Bess tho’ you had but bad *materials* to make it so—however it is a relief to discharge the

* Mr. and Lady Louisa Conolly had taken charge of the orphan daughter of the unhappy George Robert Fitzgerald.

† Lady Mary Fitzgerald.

mind, & talk over with unreserv'd discussion all these extraordinary events.

“ We must labour incessantly to bring some good out of all this evil. I sometimes think that dear Fredk. going over to Italy at this moment may bring about your Father's reconciliation—how happy that would make us—& if he *settles*, it will make England pleasanter to Hervey & may in the end reconcile him to all things. I have staid in Town upon all these matters, & very lucky it was that I did so, as we concerted & *executed* measures with great & *prosperous celerity*—wch a to & fro to Wimbledon wd not have allow'd. I now stay to present Mrs. Vincent* & then hope to go there till Christmas to rest my weary spirits.”

Lady Bristol's next letter to Lady Erne, written three days later, on her return to Wimbledon (where she and Louisa now resided), gives so much general news and so vivid a picture of Queen Charlotte's drawing room at which she presented Mrs. Vincent, that it must find place here :

“ Wimbledon,
“ 30th Sept. 1793.

“ Here I am again to tell you that I was at the drawing-room on Thursday, wch was the pleasantest that could be ; full enough ; & everybody one knew with nobody one did not know—Lord Mansfield (Lord Stormont had become Earl of Mansfield by the death of his uncle earlier in the year) enquir'd a great deal after you & was quite concerned that they should have been as near you at Chichester on their way from the Isle of Wight without seeing you, wch I assur'd him you would equally regret—& that I thought if they had given you notice you wd have met them there—Sr. Gilbert Elliot kissed hands on being appointed Commissioner at Toulon—he is joined with Gen. O'Hara & Lord Hood—but he will be the *tête et la langue* for Ld. Hood does not know a word of French, & I am told Sr Gilbert Elliot is a master of it, & has liv'd a great deal in France ; wch I hope will give him great advantages for he will have to negotiate things of the utmost importance. I think it seems a good measure to have such a person on the spot —& I hope will encourage the well disposed to *enter ye League*. We are by this time strong : there was 6,000 men expected from Naples to join the English & Spaniards & Piedmontese,

* Mrs. Vincent, *née* Isabella Hervey, a daughter of the Hon. Felton Hervey, fourth son of the first Earl. She was grandmother of the late Sir William and Sir Howard Vincent, and of Lord D'Abernon.

& I imagine will be glad to have our protection now we have disclaimed dominion & desire of conquest. Mr. Dundas left Mr. Pitt for a quarter of an hour yesterday morning—& told us that it was suppos'd that Bordeaux was in a state of insurrection & had drove out the Municipality—the last accts were that Lyons was very little hurt & if it cou'd hold out there wou'd probably be a large district recover'd from Tyranny—has not poor Madlle Chaumelle (who had been Governess at Geneva to Mary and Elizabeth Hervey in 1776) been very miserable for her friend? The D. of Gl. (Gloucester) told me at Court that you was very much in the *dumps* but that he had tryed to *cheer you* & they all seem in good spirits that is certain—but *seeming* is the Mode at Court—our two new Princes made their first appearance; & were much lik'd. Prince Augustus as you know is charming—good figure, good address, rather handsome, *et ne se possédant pas de joye* to find himself there—P. Adolp. (afterwards Duke of Cambridge) is like the D. of Y. (York) handsome—lively, but so fresh & healthy that the *black patch* over his eye *lost its effect*. The D. of Clarence came in wth them; the Duke of York was not there & perhaps he did not like to appear with a new edition of himself, but he might venture, for he wd still primer—There was Mrs. Hobart become Countess of Buckinghamshire filling up half the room & *d'un bel contento*, tho' they have got nothing with the title, but I suppose they will get a pension to help to support it.

“The D. of Richmond was at Court—I think rather low—he wanted us all to go to Goodwood. The D. of Devonshire wants us to go to Hardwick, but I believe I shall do neither, but probably creep into my house in Cleveland Row, for I cannot get rid of it to any certainty, & I feel so asham'd of not being able to pay my last year's rent, wch never happen'd before, but I think of any extra expence with horror.

“Bess's coming here will be some (expence), but I think it is essential to her—All is to pieces at D. H. (Devonshire House) and no plan settled. I expect her tomorrow to stay a month. I think she looks well tho' she is very thin indeed—I flatter myself that you are today at Brightelmstone and will find this at yr return—tell Caroline I have a letter half written to her wch only waits for a frank . . . you see Lord Mulgrave commands at Toulon & I am glad it is in such good hands. . . . No ladies (at Court) *en démocrate* but a red *Calotte* border'd with grey, *tout à fait en Cardinal*.”

Later in the Autumn Lady Bristol writes to Lady Erne, “Wimbledon, Sunday the 8th,” that she hopes Frederick—

“poor fellow”—would arrive at Florence by the time Hervey returns from Toulon, and by that delay have the advantage of giving the first intelligence himself; “which will be a great point as he has the material to soften it—I think it will end well for us—I only dread his (Lord Hervey’s) warmth of temper. . . I have been obliged to take *diacodium* going to bed, I sleep so ill & wake so agitated. . . . I will not tell you how many things I fear & how few I hope.”

Frederick Hervey travelled day and night to Florence, and on the way met with Lady Webster, who notes of him in her “journals” that he was “very unhappy at the suddenness and mystery of the proceedings.”

His mission to his brother being concluded, Frederick returned from Florence in December, “bearing despatches to England,” Lady Webster further records, “relating to the loss of Toulon.”

During his journey to and from Florence he does not seem to have come across his father then wandering in Northern Italy, so no opportunity occurred for the reconciliation which Lady Bristol so much desired. The Bishop indeed was not one to fall in with plans in the making of which he himself had no hand, especially if his wife were privy to them, and—likely enough—he may have purposely turned his course to avoid meeting his younger son, with whom he was still out of humour. Moreover, he doubtless held views of his own with regard to his elder son, and the incidents leading to the latter’s quitting his post.

Lord Hervey remained at Florence some two months longer, pending arrangements. “Lord Hervey lives a good deal with me,” Lady Webster notes in her journal (Florence, 19th January, 1794). “He seems to dislike his recall and talks of going into the Navy, where by the way he is very unpopular. W. Windham’s appointment (to succeed Hervey) is not much relished, as the Court (of Tuscany) want a steady reasonable man disposed to smooth matters.” Lady Webster makes no further mention of Lord Hervey by name, but on February 14,* she records with abhorrence his declaration of his passion

* “Surprise & embarrassment have completely overset me. Oh! what vile animals men are, with headstrong passions. Now I have heard, from the lips of one who affects morality and domestic virtues, maxims that would revolt all but the most depraved. ‘*Pécher en secret, n’est point pécher.*’ I told him it savoured of his Jesuitical education. His justification was that a singular combination of events arose to create a passion, where in truth so little could be expected in return. His long absence from home, perfect seclusion and the strong impression of delight at meeting a countrywoman who brought back remembrance of past scenes—this complicated feeling made him deck the object who revived the recollection in glorious colours and in him created a violent and, I hope transitory alienation from sense and propriety. Distress, awkwardness, and good-nature made me act like a fool, but I was obliged to be peremptory latterly, as he proceeded to downright

for herself. Lady Webster had for some years been unhappily married to a man of violent temper who was subject to fits. She broke with him eventually in order to unite herself to young Lord Holland. Lady Webster and Lord Hervey did not meet again after the scenes she described. She left Florence for a time, and when she came back, he was gone, never to return.

For some time after Lord Hervey's departure the reasons for it continued to be discussed in Italy. The following account which presents the talk current in Florence is given in a private letter from Mr. Richard Durnford, a gentleman travelling in Italy during 1794-95, who knew Lord Hervey and also the Bishop of Derry.* "Lord Hervey," he writes to a friend, June 17, 1794, "having been ordered to leave Florence, gave ground for a report in the English papers that the Ambassador was sent away by the Grand Duke. The cause of his dismissal was that he had carried a letter from Prince Tricase, demanding an apology from Prince Carsini, who, in the public character of Master of the Ceremonies, had ordered the candles to be extinguished whilst Tricase was engaged at play with two or three other Cavalieri, because he (Carsini) had been commanded by an order from the Court to stop all play after 12 o'clock. The authority was not disputed, but it was the style of executing it that gave umbrage; and as Lord Hervey was desired the next day to carry his note desiring an interview or an apology, the note was returned opened, and Prince Carsini refused both the one and the other. However, Lord Hervey was ordered by the Court to depart, and no notice whatever was taken of Tricase, who is a Neapolitan, and certainly of the two he was the aggressor. I saw Lord Hervey afterwards in Rome. His father Lord Bristol told me some time ago that he (Hervey) was allowed one or two thousand a year, I forget which; this proves that though he was turned out upon account of his precipitate manner and treatment of the Tuscan Court, yet

violence. One night, I was compelled to get out of the carriage to avoid his pressing importunities. However his last words were '*Be kind & discreet!*' He is in great alarm at his wife's knowing this *écart*, as he affects great conjugal felicity. . . . I have again heard ——'s last words: 'I love you, for my passions are stronger than my reason; you being good, gentle and handsome justify me—for the sake of others be discreet!' I will indeed! Rochefoucauld lays upon my table, he opened it at the 514th maxim which he observed was fallacious, and gave himself as a contradictory proof. *On passe souvent de l'amour à l'ambition; mais on ne revient guère de l'ambition à l'amour.*"—"Lady Holland's Journal," Vol. I., page 115.

Lady Hervey was visiting her mother, Mrs. Drummond, at Megginch Castle at this time.

* Durnford on his return to England was ordained and, marrying soon afterwards, became the father of the late Bishop of Chichester, whose son, Mr. R. Durnford, owns a number of interesting letters written by his grandfather in Italy.

Ministry must have ordered him to act in that manner." Whatever the whole truth may have been, it is clear that Hervey was in no disgrace with the English Government, for he was granted a pension of £1,500 a year. This must have done much to "soften the *fâcheuse pilule*," to use Lady Bristol's expression, and perhaps was in some measure the outcome of her exertions.

But Hervey did not long enjoy his pension, for he died at sea in less than two years.

CHAPTER XLVI

1794

WHERE was the Earl Bishop wandering since we left him at St. Gothard in September, 1793, on his way to Italy? He eludes our search till we find him at Trieste in the following January. There he has been detained by illness, but is none the less keeping a sharp look out on passing events.

He writes thence on the 15th of that month, 1794, at 1 p.m., a letter of secret intelligence to Sir William Hamilton ("Hamilton and Nelson (Morrison) Papers"), availing himself of the opportunity of sending it by safe hands to Naples. It was a constant object of the Bishop during the latter part of his career to keep Hamilton, and, through him, the Anglophil Queen of Naples *au courant* of affairs in the various countries and states through which he passed.

"This moment," he writes, "the whole fleet of transports, gun-boats, and all, are under weigh for Venice; the wind is neither favourable or strong, but in two days they hope to reach it, & as no one is likely to give you information but me, I will not lose the opportunity Col. Williams gives me of writing to you especially as you may communicate it *à la première des femmes*—cette maîtresse femme." (Caroline, wife of Ferdinand, King of Naples.)

"This damned climate—cold damp & ungenial—ruins me. I have been in bed these four weeks with what is called a flying gout, but, were it such, it would have gone long ago, & it hovers round me like a ghost round its sepulchre; my best love to dearest Emma."

What whim led the veteran wanderer to flit from Trieste to Aosta it is not easy to guess. Search of health or a mild climate could hardly have been his motive in travelling across north Italy to Piedmont in winter. An object may have been to get news at first hand of the French movements, and to pass

it on to his friends at Naples ; for Aosta was not far from the seat of war. Whatever his object, he was at Aosta on February 26, 1794, signing a codicil to his will. Presumably he became seriously ill there, and in consequence bethought him of making additions to his will of 1791. It may be remarked that this codicil (which is now with his will at Somerset House) contains no reference to his son Frederick, and thus indicates that no reconciliation had as yet taken place.

In view of the persistent advance of the French towards Piedmont, a southern course would shortly have become advisable for the traveller. During March and April, 1794, the "Army of the Alps" made several attempts to seize the Mont Cenis Pass. By April 23 it had got possession of the St. Bernard Pass, and soon afterwards captured the Mont Cenis. Before this the Bishop appears to have reached Florence, as it becomes evident that he associated with Alfieri and the Countess d'Albany at this time : and here, too, he would have fallen in with young Durnford when they had the conversation about Lord Hervey's pension. Durnford, as we have seen, writing in June, alludes to this as having taken place some time before.

The Bishop passed the summer of 1794 in the burning heat of mid-Italy. During July and August he was at Siena—the Athens of Tuscany, as he called it. There his interest in geological observation revived with the zest of past years. It was excited by a phenomenon, which he discusses in three letters to Sir William Hamilton. On July 12, 1794, he writes :

"The first time I had the honour of writing to you it was to request a favor. I flatter myself that upon this occasion I may be able to confer one, if to a person of your philosophical genius the communication of a phenomenon singular in its nature can be deemed such.

"Upon Monday 16th June, as you will find by the enclosed narrative in the midst of a most violent thunderstorm about a dozen stones of various weights & dimensions fell at the feet of different people—The stones are of a quality not found in any other part of Sienese territory ; they fell about 18 hours after the enormous eruption of Vesuvius, which circumstance leaves choice of difficulties in the solution of this extraordinary phenomenon,—either these stones have been generated in the igneous mass of clouds which produced such unusual thunder, or, which is equally incredible, they were thrown from Vesuvius at a distance of at least 250 miles—judge then of its parabola. The philosophers here incline to the first solution. I wish much, sir, to know your sentiments, & those of your friends."

Soon afterwards he wrote a second letter. "My blundering head, dear Sir forgot to send you yesterday this specimen of the aerial stone. All the philosophical world is in arms about this phenomenon and all impatient to know your opinion; the chief point to know is whether in this eruption Signore Vesuvius has emitted such a stone; next, whether it is chemically possible for such a stone to be generated in a thunder-storm. Ten thousand good wishes to dear respectable Emma from your faithful friend B."

Sir William, in reply, evidently reported in favour of the thunderbolt theory. The Bishop writes his third letter from Siena on August 4, 1794:

"I communicated your very excellent and most philosophical letter, my dear Sir Wm. to Father Soldani* in whose convent I am now writing; he is in raptures at hearing that you had even for an instant the same idea as himself about these stones, whose generation appears to him every day more and more incontrovertible. His pamphlet on this subject is gone to the press but in the meantime he begs you will be good enough to make his correspondent Dr. Thompson at Naples† communicate to you an abstract of his dissertation.

"Soldani is a most sensible candid unprejudiced and intelligent man, indefatigable in the pursuit of truths & with a mind open to all information from whatever quarter; he wishes much to know if your Vesuvius has thrown out any stones resembling the fragment I sent you. Such a circumstance would a little stagger his theory which all the babbling of Siena—male as well as female—does not as yet affect. Historians, both ancient & of the middle ages, have recorded something similar.

"In the month of October I hope to see you at Naples where I hope to pass the winter for the purpose of sea-bathing. Be so good therefore as to inform me in your next if you do not judge the air of Pizzofalcone much thinner and purer than that of Santa Lucia on the Chiaia. I recollect Lady Orford being lodged there, and also the Duchess of Weimar at whose concert we were; but I wish your oracular decision about it; for a quartan fever which has harassed me for ten months requires the thinnest air."

* Ambrogio Soldani (1733-1808), a learned Italian ecclesiastic, naturalist and author. From Pisa he went to Siena in 1778, where he spent his time in examining the local fossil shells, "very much aided by a microscope of Dollond's manufacture, presented to him by Lord Bristol." (*Nouvelle Dict. Biog.*)

† The celebrated Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, 1753-1814.

While at Siena he dashed off in his impulsive manner the following letter to Alfieri, who had lately brought out his tragedy *Saul*.

“ À Sienne, l'Athènes de la Toscane,
“ ce 13 Juillet, '94.

“ Comment se porte mon cher Dante, le Comte Alfieri ? Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma ? Non tibi parvum Ingenium, non incultum est, nee turpiter hirtum.

“ J'ai dévoré Saul, je le digère actuellement. Il me donne une plus haute idée de vos talents que jamais. Il faut vous le voir jouer pour augmenter mon idée de votre sensibilité. Vous me ferez donc ce plaisir, n'est-ce pas mon ami ? Et l'adorable Comtesse ! Comment se porte-t-elle ! Si les démons de François arrivent jusqu'à Turin, je vous offre ma bourse, mon château et mon parc. Pour la cave, vous n'en voulez point, car, non content d'avoir le génie de Pindare, vous en avez aussi le goût—

“ Jupiter vient de nous assommer d'une pluie de pierres, telles que les anciens Romains eurent sur le Mont Albano—Ce phénomène arriva 18 heures après l'éruption du Vésuve. Le Père Soldani soutient que ces pierres furent générées dans les Nues Tonnantes ; et moi je prétends qu'elles furent jetées par la bombe de Vésuve, Je crois que nous avons tort l'un et l'autre, et que jamais ces pierres ne sont tombées dans ce voisinage. Votre chimie, cher Comte, ne s'intéresse pas à la pierre philosophe. Elle consiste dans l'analyse, et dans l'empire sur le cœur humain, dont vous savez si bien déployer tous les plis et les replis ;—et parmi tous ceux que vous avez gagné, nul ne vous est plus attaché que celui du Comte de Bristol, Évêque de Derry. Mes Adorations à Madame la Comtesse.” (“ Lettere edite e inedite di Vittorio Alfieri,” by Mazzotinto.)

The latter was, of course, the Countess d'Albany, who both as the wife and the widow (as she now was) of Prince Charles Edward the Pretender, “ Count d'Albany,” had long lived with Alfieri in Florence, “ in a state of dubious intimacy,” as Lady Holland, who associated much with them, puts it ; and the liaison was openly acknowledged while the Countess continued to receive full recognition as a Royal Highness, if not claiming Queenly rank.

Alfieri, the “ Sophocles ” (as he was called) rather than the “ Dante ” of his time, a genius of severe and grave disposition, was little likely to relish the persiflage of the “ Count Bishop ” ; moreover, the Latin couplet as applied to him—“ sprightly one,

you have no small talent, nor is it uncultivated, nor disgracefully rugged"—fell short of such flattery as would gratify the illustrious poet who was notoriously vain. Thus it is not surprising to find Alfieri expressing his opinion of the Bishop in terms not altogether complimentary. While evidently taking some sally of the Bishop in a highly serious vein, he writes on September 2, 1794, to a friend at Siena, Maris Bianchi :*

"I forgot to say two words to you about that English Bishop, Bristol. He is a madman,† but not without ability or culture. I have known him some little time. His proposition and my reply are true in part but not entirely, as you gather, because he did not say that the third profession for me should be the executioner ; but he said that in these times it seemed likely to be the only profession which will not fail. But that makes me shudder, & I should prefer to be the victim rather than the slayer"—(an allusion to the "Reign of Terror" then at its height).

It was not long before this that the Bishop had done a kindness to the Countess d'Albany and thus indirectly to Alfieri. She lost no opportunity of sending pitiful complaints to the English Government about her poverty through losses consequent on the French Revolution ; and at her request Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, wrote to his cousin William, the Minister, urging that her claims should be brought to the notice of King George himself.‡ Camelford, however, died before dispatching the appeal, and it was eventually forwarded to Pitt by the Bishop. The Countess in after life showed little sense of obligation to the Bishop for this good-natured action.

There was another link between Madame d'Albany and the Bishop, inasmuch as it was through his introduction that she and Alfieri made the acquaintance about this time of the young French artist Fabre,§ who henceforth was to become the closest companion of both to the end of their lives ; while Fabre himself for many years owed his bread in great measure to the liberal patronage of the Bishop who admired and belauded his talents. Notwithstanding which the Countess will be found

* Original in Italian. "Lettere edite e inedite," Mazzotinto.

† Alfieri was himself subject to attacks which made him suspected of madness.

‡ Earl Stanhope's "Life of William Pitt," Vol. II., page 181, quoted in Herbert Vaughan's, "The Last Stewart Queen," page 185.

§ François-Xavier Pascal Fabre, of Montpellier, where he was born in 1766. He became eminent as a portrait painter in Florence. His particular talents are marked by extreme purity of design, by warm colouring and by careful finish, whilst he was greatly attracted by landscape painting. (Notice sur Mr. F. X. Fabre par Mr. Garnier, 1837-1838.) He died in 1837 at Montpellier.

habitually sneering at the generous patron of her young friend behind his back, and making him a butt for her heavy German wit.*

Another glimpse of the Bishop at Siena during the summer of 1794 is afforded by a letter from him to Lady Erne which shows how keen was his enjoyment of Italian life and atmosphere in spite of his poor health.

“ Siena,
“ 10th August, '94.

“ The warm weather, my dearest Mary, has done me infinite service & the cool weather come in after the rains is going to do as much—I bathe every day at Noon in a whale of a tub, I sleep every night out of town at a Villa whose atmosphere is *senza paragone* & return in the morn to chocolate & company: never reprobate Italian hospitality! This Villa with 10 handsome rooms on a floor is lent by a man I never saw in my life but hearing of my convalescence has given his mite to smooth it. We shall not move towards Naples till October, & then change from Cold Baths to Sea baths, for my whole nervous system is so shaken that the interior of Calabria is not more so.

“ I had a most affectionate letter from Lady L. Derry† but greatly out of spirits with her final exile to Ireland, & warmly soliciting my return. 'Tis strange that nobody is happy—Husband, Children, Parents Property, nobody is capable of enjoying—I attribute it all to your diet; that cursed Tea which unstrings ye all & unfits you for every enjoyment but the flutter for the moment; pray tell dearest Lou I wish she wd try a glass of fresh spring water at going into bed. I have never known any Remedy calm the frame so completely as that, & produce so happy an insensible perspiration—her complaints in my opinion derive entirely from the Nervous system, wch was ruin'd at Rome & at Albano.

“ I am glad Lady Hervey‡ is gone to Scotland; the solitude of Ickworth wd never have suited her—next year I hope to pass the autumn there & lay the foundation of my new house. Ld. Hood has most certainly block'd up the flotilla (at Toulon), & is gone himself with fireships, if *possible* to destroy them—if it can be done he will do it, for a greater Antigallican does not

* Born a Princess of Stolberg, she had, however, some good Scotch blood in her veins, through her maternal grandmother, Lady Maria Theresa Charlotte Bruce, daughter of the third Earl of Elgin.

† Lady Frances Stewart, wife of Charles Stewart, now Baron (afterwards first Marquis of) Londonderry.

‡ His daughter-in-law Lady Hervey, with her only child Eliza, lived much at Megginch Castle with her mother Mrs. Drummond, before and after Lord Hervey's death.

exist—not even myself. Mr. Pitt's last speech is invaluable & has raised the spirits of all Italy & of all English in Italy—Adieu dearest Mary, I am as usual up to the eyes in letters and must conclude this."

This is the last of the series of the Bishop's letters to Lady Erne in Mrs. Talbot's collection, though he certainly continued to write to her.

Young Durnford, whom we have already encountered on his travels, passing several months at Siena during 1794, writes thence to a friend on August 29 :

"Ld. Bristol the father of Ld. Hervey the late Minister, has been here for some time. I dine with him very often. He is a very strange character, like many other sensible men."

Writing from Florence, September 27, 1794, Durnford reports :

"There are several English here . . . Lord Holland, Lord Wickham, Lord Bristol, Sr. Godfrey Webster and family—some naval Officers, &c. They dine together in parties generally every day, but as yet I have not been able to make one among them. We are now more than ever in the dumps about politics—it is believed the French will certainly come into Italy, and what is more the Tuscans will be glad to see them. You have no idea, according to what I am told, how much Jacobinism is in vogue in this country. They say this Court has been endeavouring to negotiate, but that the French have made answer not at all favorable to any overtures of neutrality."

We have an interesting glimpse of the Bishop during his next visit to Rome intent on plans for the building of the new house at Ickworth as yet not actually begun. We suspect that it was his custom to pick the brains of many architects, while each one may have supposed that his own was the only design to be employed. C. H. Tatham writes from Rome at this time to his friend Henry Holland the architect :

"The Earl of Bristol Bishop of Derry, lately arrived in Rome, to my great surprise consulted me to make him a design for a Villa to be built in Suffolk (Ickworth) extending nearly 500 feet, including offices. The distribution of the plan is very singular the House being oval according to his desire." So far, then, the house was in embryo, and it is not till some

two years later that it appears in process of construction. (Letter dated Nov. 19th, 1794. Original in Library of Victoria and Albert Museum.)

The story of the Bishop's movements is next carried on by one Joseph Denham in a letter to Lady Hamilton, dated Rome, November 4th, 1794. ("Hamilton and Nelson Papers," Vol. I., letter 248.)

"I dined with Lord Bristol last Sunday, and he has invited me again today. . . . His Lordship departs tomorrow for Naples & I intend to call on him this evening. In the meantime I would not miss the post to inform your ladyship of what I think it proper you should know before you see Lord Bristol. . . . His Lordship made a long and elaborate eulogy on you, praising all your virtues and particularly your attachment to Sir William, concluding that God Almighty must have been in a glorious mood when he made you, and though in general He made but a bungling piece of work of it, yet he had outdone all the rest in forming Lady Hamilton. From this he travelled into another ground, and said he had a very advantageous proposal to make to Sir William, which he hoped to succeed in. Hear and wonder!: Lord Hervey, it seems, has obtained a pension from Government of fifteen hundred pounds a year, for the loss of his Ministry at Florence, & Lord Bristol intends to propose that this should be turned over to Sir William, provided he will resign his employ at Naples to Lord Hervey, which Lord B. seems to consider a good bargain for Sir William. All this told in a mixed company, I did not think proper to make any comment on so extraordinary a scheme, though it occurred to me that Sir William could never be so stupid as to give up £3500 a year for less than half the money.

"My loyalty to both yr Ladyship & Sir William has prompted me to advertise you of all this, that you may be apprized of the object of Lord Bristol's jaunt to Naples. Indeed I think he will surprise you at Caserta from Capua. I trust to yr secrecy & prudence on receiving him. . . . Cardinal de Bernis the late French Ambassador died here two days ago."

The Hamiltons doubtless knew their old friend the Bishop too well to be affected by Denham's secret intelligence, not the less calculated for mischief-making that it was under the guise of "Loyalty," and welcomed him as cordially as ever on his arrival at Naples. They had probably chosen his quarters for the winter, in accordance with his request some months earlier, and we find him duly established there in November.

The Rev. Narcissus Proby,* rector of Stratford St. Mary, Colchester, having provided his friend Mr. Robert Bradstreet with a letter of introduction to the Bishop at Naples, Bradstreet sent to Proby a pleasant account of his interview with the Bishop there. He wrote from :

“ Rome,

“ Nov. 20th, 1794.†

“ I waited till the last moment in hopes of being able to give you some account of Ld Bristol, who was daily expected at Naples, but did not arrive till the day before that I had fixed for my departure. As I was not likely to have another opportunity of presenting the letter which you was kind enough to give me to him, I ran the hazard of being guilty of an impropriety in delivering it so abruptly, & so long after date, rather than miss the opportunity of seeing him. He was in the hurry of taking possession of the house he has hired for the winter & surrounded with pictures he had newly bought, but received us very politely, & made many enquiries after you. He quoted, & seemed determined to put in practice Pope’s doctrine To enjoy is to obey—to which, according to the character you had given me of him he added that of making others enjoy too. An instance of his liberality that took place when I was there was pleasant enough. A decent elderly woman came in to pay her respects & asked him how he did. ‘ Like the Bishop,’ says he, & pointing to a pile of stuff—‘ look here,’ says he, ‘ This is for you.’ The poor woman looked first at the stuff, & then at the Bishop, *da capo*, till at last she burst into tears, & began kissing his hand ; saying she was not worthy to kiss his hand, and would like to kiss his foot, ‘ No,’ says he, ‘ I am no Pope, tho’ I am a Bishop. I am a heretic & must be damned you know ?’ ‘ Oh ! No, No,’ says the woman with a tone of doubt & distress that was inimitable—and in Sterne’s hands would have made an excellent companion for Corporal Trim doubting whether a negro had a soul or not.”

* Rev. Narcissus Proby was son of Narcissus C. Proby, Esq., of Damastown, Dublin, and of Chester, by Catherine Elizabeth (born 1700), daughter of Capt. James Howard (grandson of the first Earl of Berkshire).

† The owner of the letter, Miss Caroline Bradstreet, has kindly allowed me to verify the date by reference to the original.

CHAPTER XLVII

1794-1795

IT is easy to see that Emma Hamilton and the Bishop were likely to find each other the best of good company. The Bishop's humour, broad, spontaneous, reckless, with that quality of surprising which is often more exhilarating than subtler wit, appealed doubtless to the romping spirits of Emma ; and we may well imagine that the responsive laughter with which she received his sallies, and her quickness in repartee, made her society attractive to him. Both he and Emma were endowed with that *joie de vivre* which made them remain at heart children of nature, the while they lived in the forefront of the world. Moreover, while they there played, or thought they played, a prominent part in state intrigues, or in the wider area of European politics, both found, in the stir and excitement of such matters, a source of keenest interest which they shared and which drew them together.

For Emma, indeed, here was a fresh and glorious field that had but lately opened before her ; she who, when the mistress of Hamilton, had never been received at the Court of Naples, was now, as Lady Hamilton, raised to a place unique among Ambassadors as the favoured intimate of the Queen—that *maîtresse femme*, who, while the King was given up to boar-killing ruled the kingdom with her English Minister, and cultivated with assiduity England and the English.

This was the heyday of Emma's prosperity. A phase of celebrity undreamt of had come upon her, and not only was her life now decent, but her position was exalted. Ambition had taken the place of passion—Passion, it is true, was to awaken in later years under the spell of the greatest hero of the age ; but, in the early years of her marriage, to rise so as to fill with *éclat* the eminence of her new sphere was the object of her aim and endeavour. Thus for her, lowly born, and hitherto besmirched, but now “ dear respectable ” Emma, the patronage

and favour of so renowned a personage as the Earl Bishop was a privilege too valuable not to be highly appreciated ; while the cosmopolitan, intriguing Bishop on his part found in Emma's position at the Court of Naples an opportunity for himself to gain a footing in the inner circle of its Hapsburg-born Queen—the sister of the Emperor who was the centre and mainspring of European state-craft. And so it came about that the good-fellowship of the Bishop and Lady Hamilton was cemented by a common bond of interest, thoroughly gratifying to the vanity of both.

Certain letters of the Bishop to Lady Hamilton were—many years after his death—pilfered from her papers with a number of Nelson's letters to her, and were ungenerously published during her lifetime. They are to be found in the supplement to a book called " Letters of Lord Nelson " (published in 1815). Undated for the most part, and without context or explanation, the Bishop's effusive expressions of admiration and affection were proclaimed as an indication of Lady Hamilton's depravity—the true object of their publication being of course to procure a wide sale among lovers of scandal. These pilfered letters, however, were only a small portion of the Hamilton correspondence ; a large number of letters from the Bishop remained to see the light among the valuable Morrison collection published of late years as the " Hamilton and Nelson Papers." From these, readers can not only judge how baseless is the insinuation to which we have already alluded, but can also plainly see that the Bishop's friendly intercourse with Lady Hamilton came under the eye and approval of her husband ; and we may be sure that the pilfered letters did so also, these, as regards date, dovetailing in with the rest of the letters.

To readers of these pages the Bishop's messages to " dearest Emma " when writing to Sir William Hamilton will appear in accordance with his customary style. Just as to Strange he had expressed his devotion to Mrs. Strange—" dearest Madame Montaigne "—so throughout his life it was his habit to commission husbands with affectionate messages to their wives—addressed familiarly as " dearest Emma," " dearest Letitia," " dearest Fanny," etc., as the case might be. The husbands in all such instances certainly acquiesced in, and probably were flattered by such attentions to their wives, while all three of the parties concerned were equally in good humour with their mutual relations.

Thus, after Hamilton's marriage, the Bishop was as welcome as he had been before it to " the little cabin at Caserta " when-

ever he liked to come over there from his lodgings at Naples for a week at a time.

The following undated letter (now among the Egerton MSS., British Museum) from the Bishop to Lady Hamilton by its allusion to the fall of Warsaw, which occurred on November 8, 1794, may be placed in our chronology soon after his arrival at Naples, while allowing a sufficient interval for the news to have reached him there. It will be observed that Lady Hamilton at her country house, Caserta, had evidently forwarded to the Bishop, at Naples, a letter she had received containing flattering mention of him. Most likely it was one of the innumerable little billets from the Queen to Lady Hamilton (now among the Egerton MSS., British Museum), in many of which, written during the Bishop's visit to Naples, may be found complimentary messages to the Bishop ("ce cher bon et bien faisant évêque"—as the Queen herself calls him in one of them).

"I return the enclosed, my dearest Emma," writes the Bishop, "which does honour to the excellent head and heart of the writer. I shall begin, for the first time in my life, to have a good opinion of myself after such honourable testimonials.

"In the meantime I send you an extraordinary piece of news, just written me from Ratisbon—a courier from the Elector of Mentz (Mayence) desiring the *Empire* to make a separate peace with France.

" 'Couriers have been sent from the Diet—Sweden and Denmark desire their mediation,' says my letter. Somebody is at the bottom of all this, the Elector of Mentz only lends his name.

" 'The suburbs of Warsaw taken; the capitulation of the city daily expected.* The King of Prussia totally retired beyond Potsdam and supposed to be at the eve of madness.'

"Oh Emma, who'd ever be wise,
If madness be loving of thee? B."

In a well-known letter from Lady Hamilton to Charles Greville, dated from Caserta, December 18, 1794 ("Hamilton and Nelson Papers" Vol. I., letter 250), in which she eulogizes the Queen of Naples and says, "in short if I was her daughter she could not be kinder, & I love her with my own whole soul," she adds some news of the Bishop: "Lord Bristol is with us at Caserta. He passes one week at Naples and one week with us. He is very fond of me & very kind. He is very entertaining

* "The progress of Suvaroff had been rapid and decisive as that of Frederick William II. of Prussia had been dilatory and ineffective." "The Cambridge Modern History," VIII., page 547.

and dashes at everything. Nor does he mind King & Queen when he is inclined to show his talents."

On the new year of 1795 the Bishop wrote—"Letters of Lord Nelson," 1814 (pilfered):

"MY EVER DEAREST LADY HAMILTON,—I should certainly have made this Sunday an holyday to me, & have taken a Sabbath Day's journey to Caserta, had not poor Mr. Lovell been confined to his bed above three days with a fever. Today it is departed; tomorrow Dr. Nudi has secured us from its resurrection; and after tomorrow I hope virtue will be its own reward & that my friendship for Lovell will be recompensed with enjoyment.

"This moment I receive your *billet doux*, & very dulcet it is!

"All public and private accounts agree in the immediate prospect of a general peace. It will make a delicious foreground in the picture of the new year; many of which I wish, from the top, bottom, & centre of my heart to the incomparable Emma—quella senza paragone! Dans ce moment on m'assure que Mayence est prise.* Je ne vous garantis pas cette maudite nouvelle—mais je me flatte que la paix se fait."

The Bishop's news was doubtless passed on at once by Lady Hamilton to the Queen.

During this winter the Bishop was frequently in the society of the Queen. In one of her notes to her "chère milady," the Queen invites Lady Hamilton to bring the Bishop with her alone; in another she is to come with or without him as she may prefer: "si vous voulez venir aujourd'hui après votre dîner me voir en compagnie de votre Mary (mari), et de l'Évêque, ou seule, comme vous le préférez."

The three are frequently mentioned together in these notes—husband, wife and Bishop; "continuez moi Tous (*i.e.* all three) votre chère amitié, et contez sur toute la mienne-Charlotte." In this same note a postscript is intended for the Bishop himself: "Bon soir mon cher Évêque, ne m'oubliez point."† One sees by it the intimacy and good humour of the little party.

The following undated letters from the Bishop to Lady Hamilton seem to belong to this winter of 1795: "Send me word, dearest Emma, how the invaluable adorable Queen

* This allusion supplies the approximate date of the letter which is undated: it was the new year of 1795.

† Egerton MSS., 1615 (British Museum).

finds herself. The weather changed so unmercifully yesterday that Lovell & I both grew ill ; & this makes me the more anxious to hear of our too sensible* & inestimable Queen.

“ My warmest wishes—physical, political & moral—ever attend her. B.”

“ Here is my cousin’s answer, Dearest Emma : ‘ Io la capisco ’—Her Brother assured me there is not the semblance of an insurrection, and that our dear, dear, Queen is misled by a set of scoundrels. Send me word where you will be.

“ Yesterday we dined on Mount Vesuvius ; today we were to have dined on its victim Pompeii ; but, by the grace of God which passeth all understanding, since Bartolomeo himself, that weather soothsayer, did not foresee this British weather, we are prevented.

“ In the meantime, all this week and the next, is replete with projects to Ischia, Procyta, &c., so God only knows when I can worship again my Diana of Ephesus—

“ Write me word explicitly how you are, *what* you are, & where you are ; & be sure, that wheresoever I am, still I am yours, My dearest Emma.”

The allusion to Diana of Ephesus, “ so indecently coupled with an Apostolic blessing,” comments the anonymous writer of “ Memoirs of Lady Hamilton ” (published in her lifetime), has reference to the part of Diana which was personated by her Ladyship with great effect, and of which there is an engraving executed at Naples after a picture painted by the order of her husband. “ Yet the Bishop,” continues this censorious though prurient writer, “ was not altogether blind to the improprieties of his dearest connexions at this period ; for being one day at Sir William Hamilton’s and engaged in conversation with Emma, a lady was announced of a character so notorious that his Lordship instantly took up his hat and prepared to depart. ‘ Why, my lord, you are not going, are you ? ’ said Lady Hamilton. ‘ Our company is not I hope disagreeable ; ’ to this he replied : ‘ It is permitted to a bishop to visit one sinner ; but quite unfitting that he should be seen in a brothel.’ ”

In the society which the Bishop met at the English Embassy in this winter of 1794–1795 was the young Prince Augustus (afterwards Duke of Sussex), who made Naples his headquarters at this time and was much fêted there. Barely twenty-one, his marriage to Lady Augustus, daughter to the Earl of Dunmore,

* *I.e.*, “ sensitive.”

had already been annulled in accordance with the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act. The Queen of Naples, who was very civil to him, described him as "a good young man whose light-headedness (*étourderie*) and inexperience make him unfortunate." (In a letter to the Marquis de Gallo, dated December 23, 1794. *Correspondance inédite de Maria Carolina* (Weil).)

The Prince was extremely fond of music, and still more so of hearing himself sing in society, fancying he had a beautiful voice, which was far from the case. He was consequently somewhat of a nuisance to his audience, though flatterers applauded his singing. The Bishop, however, was not one of these, as appears from the following story.

The celebrated Mrs. Billington, the greatest English singer of her day, had resided at Naples for some time, frequently singing at Lady Hamilton's parties. "One evening," it is related, "there was a splendid party at his Excellency's house, and among the rest Mrs. Billington with several other persons of eminence in musical science. The treat afforded by such a combination of taste and talent was of course very great, but in some of the finest airs the young Prince marred the music by interposing his own powers with the design of helping those who would have been better pleased at his silence. The Bishop of Derry, who was naturally impatient, endured all this for some time with only muttering now and then a peevish pish or two; but at length the interruptions became so annoying that he could contain himself no longer, and turning to the royal singer, said: 'Pray cease, you have the ears of an ass.' This coarse censure, however, produced no other effect than to stimulate the performer to fresh exertions, and he also ventured to sing one or two songs for the entertainment of the company, all of whom with the exception of the Bishop affected to be uncommonly delighted.* His lordship, instead of joining in the praises that were bestowed, and scorning to bestow a compliment at the expense of his veracity, said to a lady who sat next to him loud enough to be heard by everyone in the circle, 'this may be very fine braying but it is intolerable singing.' "

* Memoirs of Lady Hamilton, with anecdotes of her friends and contemporaries. In Long's modern edition the name is erroneously given as that of William Henry Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III., now an elderly man. Probably the editor intended the Duke's son, the second Duke of Gloucester, but that young man was not at Naples. Mrs. French, who knew the Duke of Sussex when a young man, said of him: "His vanity is so undisguised, that it wears the form of frankness and therefore gives no disgust. I mentioned to him that I had heard of his excellence in singing and he agreed that he possessed it without hesitation, adding, 'I had the most wonderful voice that ever was heard—three octaves—and I do understand music. I practised eight hours a day in Italy. One may boast of a voice, as it is a gift of nature.' " (Royal Dukes and Princesses: Percy Fitzgerald.)

Countess Lichtenau* (Madame Rietz) says, alluding to this incident in a sort of apology for her friend the Bishop : " Bristol in his jokes was wont to affect English coarseness rather than Gallic nicety." She pays a tribute to the young Prince's good sense in taking no offence, and it is evident that he remained on friendly terms with the outspoken Bishop.

Another anecdote of the Bishop at Naples may be introduced here as being (despite an obvious jumble and certain inexactitudes, attributable either to the chronic deafness of the narrator, Sir William Hotham, or to the irresponsible nature of Neapolitan gossip) highly characteristic of the Bishop's bluff freedom of speech and disregard of exalted rank :

" I remember," says Sir William, " a curious anecdote of his Sicilian Majesty† and the Earl of Bessborough, Bishop of Derry, who had a daughter to whom the King appears to have paid marked attention and whom he very much admired. The King, in course of conversation, very earnestly strove to vindicate himself from the charge sometimes preferred against him of inattention to public affairs. He said that he always heard Mass, and, having done so, signed his public papers and transacted business with his Ministers, and that *then* he considered he had a right to unbend, and hunt and shoot, or in any way follow his own amusement. ' Yes,' said the Bishop curtly, ' and so in other matters your Majesty distinguishes between public duty and private pleasure. You first, as a duty, wed her Majesty, and then for your pleasure make love to my daughter ! ' " The King, as may readily be believed, never had him invited to the Royal presence afterwards. " This story is the less unlikely," continues Hotham, " when it is remembered that the same prelate threw some refuse from his bedchamber window at Siena upon the Host as it passed, and narrowly escaped forfeiting his life to the just fury of the mob." (" Pages and Portraits from the Past," Vol. II., page 142; " Private Papers of Sir William Hotham," by A. M. Stirling.)

The above incident, or whatever of truth underlies it, must be placed in 1795, as Sir William Hotham visited Naples that

* Countess Lichtenau records that the Bishop said this to herself ; and it appears, therefore, that this part of the story refers to a different occasion to that connected with Mrs. Billington, two incidents being strung together in the above narration, whereas a year's interval had in fact occurred between them. For Mrs. Billington resided at Naples in 1795, but had left in 1796, while Countess Lichtenau was never at Naples till 1796. Prince Augustus and the Bishop, however, spent the winters of both years in Naples, during which time the Prince would have had opportunity of repeating his braying in successive years—undaunted by the snubs of the Bishop.

† Ferdinand, King of Naples and the Two Sicilies.

year after the Bishop's departure, and presumably there heard the story bandied about ; but he evidently did not jot it down till many years had elapsed, as is shown by his allusions to the Bishop's adventure at Siena, which occurred long afterwards. Hotham's jumble in calling the Bishop Lord "Bessborough" shows he had no personal acquaintance with the Bishop, who was everywhere known as Lord Bristol. Moreover, it suggests suspicion as to the accuracy of other items in the story. With regard to the King making love to the Bishop's *daughter*, I find no trace or likelihood of any of the Bishop's daughters being at Naples with him at any time in 1795 or 1796. It is possible, however, that the fascinating Lady Elizabeth may have been at Naples and have left before the Bishop arrived on the scene. Again, with regard to the King's taking offence, if he did so, it could not have been for long. Certainly the Bishop was well received at Court to the very end of his visits to Naples in successive years and remained *persona gratissima* with the Queen, and it may be pointed out that the incident could not have occurred at a later time, for when the Bishop visited Naples many years afterwards the Court had fled to Palermo.

The conspiracy of Don Luigi de' Medici caused profound sensation and alarm at Naples in February of 1795. The Bishop writes thence to Lady Hamilton at Caserta (Supplement to Letters of Lord Nelson, 1814) :

"There is no doubt that Don Luigi is implicated ; that very circumstance argues the extent of the mischief ; for so cautious a man, & one whose sentiments are so publicly known would not engage without good support. I have conversed with one of his intimates—one who is no stranger to his dearest secret. The evidence will be difficult, perhaps impracticable, unless his most confidential friends can be gained ; & that I fear is impossible.

"But the character of the Garrison at Capua is of the most alarming complexion, & yet is what I can best depend on. I think *Wade* could tell much if he would speak out. Adieu ! Lovell & I were on Vesuvius. He goes, like a true parson, only to eat the better. I foresee he will once more fall into *Nudi's* hands. Procyta will be another Duo ; for I hate large parties on such, & especially females—unless they are Phoenixes, like yourself. It is a great discouragement to a Caserta party to view the whole town buried in a mist ; and the Belvedere alone, like a buoy, to point out the shoal. Sweet Emma adieu. Every wish of my heart beats for the dear Queen."

The Queen was now in a situation of grave difficulty and danger. Whatever her faults as a ruler or as a woman, her hatred of the French who had murdered their Queen, her sister, was but natural ; and she beheld with horror the importation of the new Jacobinism from France among her husband's subjects. But to combat it, the only resources known to her were suppression and punishment. Thus, under the system of tyranny which she encouraged, treachery and conspiracy spread, and even men like Luigi de' Medici, who had enjoyed her favour and confidence, lent themselves to secret connivance with her enemies.

If we are to look for any cause beneath the surface in the Bishop's throwing himself with ardour into the interests of the Queen of Naples, it may be found in her friendly attitude towards England, and in the Bishop's own detestation of the political developments in France, and his alarm at the spread of French invasion in the north of Italy. In fact his feeling of hostility, political and personal, to the new France grew to an obsession, colouring the whole trend of his ideas and movements in his latter years.

CHAPTER XLVIII

1795 (*continued*)

THE Bishop remains at Naples throughout March, 1795. A letter of his which we are about to produce must, therefore, by the date of it have been written there. It shows that despite his manifold Continental distractions, he kept in touch with his diocese and took a keen interest in the dispensation of his Irish patronage. This letter, now in the possession of his great-grandson, the Rev. Sydenham Hervey, is addressed to a young Irish Clergyman, Newburg or Newburgh Burroughs, whose father, the Rev. Doctor Lewis Burroughs, had formerly been Archdeacon of Derry, and the Bishop now bestowed the same office on the son. It may be here explained, by way of preface to the letter, that the Bishop was very intimate with the children of the late Archdeacon, who had now been dead some nine years, and they lived at Bellaghy, near Ballyscullion; and as interest attaches to the earlier stages of this intimacy we may here turn to trace it in the Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, where we find the following story told as characteristic of the Bishop's impulsive and sometimes eccentric generosity. The incident related seems to have occurred before Newburgh Burroughs had been ordained :

“ Mr. Burroughs,” says Charlemont, “ son to an Archdeacon of Derry who had been an intimate friend of the Bishop, being engaged in a lawsuit for his wife's estate, on the event of which his all depended, and being unfortunately deficient in those means, by which, to the disgrace of the law, even Justice must be bought, was supplied by the Bishop with 500 pounds towards bringing this suit to an issue. The trial approached, and his Lordship desired to be informed by express of the decision, which was unfavourable to Burroughs.* The express returned

* The elder Burroughs was succeeded in the Archdeaconry on his death in 1786 by Archdeacon Soden. He resigned in 1795, being bankrupt and heavily in debt to the Bishop. The younger Burroughs was thereupon appointed to succeed him.

with a letter from the Bishop, informing his protégé that fearful of what had happened, he had kept in his hands a very considerable benefice which he had now given to Burroughs' brother, well knowing from the fraternal affection existing between them, that it was in effect given to him, at the same time desiring him to send his wife and family to Downhill, where they might live as long as might be convenient to them. And here I cannot avoid mentioning a circumstance which tends to show that in this strange man generosity itself assumed the appearance of whim. The lady, with her family, settled at Downhill, but Mrs. Burroughs, unwilling to tease the Bishop with a sucking child, had, unknown to his Lordship, lodged her youngest infant at a neighbouring village whither she sometimes went to see the child. Her visits were discovered by the Bishop, who after some kind reproaches consented that the child should not now be removed ; but to facilitate her intercourse, which was rendered somewhat inconvenient by the badness of the road, a hundred labourers, by his order, in the course of one day, converted a rough and narrow lane into a fine spacious road."

Many years had elapsed since the incident, when the Bishop wrote the following letter from Naples :

" March 26, '95.

" DEAREST NEWBURG, as this goes by a King's Messenger, I hope it will arrive in time to decide yr acceptance of the Archdeaconry with the amputation of £83 for Curate. In that case I pledge myself to pay one half the salary until I annex the office of Vicar General to the Archdeaconry, which was always my project. I pledge myself also to raise your tithes on the Church lands from £128 to £140 and to become the tenant of them at that Rate for 21 years or during your incumbency : & even not to appoint a curate until the Chapel & Glebe house be completely built. Tell Mr. Sandys* that I highly approve his drawing for the Iron rails of staircase, but that in order to save expense I apprehend they ought to be of *Cast Iron* and gilt afterwards. Could they be of Cast Copper they would look infinitely richer, as I have witness in the Royal Staircase at Brussels.

* There were two brothers of the name of Sandys, both in the employment of the Bishop and imported by him from Ireland into Suffolk. Francis Sandys was the Architect of Ickworth, and the Revd. Joseph Sandys was a sort of Clerk of the Works. The latter was married to Frances, sister of Newburgh Burroughs. The Bishop styled her " dearest Fanny." She and her husband resided at Ickworth at this time, their children being baptized there. The register describes the parents as " of Kilrea in the Kingdom of Ireland." Whether the staircase was for Ickworth or Ballyscullion is not clear.

“ As to Dearest indefatigable Mary Anne* give my love to her and assure her how highly I approve all her proposals about Beds, Bolsters & Pillows, but that the sudden departure of a King’s messenger does not leave me time to particularise. In short I hope ardently you may remove to the Archdeaconry, for I will leave no stone unturned to augment its income, especially if I purchase any part of Mr. Jackson’s Estate. Yours most affect. BRISTOL.”

“ Rev. Mr. Newburg Burroughs.”

Newburgh Burroughs was duly collated to the Archdeaconry of Derry, and we now take leave of him for two years, and when we find him next travelling with the Bishop he is no more “ dearest Newburg ” but “ Sir.”

Within a month of writing the above letter the Bishop left Naples—to return there the next winter. Before his departure, the Queen, in a note to Lady Hamilton, of date April, 1795 (Egerton MSS., 1617, British Museum), sends a message of farewell to the Bishop: “ *mes compliments au cher milord évêque, qui bien m’a obligé par son cour.*”

The Bishop now moved northwards on his way to Germany. In June he was at Bologna, where he wrote the following letter to his agent at Downhill. It is one of many proofs of the superintendence which he kept up over his Irish dependents and property.

The letter is addressed to “ Mr. Robert Dallas, Downhill, Coleraine, Ireland—France by Mantova ”:

“ Bologna,
“ 17th June, ’95.

“ Robert Dallas, I desire you would immediately carry the enclosed letter to Mr. G. & inform me of his answer. The letter contains an order to prosecute Mr. Dick, the stone-cutter as a defaulter in having received the whole money for the Spire of Dunbar & not yet having begun it. As no one knows better than yr self the malconduct of this miscreant, I have appointed you to deliver the letter that you may by return of Post deliver me his answer. At the same time I shall be glad to know the state of my *trees*, my walks & Allen’s Glen at Downhill which I should have visited this Autumn but for this unfortunate War, being now as well & as stout as ever I was in my life, & very impatient to revisit my dearest Downhill. I hope my tenants have not suffered by any rigour of the Season, & insist upon it

* I think “ dearest Mary Anne ” was Miss Burroughs, daughter of the former Archdeacon and sister of the new one. She and her mother were guests of the Bishop at Downhill in past years.

that you give me early notice of any such calamity—I cannot upon any account consent to your sleeping out of my house any more after the accident of the Gallery. BRISTOL.”*

The Bishop’s expression of his affection for Downhill and of his hope of returning there was probably sincere. But his cosmopolitan preoccupations were henceforth to incline him farther and farther from a return to his native country, leading him into a long train of vain designs in which he became totally immersed.

From Bologna the Bishop passed to Verona, where he encountered the throneless Louis XVIII. of France ; and proceeded to Munich. Thence he dispatched a letter of news to Lady Hamilton :

“ Munich,
“ 14 July, 1795.

“ DEAREST EMMA,

“ Here is great news from England. My letters of the 26th June assure me, seven thousand men are embarked for St. Pol de Léon, together with a number of *émigrés*—that, the week before, a bishop, & sixty priests were most prosperously landed at the same place, and received with the greatest acclamations—that six sail of the line from Russia were in sight, & the pilots gone to conduct them—that in Amsterdam, & other towns of Holland, there is the greatest insurrection in favour of that fool the Stadtholder. All this, however, can only tend to facilitate peace, but not at all to restore that despicable, odious family of Bourbons—the head of which is now at Verona, where we left him eating *two capons* a day ; (’tis a pity the whole family are not *capons* :) and, what is more, dressing them himself in a superb kitchen—the true chapel of a Bourbon Prince. Emma ! if that dear Queen of Naples does not write herself to Prince d’Oria (Doria) for me, I won’t look at your beautiful face these six months—‘ *Coûte que coûte*.’

“ To-morrow for Pymont near Hanover. Emma—adieu ! ”

The author of the “ Memoirs of Lady Hamilton, with Anecdotes of Her Friends ”—written in 1815 at a time when Lady Hamilton had fallen into adversity and when the Bishop had long been in his grave—exclaims in virtuous indignation with reference to the “ Count Bishop’s ” effusions quoted above : “ After the cruel reflection on the present amiable sovereign of France who could have expected to see in the same letter such

* This letter is now in the possession of Geraldine, Marchioness of Bristol, and published by her permission.

fulsome compliments . . .” Alluding to the Bishop’s praise of the Queen of Naples—“the modern Messalina,” as our author is pleased to call her—he sententiously proceeds: “Disgusting as these extracts must be to every mind where the sense of honour & the love of virtue continue to predominate, they are yet not without their uses, particularly as they serve to show the pernicious consequences that always result to those who abandon the station in which they are placed for a life of greater freedom. . . .”

Without emulating the writer either in “disgusting” readers or improving the occasion, our chronicles now lead us to follow the Count Bishop in a new course of “freedom” which may be thought to do his memory little credit.

This new course may be said to have been entered upon during the Bishop’s sojourn at Munich in the summer of 1795, for it was there that he fell in with Madame Ritz (later Countess Lichtenau), mistress of King Frederick William II. of Prussia, and started an outrageous flirtation with her, one object of it—it may be assumed—being to gain insight into the inner circles of Prussia and thus acquire influence in the field of Continental diplomacy; although of course no trace of any such design is apparent in his correspondence with the lady.

The following, the first of a series of effusive letters addressed to this lady and published by her in her “Apologie,”* was evidently written at Munich in July, 1795, shortly before his departure. By this time the acquaintance, so lately begun, had rapidly grown to a lively intimacy.

“Chère amie, Si le temps fait beau demain, rendez-le moi encore plus beau par votre chère et payable compagnie au lac de Storemberg, On dit que c’est tout ce-qu’il y’a de plus joli dans les environs de Munich, et vous qui aimez tant les tableaux, vous ne devriez pas négliger un Tableau fait par la main de la nature,—ce peintre à qui vous êtes redevable de tant de grâces, de tant d’attraits, que la tête tourne à quiconque a la hardiesse de les contempler.

“Chère amie, ne me refusez pas la première grâce que j’ai

* “Countess Lichtenau’s Apologie” (French translation) (not to be confounded with a book of spurious memoirs). Absurdly enough the genuineness of this series of letters of the Bishop published by Countess Lichtenau (Madame Ritz) has been disputed by a modern writer (Turquan, “A Great Adventuress” (*i.e.*, Lady Hamilton), Vol. I., page 262) on the ground that Lord Bristol (the Bishop) addresses Countess Lichtenau in the *second person singular*, “which is not customary in English”—a poor compliment to the Bishop’s familiarity both with the French language and with the fair sex. Those, however, who are acquainted with the Bishop’s habitually warm and irresponsible style of letter-writing will, on the contrary, easily recognize his peculiar characteristics through the whole of this correspondence.

le courage de vous demander, et que je voudrais bien avoir l'occasion de vous restituer. En cas que ce petit voyage soit impracticable, donnez-moi de vos chères nouvelles, poste restante à Hanovre, et comptez parmi ceux qui vous sont le plus dévoués Le Comte de Bristol."

The extraordinary association of the Bishop and the courtesan—there is no reason to suspect it of being more—was to last some two years, and its history will cover several chapters. Here it will be merely noted that, after its opening stage at Munich, its further development was interrupted by the lady's continuing her travels southward to Italy while the Bishop moved northwards via Hanover to Pymont on his way to Berlin.

Meanwhile we may turn to catch a pleasant, and rather unexpected, glimpse of him amiably corresponding with his family in England. Letters no longer existing which he wrote from Pymont at this time to his brother, and to his daughters, Lady Erne and Lady Louisa, now married to Mr. Jenkinson, who a year later was to become Lord Hawkesbury on his father being created Earl of Liverpool,* are referred to in the Journals of William Hervey as follows :

" Oct. 7, Wednesday (1795 Ickworth).

" Sister B† received a letter this morning from Lou, mentioning that she had one from B.B.‡ wherein he mentions mine to him of 15th August, as prudent, temperate and affectionate.

" Oct. 8, Thursday. I received from B.B. two letters of 19 & 20 Sept. from Pymont, mentioning mine to him of 14 August as written in all the calm lights of mild philosophy.

" Oct. 11, Sunday. Received another from B.B. dated 27 Sept. inclosing a blank note of attorney.

" Oct. 13, Tuesday. Received a 4th from B.B. In B.B.'s letter to Lady Erne he mentions my letter of 14 Aug. as very affectionate, friendly & pathetic, over which, albeit unused to the melting mood, he could almost have wept."

From Pymont, his favourite health resort, where he spent a month and more, the Bishop proceeded to Berlin. There it was that he began to establish the footing of intimacy which he

* The marriage had taken place on March 25, 1795. Robert Banks Jenkinson, Lord Hawkesbury, became eventually second Earl of Liverpool, and was First Lord of the Treasury from 1812 to 1827.

† Lady Bristol.

‡ Brother Bristol.



Louisa Theodosia, Countess of Liverpool, third daughter of fourth Earl of Bristol. *M.* 1795, second Earl of Liverpool; *d.* June, 1821.

By George Romney, 1790-92. Portrait at Ickworth.

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maintained during the two following years in the entourage of Frederick William II. The rapid advance he had made in the good graces of Madame Ritz when he met her at Munich, doubtless ensured him a warm reception at Berlin by the King—"le gros Jules"—as Catherine of Russia nicknamed him; while in the absence of the Favourite herself on her travels, the Bishop kept up a lively correspondence with her.

Soon after his arrival at Berlin he wrote, on the 31st October, 1795, to Lady Hamilton (Mr. Sichel's "Emma Lady Hamilton," page 141) some curious items of political news to be transmitted to the Queen of Naples while boldly soliciting the exertion of the Queen's influence with her brother the Emperor :

"The poor Austrian General* had no orders, no permission from that execrable Council of War at Vienna, one half of which are publicly known to be sold to the National Convention. Lord Longford and his pedantic friend Mr. Knoll are just arrived from Vienna—they assure me nothing can be more notorious or more publicly talked about than the Venality of the Council of War. Dearest Emma tell our dear inestimable Queen from me that unless she has weight enough to get that infamous Council of War absolutely suppressed, annihilated, 'tis impossible that a General can either *seize* his advantage or pursue it."

It was perhaps to this and similar letters that the Queen of Naples in one of her undated billets to Lady Hamilton alludes with some caution :

"Je vous renvoie les lettres de Milord Bristol. C'est un home (*sic*) que je crois, malgré sa tête, capable d'attachement."†

A story characteristic of the Bishop relates to this visit at Berlin. It is said that being present at a great dinner given by the King of Prussia to the Duke of Brunswick, the Bishop showed "uncommon freedom of speech" in a remark which he made to the King before all the guests. The Bishop was strongly opposed to the Treaty which his Prussian Majesty not long before had concluded with the French Government, involving the neutrality of Prussia, by which she forsook the Allies. Being offered some *capon* the Bishop declined it, on

* The celebrated General Count Wurmser, born in 1741. After alternate successes and defeats he beat the French near Mannheim on October 29, 1795. In 1796 he was appointed to command the Italian army. We shall find him in communication with the Bishop at that time.

† Egerton MSS., 1617.

which the King asked him if he disliked the dish. "Yes, Sire," replied the Bishop, "I have an aversion to all Neutrals."*

* Frederick William II. after two years of military operations, in which the Prussians took but little part, had signed April 5th, 1795, the treaty of Bâle, by which Prussia surrendered to France all the possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, while Germany on the North was declared *neutral*—to the disgust of the Bishop, and contrary to the policy of England.

The above story has been variously told. Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary places the incident at Pyrmont two years later (1797), at a dinner given by the King of Prussia to the Prince Royal of Denmark. According to this account the Bishop "boldly said, after the conversation about the *active ambition* of England had been changed into enquiries about the delicacy of a roasted capon, that he did not like neutral animals let them be ever so delicate." It may well have been that the Bishop made the same *mot* on both occasions, repeating himself like many another wit.

CHAPTER XLIX

1795 (*continued*)

THE Bishop's association and correspondence with Wilhelmine Encke, alias Madame Ritz, alias Countess Lichtenau, became so marked a feature of his life from 1795 to 1797 that reference to her past career is inevitable. The relations of "Minchen" Encke (as she was familiarly nicknamed) with the King had begun some twenty years earlier, when she was a very young girl and when he was Prince of Prussia and heir-presumptive to his uncle, Frederick the Great. She was the daughter of a humble musician.* The Prince, struck by her simplicity and her intelligence, caused her to be educated by accomplished masters, and she soon showed a great interest in art, and a desire to improve herself in knowledge. Two children were born to her connection with the Prince. They were styled Count Alexander and Countess Mariana von der Mark (or de la Marche), and when the Prince became King were treated as semi-royal. The boy was adored by his father and was said to be the only human being who could rouse him from his habitual apathy. On the child's premature death the King was inconsolable. Countess Mariana thereafter took the place which her brother had held, remaining always near the King and being more favoured than any other of his numerous children.

The relations of Wilhelmina Encke with the King, she tells us, did not continue. She had, in fact, to give way to a long succession of rivals, who in time, however, were removed by death or other causes. Meanwhile she retained the King's friendship. She was, at his wish, nominally married to one Ritz, a personal attendant on the King, a man of low origin, who acquired a back-stair influence which made him one of the most important personages about the Court. The marriage was

* A scandalous pamphlet maliciously published on her imprisonment besmirches her mother's character, and her own, in childhood and youth. It is entitled "Geheime Papiere der Gräfin Von Lichtenau (Vulgo Minchen Encke), Charlottenburg im Rietzischen Schlosse, 1798."

not a legal one, as it was celebrated merely according to the rites of the Illuminati—a sect in vogue at the Court of Frederick William II.

Madame Ritz is described as of classic beauty and splendid physique; accomplished and cultivated, brilliant in conversation, and withal good-humoured and conciliatory. She is said to have been so fascinating that no man could resist her. As the King became middle-aged, she regained her ascendancy, and—like another Pompadour—without jealousy of women younger than herself, she provided for the indolent King's pleasures, and became so indispensable to his comfort that she acquired complete sway over him. Thus it came to pass that her influence was solicited by state officials and by foreign envoys.

When she accompanied the King to the war against France, she was consulted by Generals in the field. When the Peace of Bâle was being negotiated, the English Ambassador, Sir Henry Spencer, endeavoured, but without success, to induce her to break it off in order that Prussia might remain faithful to the Coalition, and offered her a large bribe for that end. At the time when the Bishop came upon the scene, she was regarded as a protectress by the French émigrés, and she professed hostility to the French Government, from which attitude it would appear that the Bishop had hopes of making use of her influence. When the Bishop encountered Madame Ritz at Munich she was embarked on a course of travel, accompanied by a numerous retinue. Italy was to be her ultimate destination, and on the way she was about to visit Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist at Zurich, who afterwards recorded his warm admiration of her intellectual accomplishments. The story of the origin of her travelling tour and her departure from Berlin is a curious one. A crisis in her life had led to the realization of a long-cherished wish to travel and see the art-treasures of Italy. The rupture of a marriage-engagement had provided the opportunity and the excuse for leaving Berlin for a time, and under the plea of health-seeking, of the need of distraction and of passing the next winter in a southern climate, she obtained permission from the King for a year's absence, promising to write to him every day and (in accordance with his superstitious beliefs) to search for "the Philosopher's Stone." The history of her recent entanglement was that a young Irishman, Lord Templetown, some fifteen years younger than herself, had ardently fallen in love with her mature charms and wished to marry her. Lord Templetown's mother, by the way, appears to have been on friendly terms with Madame Ritz

—a letter from Lady Templetown to Madame Ritz (among the latter's correspondence) expressing warm gratitude for kindness shown by Madame Ritz in Berlin to the writer's younger son, Arthur Upton, indicates a good understanding between the two ladies.*

Madame Ritz's illegal marriage with Ritz was evidently considered no obstacle to an alliance with Lord Templetown, and the King could hardly have objected on the score of bigamy, as he himself had had two legal wives at a time, with the full approval of Ministers of the Lutheran Church. The King, however, refused his consent to the marriage when it was already arranged, his Majesty being afraid—so says the gossip of Vehse, historian of German Courts—lest Madame Ritz should follow her new suitor over the seas and thus put an end to the friendly intercourse which had become a part of the King's very existence. Scandal, indeed, gave another version. The passionate young Irishman, it reported, had boxed the ears of the lady, having caught her with a lover of much humbler pretensions, after which she induced the King to banish his lordship from Berlin, and, as a winding up, determined upon solacing herself with travelling. (Vehse's "Court of Prussia.") Be that as it may, the attachment came to an abrupt conclusion in the spring of 1795. It was in allusion to this affair, by which it is said the lady's heart had been much affected, that the Bishop is found writing to her, advising her to "forget *un fichu Irlandais*," and to replace him by "*un Saint Evêque*." It may be remarked here in passing that the Bishop had no liking for the Templetown family, on account of his son Frederick's attachment to Miss Upton, the slenderly-dowered daughter of Lady Templetown and sister of "*le fichu Irlandais*."

It was during the Bishop's visit to Berlin in the autumn of 1795 that he developed a plan—it had perhaps originated at Munich in concert with Madame Ritz—that she should pass the coming winter at Naples under his ægis, and that she should be presented to the Queen of Naples. He was thus to figure himself in the circle of two Courts at once, and to establish a link, as it were, between Prussia and Naples; and so, indirectly, to forward English policy according to his own ideas against the detested French Government.† But there was at the outset,

* "Countess Lichtenau (Madame Ritz's) Apologie," Vol. II.

† The Bishop was not the only Englishman who saw the advantage to England of cultivating the Ritz alliance. A few months later Lord Elgin wrote to Lady Grenville (Fortescue Papers, at Dropmore, Historical Commission, Vol. III., page 198): "M. Ritz, formerly Valet de Chambre, now Private Treasurer, has very great weight with the King. . . . Much benefit would be derived from habitual intercourse with the Society and connections of M. Ritz. . . . Many instances might, I am confident, be found in applying money to this purpose."

what might appear, a serious impediment to this charming plan ; the Queen of Naples declined to receive Madame Ritz. Maria Caroline was not squeamish as to virtue ; but no bourgeoisie could be received at her Court, and, just as she formerly would not know Emma Lyon till she became Lady Hamilton, so she now would not know plebeian Madame Ritz. The difficulty could be easily overcome—His Prussian Majesty had but to create her a Countess ; she could as easily be released from her non-binding alliance with the low-born Ritz, such being an impediment to her rising into a higher social sphere. The Bishop, on his visit to Berlin, took upon himself to lay the lady's case before the good-natured Monarch while she was pursuing her travels in Italy. He had but to explain the urgency of the matter. Forthwith a patent of nobility was despatched by his Majesty to the *ci-devant* Madame Ritz at Venice—her brother being the conveyor of it ; after receiving which she travelled thence as Countess Lichtenau (of the Principality of Pyrmont), and as such was everywhere received in Italy. It was apparently pending these negotiations that the Bishop addressed the following letter to the Countess designate at Pisa, whither she had gone to drink the waters by the advice of her physician before making a *détour* to Venice. In some anxiety lest, after all, his plans for the winter rendezvous should miscarry, he wrote :

“ Berlin,
“ ce 2me Novembre, '95.

“ J'apprends ce matin avec le plus grand plaisir que votre charmante figure se trouve à Pise, mais avec le plus grand déplaisir que vous comptez pour un seul moment me manquer de parole, et d'aller vous fourrer dans les marais de Venise, au lieu de jouir avec moi du paradis terrestre de Naples, d'un printemps perpetuel, et du plus beau ciel que la nature ait jamais fait, où vous êtes attendue avec la plus grande impatience, où je vous aurais suivie avec la plus grand diligence et où nous aurions passé de superbes journées entières à entendre le divin Paesiello, inimitable Cimarosa, et la Hamilton plus qu'humaine. Faites-moi cette infidélité, si vous l'osez, et Apollon avec toutes ses Muses seconderont les malédictions que je répandrais sur vous pour m'avoir donné un échantillon de votre charmante société, et puis de m'en avoir enlevé la coupe. C'est comme si vous faisiez goûter à dîner vos petits pâtés, et puis renvoyiez le bouilli et le rôti. Oh fi, ma chère dame, ce serait véritablement vilain et indigne de la bonté de votre cœur.

Savez-vous bien que j'ai passé deux heures ce matin avec de vraies délices à contempler, votre superbe théâtre, votre élégant lit, où il ne manquait que la dormeuse, pour le rendre parfait, et surtout votre magnifique salon ? Tout porte l'empreinte du vrai goût, et rien ne se désire dans ce palais de fée, que la présence de sa maîtresse.

"Le Comte de Nesselrode (the eminent diplomatist) qui dîne aujourd'hui chez moi, me charge de mille compliments de sa part. Moi sans . . . compliment, mais du vrai fond de mon cœur, je fais les vœux les plus ardents, pour votre bien-être, et pour notre réunion à Naples. BRISTOL."

Although the lady's dilatory and indirect course of travel caused the day of "reunion" to be long postponed, the Bishop's hopes were not to be disappointed in the end ; and, if she had vacillated for a time, the arrival at Venice of her patent of nobility made all things smooth for her subsequent journey to Naples.

Leaving for the moment this strangely assorted pair of intriguers on their respective travels, a word may be said here on the nature of the tie which "united" them. Indefensible as is the association of a Bishop with a King's Mistress, the honourable light in which Countess Lichtenau—to give her henceforth her due style and dignity—herself professed to view her elderly admirer should be made clear by her own statement. In a preface to the Earl Bishop's letters to her, published in her "Apologie," she refutes some assertions as to his general immorality which a certain Herr Seume relates in his book. She declares that, while in her opinion he was certainly irreligious, "Bristol had strong innate principles and that attacks on his morals were as unseemly as false. What Bristol may have done in his younger days she considered outside the question, but she thought it horrible to accuse a man of his age of physical love. Far from running after any *grisette*, he only became the friend of women of culture and position. Even at a distance he cherished a tender regard for his family, always providing for their well-being. In short he was a capable and tender-hearted man, despite many faults and blemishes which his virtues made one easily forget. The principle which he adhered to unfailingly is to be found in one of his own letters : 'il me faut absolument trouver des malheureux pour en faire des heureux.' Surely this atones for many faults and failings ! After this explanation," continues Countess Lichtenau, "it is to be hoped that no reader will hesitate carefully to peruse the Bristolian letters in spite of Herr Seume !"

The sincerity of this defence of her old friend appears the more credible that, when Countess Lichtenau wrote it, he was dead, that for some years before his death all communication between them had ceased, and that she had no personal object in speaking well of him.

CHAPTER L

1795-1796

WHILE the Countess Lichtenau, attended by a train of artists, savants, and admirers, of whom a certain young Chevalier de Saxe was the most ardent, made a leisurely progress through Italy, collecting pictures and treasures for which her royal protector lavishly paid, the Bishop with his chaplain Lovell hastened southwards from Berlin with his "*bottes de sept lieues*" to anticipate her arrival at Naples.

On his way he was encountered at Bologna by Lady Webster, then travelling in Lord Holland's company. An entry in her Journal notes under date November, 1795 ("Lady Holland's Journal," Vol. I., page 138): "Lord Bristol with some wretched dependents came to my inn; he dined one day with me. He is a clever, bad man. He asked me to let him have a copy of my picture, the one done by Fagan and belonging to my friend Italinski. I hesitated much, and implied without giving it, a denial. He told me of Ly. Louisa Hervey's marriage to Mr. Jenkinson a son of Ld. Hawkesbury."

The Bishop's admiration of her portrait did not arise from any liking for Lady Webster herself,—so the lady tells us later in relating the strange sequel of the episode. It is clear that Lady Webster, on her part, disliked the Bishop, if for no other reason, on account of his open disrespect for Mr. Fox, the beloved uncle of Lord Holland, and the great Whig idol of Holland House. In Rome, to her disgust, she saw the sculpture which had been executed at the Bishop's order representing "Pitt as the infant Hercules strangling the serpents," the heads of which are the portraits of Mr. Fox and Lord North—the Coalition. "Pitt's head," she declared, "is of the natural size upon the body of an infant. The whole performance is like some of the uncouth decorations in the middle ages of our English Cathedrals. The idea was taken from a caricature. The English artists all to a man refused to execute this puerile conceit." Sposino, the

Italian sculptor of it, she reprobates as a man "who has made a lasting monument of Lord Bristol's bad taste, and the merit of originality is not his."

Soon after his arrival at Naples, the Bishop wrote to his newly created Prussian Countess. (Countess von Lichtenau's "Apologie," Vol. II.)

"Ce 29 Décembre, '95.

"De grâce, chère Comtesse, et adorable amie, ne continuez plus à croupir dans la fange de cette malsaine ville de Rome, de cette cité sans citoyens, ces sénateurs sans sénat, et ce ciel moitié eau, moitié air; mais venez jouir de ce paradis terrestre, et augmentez-en les charmes les jouissances et les attrait par votre présence.

"Hier: j'ai tenté votre appartement; salle à manger, salle à digestion, deux chambres à coucher &c.; exposé au midi d'où on jouit du soleil dans tout son beau, depuis son lever jusqu'à son coucher. Alla Gran Bretagna tout est rempli, pas même un cabinet à louer, pas un tout petit *boudoir*, appartements d'ailleurs très-superflus pour mon aimable et bien-amiee Comtesse qui ne *boude* personne et jamais.

"C'est donc alle Crocelle (the hotel at Naples which he had frequented in former years) que vous ferez des heureux, et que vous jouirez de ce paradis terrestre; que vous reprendrez votre santé, et votre gaïeté; que vous oublierez un fichu irlandais, et que vous le remplacerez par un saint Évêque, digne de votre attachement par celui même qu'il vous porte, et par l'inalterable estime que vos vertus et vos talents ont imprimés dans la plus grande profondeur de son cœur un peu trop sensible.

"Marquez-moi donc, chère amie, le jour de votre départ, et je ferai l'impossible pour vous rencontrer dans la portique de ce beau palais de Naples, Mola di Gaeta. Là vous jouerez d'avance et dans le lointain de l'Isle d'Ischia, Capri et Vésuve, et, d'un angle du golfe de Naples. Je vous prendrai en phaéton, pour mieux jouir de ce céleste ciel, et vous sentirez à chaque pas combien ce fichu irlandais, s'éloignera de votre cœur, et un digne Anglais le remplacera. Chère Comtesse adieux jusqu'à ce bienheureux moment; partez au plutôt, et ne retardez pas votre bonheur et le mien. BRISTOL.

"Figurez-vous, ma chère amie, que dans ce moment, je viens de recevoir votre très-chère lettre en date de bains de Pise le 30 Septembre; et quoique adressée à Naples, elle a roulé toute l'Allemagne, porte les marques de Francfort, Nuremberg, et Genove. Qu'elles bêtes que les maîtres de poste!"

The Lichtenau, whose arrival at Naples was now so impatiently awaited, delayed her coming from Rome where she was sitting for her portrait to Angelica Kauffmann. Meanwhile the Bishop's correspondence with Lady Hamilton continued as ardently as ever. The light of Lady Hamilton was not to be in any way eclipsed by the new star in the Bishop's firmament. He apparently desired they should shine with equal lustre at the same time, while the Queen herself was the great luminary in whose rays all were to bask. And as if to guard against Lady Hamilton suspecting any rival to herself in his regard, the Bishop gallantly assures her that she remains "the first letter of his Alphabet." The following letter seems to belong to this time—December, 1796:

"EVER DEAREST EMMA, I went down to your Opera box two minutes after you left it; and should have seen you on the morning of your departure (for Caserta) but was detained in the arms of Murphy, as Lady Eden expresses it, and was too late. You say nothing of the adorable Queen; I hope she has not forgot me, but as Shakespeare says, 'Who doats must doubt,' and I verily deem her the very best edition of a woman I ever saw—I mean, of such as are not in *folio*, and are to be *had* in *sheets*—I will come on Friday or Saturday (to Caserta); but our British Colony are so numerous that my duties obstruct my pleasures. Ever, & invariably, dearest dear Emma most affectionately yours, B.

"You see, I am but the second letter of your Alphabet, though you are the first of mine."

The new year of 1796 opened gloomily at Caserta, where the Bishop arrived as a guest. The health both of Sir William and of Lady Hamilton's mother, who resided with them, gave cause for anxiety. The Queen sent constantly to inquire after the invalids.

One missive from the Queen runs as follows:

"Je vous prie de faire bien mes complimens à l'Excellent milord Bristol et de lui dire que je rougis pensant à toute l'obligation que j'ai de ses attentions, auxquels je n'ai point remercié avant, ignorant où le retrouver. Adieu ma chère amie, excusez-moi, et ne me faites point perdre l'amitié du bon Évêque que je prise infiniment. Ménagez votre santé, Dieu vous accorde à tous une heureuse nuit, et croyez-moi pour la vie, bien sincèrement votre bien attachée amie."

At length, in January, 1796, Countess Lichtenau with her suite arrived in Naples from Rome. The young de Saxe, it may

be mentioned in passing, was now no longer in her train, being to his infinite regret detained in Rome by his father. His letters addressed thence to the object of his infatuation at Naples appear the passionate effusions of a boy, smitten, as he confesses, by a woman for the first time. The mature coquette evidently replied, alternately discouraging his excessive ardour, and, while sending her portrait, good-naturedly permitting him to hope. Meanwhile the Countess made a triumphant entry into Neapolitan Society, being admitted by the Queen to her circle, entertained by the all-powerful Minister, General Acton, and of course received at the English Embassy with open arms. The Bishop paid court to her every day, and openly displayed her miniature suspended from his neck. It is curious to note that a water-colour portrait of the Bishop evidently painted at Naples—Vesuvius is seen in the background—represents him wearing the miniature, over his episcopal coat—which, it may be added, is of puce or purplish colour.*

There is mention of Madame Ritz and the Bishop at this time in a letter of Morritt of Rokeby. Morritt, then a very young man, and not as yet arrived at his fame as the erudite traveller, and discoverer of Troy, was now amusing himself, and acquiring experience, by seeing life at Naples, and he wrote home the tittle-tattle about the people he met there. "One of the first luminaries of our society," he wrote from Naples in February, 1796 ("Morritt of Rokeby's Letters," page 289), "is Madame de Ritz, a left-handed wife & long a favourite Sultana of his present Majesty (of Prussia). This lady, as you know, was said to have negotiated the Duke of Brunswick's famous retreat being gained by the French. I do not know whether this is true nor do I much believe it, for she is now quite anti-Gallican, & the English are honoured with every attention. We see her frequently, & dine there sometimes as she gives very agreeable parties, and is, in fact, a very pleasant lively woman, the innamorato people attribute to her is a curious one, viz. Lord Bristol the Bishop of Derry, aged sixty two,† with whom she is very intimate, & travelled part of her tour. Now, as she is young & also rich, I think the affair may admit of doubt; though as to my lord he is the strangest being ever made, & with all the vices and follies of youth, a drunkard and an Atheist, though a Bishop, constantly talking blasphemy, or indecently at least, and at the same time very clever & with infinite wit, in short a true Hervey. As he courts every young & every old

* This picture, now belonging to the Rev. Sydenham Hervey, was bought in Italy some years ago by his aunt, the late Lady Currie.

† The Bishop was sixty-five.



Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, 1794-95. Plan of Ickworth in hand. Bay of Naples and Vesuvius in distance.

From the original in the possession of the Rev. Sydenham H. A. Hervey.



Fourth Earl of Bristol (Comerford).
(From Downhill.)

woman he knows, I suppose like the Irishman who was half married, that in the case of Madame de Ritz he has his own consent."

While the contemporaneous gossip always contributes its quota to history, the above, spicy as it is, may be taken with an admixture of salt. Reference has already been made to the loyal defence of the Bishop which the Countess herself makes in her "Apologie." But to a stranger and an Englishman it naturally appeared sufficiently scandalous that a prelate of the Established Church should openly conduct himself with familiarity towards women. The very openness may, however, be pleaded as a refutation of more serious interpretations, and the Countess, while admitting that it was the habit of "Bristol" to address her and Lady Hamilton familiarly by the French or Italian "Tu," adds that he "greeted Emma before her husband in the most affectionate manner," and that Hamilton on one occasion "seeing her (the Countess) withdraw herself from Bristol's embrace, observed, 'Laissez-le; il embrasse un tableau comme il vous embrasse.'"

The two ladies, after making acquaintance, became at once on the most friendly terms, as is attested by some notes from Lady Hamilton to the Countess. ("Apologie der Gräfin Lichtenau," Vol. II., page 53.) "Un violent mal de tête me retient au lit," writes Lady Hamilton in one, "et me prive du plaisir d'aller vous chercher pour aller chez Lord Bristol. J'en suis au désespoir, car il me semble qu'il y a mille ans que je ne vous ai vue Si cela peut vous convenir, nous remettrons la partie à demain. Vous seriez bien aimable de venir ce soir prendre du thé chez moi. EMMA HAMILTON."

In February, 1796, news of the death at sea of his son, Lord Hervey, reached the Bishop at Naples. It was known in England on the 12th of that month, but probably was not received at Naples till later.* An undated letter from the Bishop to Lady Hamilton thus informs her of the event:

"Wednesday.

"MY DEAREST EMMA, The very unexpected intelligence, which Prince Augustus has most delicately communicated to me, of poor Lord Hervey's *decease* has quite *bouleversé* my already shattered frame.

* General William Hervey received the news at Ickworth on February 12th, 1796, Friday. "At about 4 o'clock an express came from Mr. Jenkinson with an account of my nephew Lord Hervey's death; who died at sea, having caught a cold from going on deck lightly clothed in the night, which held him 3 weeks."

"I would not allow your friendly mind to learn an event so interesting to me from any other hand than that of your affectionate and devoted friend BRISTOL."

The Bishop now became seriously ill at Naples and lay abed many weeks. Lady Webster arriving there at this juncture records a curious story concerning him.

"The principal object of my excursion (to Naples)," she says, "was to see my old friend Italinski. Lord Bristol was there dangerously ill. As soon as the physicians declared him in danger he sent to Italinski for my picture adding that, though he had refused him a copy, he could not deny a dying man anything. Italinski was embarrassed but sent the picture. As soon as it came he had it placed upon an easel at the foot of the bed, & round it large *cires d'églises*, & for aught I know to the contrary, he may still be contemplating my phiz. What makes this freak the more strange is that it is not from regard to me, as he scarcely knows me, & never manifested much liking to me; probably it reminds him of some woman he once loved and whose image occupies his mind in his last moments."

It was probably the beauty of Fagan's painting, and not that of the lady it represented, that excited the Bishop's enthusiastic admiration; and it seems not unlikely he took the opportunity of having the picture copied. The original was eventually returned to its owner and is now at Holland House.

Young Morritt, writing to his sister on February 27, reports of the Bishop: "He has been nearly dying, & I am sorry to say is better and likely to recover."

When getting better, but still in bed, the Bishop wrote as follows to Lady Elizabeth Foster, who, while on a visit to the Duke of Richmond, had, it appears, written to her father recommending Goodwood as a model for his new house at Ickworth. The actual building of this had evidently taken but little form during the four years that elapsed since the Bishop chose the site; but his architectural designs were in course of constant development and made marked progress later in this year.

" Naples,

" March 6, 1796.

"I did not expect a second letter of yours from Goodwood without a plan and elevation of that model of a house you admired so much and prefer to mine.

"A few guineas, my child, would have procured it and you know I am not niggard of them; especially where architecture

is concerned. I am certain on your speaking to the Duke of Richmond he will order it immediately ; you may fold it up in a large letter, & I receive it time enough to adopt any improvement it contains.

“ You beg me on your knees that Ickworth may be built of white stone brick. You know my dear, what Ranger says to his Cousin, & upon my knees I beg you too. What ! Child, build my house of a brick that looks like a sick, pale *jaundiced* red brick, that would be red brick if it could, and to which I am certain our posterity will give a little rouge as essential to its health & beauty ? White brick always looks as if the bricklayers had not burnt it sufficiently, had been niggardly of the fuel ; it looks all dough & no crust. I am even looking out for its crust too, so my dear, I shall follow dear impeccable Palladio’s rule, and as nothing ought to be without a covering in our raw damp climate, I shall cover house pillars & pillasters with Palladio’s stucco which has now lasted 270 years. It has succeeded perfectly well with me at Downhill on that temple of the winds, as well as at my Casino of Derry—that temple of Cloacina. It has resisted the frosts & the rains of Vicenza—*c’est tout dire*—and deceives the most acute eye till within a foot.

“ We have Lord Macartney here these eight days.* They have had him at Court twice & have squeezed this *China orange* so close they left him nothing but the pulp. What restless perturbed spirits he has, that in the course of his short life he has visited Petersburg & Grenada, Madras & Pekin, & is now reduced to a mock embassy to a mock King.† Apropos, I passed two hours & a half with this king of Candides ; he is no Carnival King, however, that is certain, but *un vrai roi de Carême*.‡ I never conversed with a more pleasing, cheerfuller, easier, better-informed man in any country. Adversity has not soured him but sweetened him, & turned all his vinegar into oil. I am truly delighted you are so much so with the picture I sent Louisa. ’Tis a real bijou & just fit for her breakfast room, but you say nothing of the *Berlin déjeuné* which I reckon a great *cadeau*, and when it stands on a tripod of Siberian Malachite will be *impayable*. What say you to my idea of a gallery of German painters from Albert Dürer to Angelica Kauffmann & from Cimabué to Pompeo Battoni, each divided

* Lord Macartney (1737–1806) had been at the head of the first British Mission to China (1792).

† Louis XVIII. in exile, to whom Lord Macartney was sent on a confidential mission.

‡ Carême, the celebrated French chef of Louis XVIII., who was noted for his *gourmandise*.

by pillasters into their respective schools—Venetian for colouring, Bologna for composition, Florence for designs, Rome for sentiment, & Naples for nothing at all? But the Homer of painting is, in my mind, . . . Germany, Rembrandt, & the author of the ‘Descent from the Cross’ at Antwerp. Raphael and all Italian painters are the Minor Poets of painting, the Garths, the Priors, but there is not a Shakespeare among them. Michael Angelo is mad not sublime; ludicrous not dignified. He is the Dante of painters, as Dante is the Michael Angelo of poets. The picture of the last Judgment is so tragical ’tis difficult to say what passion it excites most; and St. Barthélemi, all flayed, who holds up his skin as his ticket of admittance into Heaven, is worthy only of Bartholomew fair. Adieu, This the fortieth day in bed unremittingly, reduced to a shadow, yet devouring like a *shark*. My pulse is a pulse of *threads* scarce to be felt. The King & Queen supply me with game and I make game of everybody. The House—The House—The House.”

CHAPTER LI

1796 (*continued*)

IT was at this time, shortly after the death of his elder son, without issue male, that the Bishop began to scheme an alliance for his younger son, Frederick William, who was now Lord Hervey and heir-apparent to the Earldom of Bristol.

According to Continental custom it mattered nothing that the young persons to be affianced had not seen each other ; and the Bishop, who never anticipated obstacles to his designs, took it for granted that his son would be willing to marry a girl who was as beautiful as she was rich, and who, as the idolized daughter of the King of Prussia, might be counted on to influence the state affairs, and even the Councils of Europe ; and thus raise her husband to a position calculated to satisfy the most ambitious. In this light the Countess Mariana de la Marche appeared to the Bishop a highly desirable daughter-in-law elect. His dear friend Countess Lichtenau willingly inclined to this project of marriage for her daughter, who was aged seventeen, and whose engagement to Count Medem had lately been broken off. The new Lord Hervey was looked upon as a great *parti*, being heir to his father's wealth, which was believed to be immense, while the " Count Bishop " himself, a prominent figure at various Courts, held a unique position, half episcopal and half secular, which seemed, in Continental eyes, akin to that of the great ecclesiastical princes of mediæval times.

Frederick, however, was deeply attached to Miss Elizabeth Upton, daughter of the late Lord Templetown, and sister of the young Lord whose entanglement with Countess Lichtenau has already been discussed. Notwithstanding his son's attachment, the Bishop hoped his opposition would easily put an end to it, such a match not being sufficiently advantageous to gratify his ambition for his son, and, moreover, a connection with the

Templetown family not being to his taste. He was acquainted with Lady Templetown and her daughters who had visited Naples in the preceding winter when the Bishop was there. The Queen, in more than one of her billets to Lady Hamilton, alludes to their reception at Court, and she particularly requests her "*chère amie*" not to omit to see that they have no scents about them ("*odeurs*") "as the Queen's health could not bear such."

Between the Bishop and Countess Lichtenau the common interest in their matrimonial scheme formed a fresh link of intimacy. The Countess, whose year of travel was drawing to a close, was to lay the proposal before the King of Prussia, and bring matters to a head on her arrival at home. Apparently she left Naples for Rome before the Mid-Lent festivities, during which the Bishop, who was detained at Naples by his illness, wrote the following note to her dated "21 Mars, 1796." ("*Apologie*," Vol. II., page 40.)

"Tout est mascarade dans ce monde excepté chez ma chère Wilhelmine. Tu es la franchise et la vérité même, mais avec un cœur trop sensible; ce qui le fera la dupe de plus d'un coquin."

Lady Hamilton, a week later, wrote to the Countess :

"Naples,
"29 Mars, 1796.

"Très-chère amie, Je désire vivement savoir de vos chères nouvelles, et comme va votre santé, et quand vous reviendrez chez-nous. Le bon et bienfaisant Lord Bristol (these epithets it may be noted were first used by the Queen of Naples) est au désespoir sans vous, et vous attend avec le même empressement que les Juifs attendent Notre Seigneur chez-eux. Mon mari vous salue de tout son cœur. La bonne et sincère Denis* ne parle que de vous, et vous embrasse, et nous joignons nos prières pour que vous ne voyiez pas la . . . (name omitted) à Rome, qui a été très-méchante et deshonorée ici. . . . Adieu chère Comtesse, aimez votre sincère et attachée amie,

"EMMA HAMILTON."

* Mrs. Denis, the amiable wife of the English painter, was intimately associated with the household of the Hamiltons and a great favourite of the Bishop, whose letters often allude to her. Madame le Brun lodged in the Denis's house when she was at Naples in 1787, painting the Bishop's portrait. She records in her Memoirs that Mrs. Denis, "who was a Roman, showed me the dagger she always had about her"—according to the custom of Roman women. The Bishop, as we shall see later, offered her a house near Ickworth.

The Bishop's convalescence was slow. He wrote from Naples on April 9 :

“Soyez sûre, ma chère Wilhelmina, que le premier usage que je ferai de la résurrection de mes forces, c'est de me rendre à Rome. Demain je fais le premier essai dans une petite excursion jusqu'à Paestum. Nous revenons Samedi ; et le mardi après, coûte que coûte, je vole jusqu'à Rome. Quand la Montagne ne voulait pas aller jusqu'à Mahomet, le bon prophète s'en allait à la montagne qui ne bougeait point. Bien des amitiés à la chère petite Chappuis* et à votre digne et Vertueux Cicerone le très-savant Hirt :† c'est un parfait honnête homme.”

An undated letter from the Bishop to Day,‡ the miniature painter and well-known collector of Italian pictures who was now residing in Rome, was evidently written shortly before the Bishop's departure from Naples :

“By the greatest luck in the world I have found a man who will lend me £200 & more, so that, if you cannot by any means make a better bargain for me, agree to the *due mille Pezzi duri* which shall be deposited, but die hard I beseech.”

“You wrote to me also for a deposit of £100, and you could make some superlative acquisitions ; this too by the same means I can afford you, so that you may make an *eventual conditional* bargain, & send me a list of what you mean to buy.

“As soon as the weather and my health permit I set off for Rome.”§

The Bishop had sufficiently recovered to leave Naples in May. Before his departure the Queen wrote to Emma to let her know “Si milord Bristol est en état de venir me prendre congé. Sans celà, je prendrai congé par écrit, pour ne point manquer vers lui d'attention. Je me flatte que, si il vient, vous aurez la complaisance de l'accompagner.”

This mark of the Queen's attention is sufficient proof that he retained her regard to the end. It may be observed that

* Mlle. Chapuis, *dame-de-compagnie* to Countess Lichtenau.

† Hirt, a celebrated professor, who had formerly been a monk, was one of Countess Lichtenau's suite, and travelled home with her to Berlin, where, by her influence, he was made Head of the Academy.

‡ Alexander Day (1772-1841)—many of his fine collection of pictures are now in the National Gallery.

§ “Hamilton and Nelson Letters” (Morrison Collection), 382.

after leaving Naples on this occasion the Bishop never again had an opportunity of meeting the Queen ; although it was evidently his intention to return to Naples the next winter, for he kept his large house there—full of his pictures.

When the Bishop arrived in Rome, Countess Lichtenau had left. She had received unfavourable reports regarding the King of Prussia's health, and determined to return home without delay.

Meanwhile the Bishop matured his schemes for his son's marriage. The young man was to be invited to make his intended fiancée's acquaintance at Pymont, whither she was to accompany the King, her father, during the summer ; and there the whole party were to meet and arrange matters. Moreover, a portrait of the young Countess de la Marche was to be painted forthwith at Berlin, and dispatched to Lord Hervey in England.

Full of these plans, the Bishop wrote as follows to Countess Lichtenau—it will be observed that he now has nothing but the most enthusiastic eulogies for his son, all trace of his former displeasure being absent, although the stigma "ungratefull son" still stood in his will, and, indeed, is to remain there for all time.

" Rome (au lit),
" 26 Mai, 1796.

" La continuité de ma convalescence, chère amie, m'a donné le temps de bien peser notre affaire ; et plus j'y pense, plus j'y rêve, mieux j'en augure. Il doit venir nous trouver à Pymont, et je ne crains pas de vous dire que vous serez éprise et véritablement enchantée (that is with his son Frederick). Il a parfaitement le bon ton de la Société ; de la littérature ; de la politique ; beau visage, belle physionomie, figure précieuse ; éloquence naturelle ; abord qui enchante ; modestie anglaise ; retenue nationale ; avec une fierté digne de son père et de ses aïeux.

" En attendant, je voudrais que vous écrivissiez, de Venise même, à Graft le peintre de Dresde, pour se rendre tout de suite à Berlin ; et là, peindre le portrait en entier de Mademoiselle votre fille. Qu'elle soit debout dans un parfait déshabillé, et surtout sans coiffure sur la tête ; qu'elle appuie le coude sur une très-joli cheminée, comme si elle parlait à quelqu'un. De cette façon, nous aurons la physionomie de son visage, de sa figure, de sa taille, de son déportement (son port), et de quoi le juger à notre loisir. Vous alors aurez la bonté de faire venir

le portrait de Berlin à Pyrmont, d'ou, après avoir fait notre campagne (?) agueuse, nous pourrions, si vous le trouvez bon, *tutti quanti* retourner à Berlin chez-vous.

“ Quel progrès rapide que celui de notre amitié depuis le concert de Munich ! Tout a été en unison—vrai harmonie depuis, chère amie, bon jour.

“ BRISTOL.”

In Rome the Bishop showed his wonted enthusiasm for commissioning artists to paint landscapes of subjects he had chosen. He wrote to Sir William Hamilton :

“ Rome,

“ June 6, 1796.

“ I entreat you not to lose a moment in transmitting to me here at Caffé Inglese the proper licence for Mr. Reynage, English painter, born in London, now in Lord Bristol's service ; and Mons. Dennis, Flemish painter born in Brussels, also in Lord Bristol's service, for painting at Sora and Isola di Sora. Lose no time I entreat you as time is precious, & I expect two of the very finest pictures ever painted. My best love, respects & all to dearest Emma. Ever yours most cordially, &c. B.”

On his way north from Rome, he halted at Cività Castellana, which the Countess had passed through exactly a month before, leaving a trace of her transit by the inscription of her name and the date on the chimney-piece of the inn. The sight of this memento inspired the sexagenarian gallant to effusions in the character of a St. Evremond addressing Ninon de L'Enclos.

Two letters to the Prussian Syren are dated “ Cività Castellana, 8 Juin, '96.” (“ Countess Lichtenau's Apologie,” Vol. II.)

(No. I).—“ Chère amie, quoique tu m'ayez écrit ce matin de Rome, ayant cependant aperçu ton cher et précieux nom tracé de ta propre main sur la cheminée de Cività Castellana, où tu as dîné le 8 Mai, je ne saurai résister à l'impression que cette découverte m'a faite pour te dire combien ce cher nom m'agite toutes les fois que je le vois. Je profite donc de l'adresse que tu m'as donnée pour te dire tout le plaisir que je sens à l'idée de me trouver dans une chambre que tu as occupée et qui porte, selon mon imagination, l'empreinte de tes chers pieds. En cas que tu reçoives ce billet, tout fou qu'il est, écris-moi en réponse deux mots à Munich, le cher Munich, poste restante.

“ Je ne sais si je t’ai dit que je t’avais mandé a ton Hotel à Berlin, douze chaises, deux portes battantes, deux tables de bois mahogany, ayant entendu dire la chère, Denis que ton enthousiasme t’avait porté un jour à Castellamare jusqu’à baiser de telles chaises chez le General Acton—Est-il vrai ?

“ En revanche, chère amie, donne moi une montre à la façon, selon ton goût, car il y a dix ans que je n’en porte, les ayant données successivement à mes enfants et mes petits enfants, et ayant dé goût singulier à ne présenter moi-même de telles babioles ; mais de ta main combien elle me serait chère ! Et puis, quel doux commerce que de se présenter comme cela alternativement de petits ou de grands souvenirs ! Je compte que ces chaises arrivement à Berlin avant toi. Au moins c’était bien là mon projet de te surprendre, si jamais tu peux être surprise des attentions et des adorations de ton ami BRISTOL.”

Later on the same day he wrote :

(No. 2).—“ Dans une heure, mais une heure bien longue, je pars pour l’Allemagne, l’antipode de cet enfer italien et comme le vent est au nord, chaque pas que je ferai je me dirai : Peut-être ce souffle vient d’elle, a passé sur ses lèvres de roses, s’est amalgamé avec son haleine de zéphyr ; et je croirai inhaler au moins quelques atomes de l’haleine de ma chère Wilhelmine.

“ Dieu veuille que je vous trouve en chemin ou à Munich, ou à Ratisbonne, des bon dîners de Ratisbonne vous arrêteront peut-être, encore plus, l’espoir d’y attendre votre ami de cœur, d’âme, d’esprit, et de toutes les fonctions spirituelles et charnelles (quoique dans ce moment il ne possède que des os).

“ BRISTOL.”

While the Bishop travelled swiftly in the direction of Germany, the Countess, some distance in advance of him, hastened homeward to the King of Prussia. The next letter in chronological order shows the Bishop on his way. Very dissimilar in its nature to the last, it is highly characteristic of the Bishop in his phase of diplomatic emissary with regard to the conduct of European affairs. Addressed to Sir William Hamilton, who has endorsed it “ curious but true,” the letter is especially remarkable as showing an Irish Bishop as the chosen intermediary of an Austrian General in the Field, during a great military campaign, on a point of the highest military import



Ickworth, North Front.

—intermediary through the English Ambassador with the Neapolitan Queen. (“Hamilton and Nelson Papers” (Morrison Collection), Vol. I., No. 283.)

“ 2nd July, 1796.

“ I have had a long conference with that spirited active zealous Marshal Wurmser,* he entreated me to press you to make the Neapolitan troops penetrate into the Romagna as far as Ferrara—that the fate of Italy depended on it—that if they did show themselves he would profit of it to attack the French, who could not possibly face both armies; that he would cut off their retreat by Milan and Tortona, whilst the King of Naples might harass them at Bologna & Ferrara & make them disgorge all their plunder. That if the Neapolitan troops do not advance, the French may possibly pour in more troops than he can resist, and the event must be very uncertain, but terribly bloody; in short, that Italy depends on it. Your impression, dear Sir Wm., must be on the Queen—no other has a soul, no not one.”

On his arrival at Pyrmont (whither he had journeyed post-haste in order to join the King of Prussia) the Bishop dispatched his Chaplain, Lovell, to Suffolk to report and inspect the building in progress at Ickworth and convey his instructions with regard to it. The following letter, of which the Chaplain was the bearer, is addressed to his life-long friend, Professor John Symonds, who lived near Ickworth, and on whose judgment in matters of taste the Bishop much relied. The letter—a fine specimen of the Bishop’s manner at his best—gives insight into his architectural plan, and into his theory with regard to the classification of pictures which was remarkably in advance of his era. It is thus clear that the new Ickworth, as original in style as it is grandiose in scale and proportion, was wholly the creation of its equally original designer.

“ Pyrmont,
“ 16 July, '96.

“ DEAR SYMONDS, an old friend claims your opinion of his new house; for altho’ he has a very high opinion of it himself, yet your judgement would highly raise it.—I wish to make it quite classical—to unite magnificence with convenience & simplicity with Dignity—no redundancy—no superfluity—not one

* The General, Count Wurmser, had just succeeded to the command of the Austrian troops in Italy, but was defeated by Bonaparte on several occasions. He died shortly after returning to Vienna in 1797.

unnecessary Room, but the necessary ones to be noble & convenient ; to have few pictures, but choice ones, & my Galleries to exhibit an historical progress of the art of Painting both in Germany & Italy—and that divided into its characteristical schools—Venice, Bologna, Florence &c. &c. The gentleman I present to you is Mr. *Lovell*, My Chaplain, lately collated to a Prebend in the Cathedral of Derry, no bad artist, and a Connoisseur of merit—accompany him to Ickworth—as he can better explain to you my architectural ideas than even my Architect himself—and I flatter myself they are both Pure & Noble. When that house is finished I hope to make some residence at Ickworth, tho' its vicinity offers nothing but yourself worth cultivating. Adieu & be certain that neither time nor absence has abated the sentiments of your sincere friend,

“ BRISTOL.”

(Addressed) : “ John Symonds Esq., St. Edmund's Hill, Bury.”*

It would seem that a great spurt forward in the building was determined on at this time ; yet, if indeed the King of Prussia, in accordance with the Bishop's intrigues, was really expected to visit Ickworth in the coming year, as the Bishop announces, it would surely have been impossible, even with the utmost speed, to complete the house sufficiently for his reception.

When the Bishop reached Pymont in July, 1796, the King of Prussia was already established there with his daughter, Countess de la Marche, and her mother, the Countess Lichtenau. The latter, on the conclusion of her Italian tour, had found the King at Potsdam in a bad state of health. He had become lethargic, showed symptoms of dropsy, and had enormously increased in bulk. She forthwith brought him to Pymont to drink the waters, and was herself assiduous in her attention to his comfort. Strangely enough, partly in acknowledgment of this, and partly in compliment to the *ci-devant* Madame Ritz's newly acquired status among the Prussian nobility, the neglected Queen of Prussia actually dispatched to Pymont her miniature as a present to the Countess, who wore it henceforth on all occasions. (Vehse's “Court of Prussia.”) Everywhere acclaimed with honour, the Countess was now, indeed, at the acme of her elevation and influence. The King of Prussia was easily persuaded to give his warm consent to the alliance of his daughter with the Earl Bishop's son and heir. Daily at Pyr-

* Letter now in the possession of the Rev. Lord Manners Hervey.

mont a *partie-carrée*, consisting of the King, Countess Lichtenau, their daughter, and the Earl Bishop, was to be seen on driving excursions in the wooded neighbourhood. But the young Lord Hervey, so ardently awaited, did not arrive, nor had he any intention of coming. Meanwhile his father's impatience knew no bounds.

The Bishop now wrote to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster, urging her to use her utmost endeavours to persuade her brother to leave England, give up Miss Upton, and form a more advantageous alliance in accordance with his father's wishes. The following series of letters published in "The Two Duchesses" shows the Bishop, as it were, in the part of the worldly father on the stage, while the young hero defies his father's designs, and is faithful to the dictates of his heart.

" Pyrmont,
" August, 1796.

" DEAREST ELIZABETH,

" Though I would not for the world itself disappoint your poor Brother's hopes, if his noble generous heart be really engaged, nor even diminish of one obole the allowance I should be able to make him, which is exactly the same I gave your poor dear eldest brother, yet I must confess it would half break my heart to see his fixed on any other than the beautiful, elegant, important & interesting object I have proposed to him.* At least, dearest Eliza, if you have any interest with him, induce him, beg him, my dear, not to decide before he is able to choose. She would bring him into our family £5,000 a year, *besides* a principality in Germany, an English Dukedom for Frederick or me, which the King of Prussia is determined to obtain in case the marriage takes place.—a perpetual relationship with both the Princess of Wales, and her children, as also with the Duchess of York,† & her progeny.—the Embassy to Berlin, with such an influence & preponderance in favor of dear England as no other could withstand. Add to all this the King is so bent upon it from his great partiality to me, that I doubt not his doubling the dot in case F. desired it, which indeed

* The charms of the young Countess are thus described by Dampmartin ("Vie privée de Frederick Guillaume II." (1811): "La Comtesse de la Marche avait de fort belles formes, brillant par un esprit qui annouçait une éducation soignée, et donnait des preuves d'un caractère franc, ouvert et généreux. Elle reçut de la nature des dons que leur prodigalité rend souvent dangereux, une imagination vive, et un cœur sensible. Elle comptait de nombreux partisans, et pas un seul ennemi."

† The Duchess of York was the daughter of the King of Prussia—the only child of his first marriage. Her "progeny" existed merely in the Bishop's imagination. Lord Hervey was to become her brother-in-law. The Duchess's divorced mother was aunt to the Princess of Wales.

I should not. We are, besides, all determined to go and meet him the moment we hear of his debarking, which he may notify by estafette. In short, nothing could be more brilliant, or flattering, or more cordial than his reception in case he can think with us ; and indeed, Dearest Elizabeth, the example he has before his eyes in and within his own family ought fully to determine him against a love-match ; 'Tis so ominous a lottery, so pregnant with blanks, so improbable a success. In short dearest Elizabeth, write to me soon, above all *See him*. All I desire of him is not to resolve against us, not to throw away a Pearl, richer than all his tribe ; let him but see before he decides, let him weigh all we offer to his ambition, his ease, his comfort, his taste, and his pocket."

" Pyrmont,
" Aug. 4, 1796.

" DEAREST ELIZABETH,

" I have wrote more warmly & fully to your dear brother on my project of marrying him to one of the prettiest, sweetest, most delicate, & innocent as well as accomplished little women I ever saw, endowed with £100,000 down, besides the reversion of a landed property in Germany, with the promise of a Dukedom to him or me, as the King of Prussia can obtain it from our King. On the contrary, though God forbid I should negative his inclinations poor fellow, at his time of life, and in his state of health, (I wish) to dissuade him all I can (and I entreat your assistance sweet Elizabeth) from his present pursuit. *She* has little or no fortune—Your brother by the last act of settlement, can make no provision for either her or her children & if he should die within five or six years—which the perturbed state of his mind might easily produce—what must be the consequence to his widow & her orphans ? Once married and the first heat of passion allayed, what must be the state of an anxious debilitated mind ?

" Dearest Elizabeth—Farquhar (Farquhar, the celebrated physician to the family of George III.) himself could not ensure his poor life for a year more after black & melancholy ideas should begin to possess his mind. Relief would neither be in his power nor mine, & medicine would be the more ineffectual as the malady would be in the mind. If you care, my dear child to accompany your brother to Pyrmont & from thence to pass the winter at Naples, I will gladly pay your expenses, & be glad of your company for the winter. The King of Prussia has been good enough to write by express to the Directory at Paris requesting a pass-port for Lord Hervey & his suite to

land at Ostende & pass through the low Countries to Pyrmont. At any rate, my dear Elizabeth, try to dissuade him from a passion & a pursuit so pregnant with evil consequences to the quiet of his mind and the health of his body, whilst on the other hand I offer a real Cornucopia."

" Pyrmont,

" Aug. 16, 1796.

" You nasty little imp of silence ! What are you doing, that one can hear no more about you than if one did not care for you, & yet who do I care for more ? I wrote your brother that he might bring your ugly face with him, & we would all go to Naples, where I have, without exception, the handsomest & best situated house there ; fourteen rooms on each floor all hung with Rafaels, Titians, & what not. Then how happy the Queen of Naples to see you ! & the delicious evenings we would pass with her. Your brother is to receive by estafette a passport from the Directory (in Paris) to land at Ostend & come to me through Brabant. That would be the road for you, eight hours sail & no more. Then, what a journey together ; & a month's residence at *Sans Souci* (the favourite residence of Frederick the Great) which the King has just lent me with his cooks, his manors, library, gallery &c. Oh ! If I can accomplish my heart & soul's desire to join your dear brother's hand with La Comtesse de la Marche—£5000 a year down, £5000 more in reversion, an English Dukedom, probably the Embassy to Berlin—*per Dio che piacere !* The King gave me his honor to pass next summer at Ickworth if there be a peace."

" Pyrmont,

" August 27, '96.

" DEAREST ELIZABETH,

" Are you alive or dead, or are you on a journey ? or peradventure she sleepeth ? If so, at least dream a little, or walk in your sleep, or talk in your sleep, for I have no patience with your long, very long, silence. I proposed to your dear brother to bring you with him first to Pyrmont, then to Naples, where you know what pleasures, intellectual & sensual, await you, & neither your journey nor your abode shall cost you one farthing ; & I think the climate, to say nothing of other circumstances would do ye both service. What I have most at heart at this moment is your brother's marriage with the Comtesse de la Marche, the King of Prussia's daughter, of which I have wrote you so fully ; but I would not on any account, have you tease him about it however ardently so ever I may wish it, especially as he seems inclined to another project.

“ But see the difference :

On my side.
 £5000 a year down
 £5000 a year in reversion
 An English Dukedom which the
 King of Prussia pledges to
 obtain.
 Royal connexion—Princess of
 Wales & Duchess of York.

On his side.
 No fortune
 Wife & children beggars for
 want of settlement.

No connexion.

A love match, like all others
 for four generations before
 him.

“ Sweet Elizabeth when occasion serves, help me to accomplish
 my project. I cannot, if I would, afford him more than £2000
 a year whilst my house is building and furnishing. What is
 that in London ?

But on my plan.
 £2000 from me
 £5000 Dowry.
 £3000. Embassy to Berlin or
 Munich.
 £10000.

On his plan.
 £2000
 Wife & children, and no
 settlement.”

“ Pyrmont,
 “ September 11, 1796.

“ DEAREST ELIZABETH,

“ You are a dear amiable little girl not to have called
 on me for your sugar-plums in this year of distress & confusion,
 for by last year’s balance of my accounts with Messrs. Gosling
 there remained but one hundred pounds in their hands, and
 several of my own drafts from Italy have been protested, which
 is both expensive and disgraceful, so that you see, my dear
 child, I had little left to be generous with, having scarce enough
 to fulfil the duties of justice.

“ About Lord Hervey :

“ And now, my dear child, for poor dear Frederick’s affair ;
 and it amazes myself when I recollect the object the nearest
 to my heart for these last twelve or fourteen years—I thought
 I could be content to vegetate for the remainder of my *green*
old age among painters & sculptors, masons and bricklayers,
 & was not aware of the very deep interest this warm, sensible



Frederick William Hervey, first Marquess of Bristol. *B.* June 2, 1769; *m.* February 20, 1798, Elizabeth, daughter of first Lord Templetown; *d.* February 15, 1859.

By John Hoppner. Portrait at Ickworth.

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heart of mine was likely to take in any project whatever ; but I own to you the idea of fixing a son of your brother's superior & pre-eminent qualities, both moral & intellectual, in a station worthy of him & of us all, has kindled anew the almost extinguished sparks, the very embers of my expiring and effete ambition.

“ To see him in possession of a station where his interest can be as independent as his spirit, & take a bond of Fate ; to see him fixed where he can essentially & proudly serve the greatest country that ever reared citizens & the ablest ministers that ever served a country, was a prospect to which my dim eyes did not yet reach : then to see that project tumbled down to a Château d’Espagne in the regions of love & fancy ; to see him a bankrupt in the most problematical & disadvantageously fascinating Lottery with 500 blanks to one prize, would put even my philosophy, triumphant as it yet is, to the proof. Aid me, therefore, my dearest child, to eradicate, if possible, his own project from his mind and then to establish mine. The first object is to get him abroad, where if you can, I daresay you will accompany him ; then to secure his health of mind & body (the neglect of which cannot but be fatal) ; whereas a warm air bath at Naples, in that most balmy of all atmospheres, amidst music, friends, and dissipation, will be as soothing to his mind as the climate to his body ; & as I, on account of my own horses, never travel above 25 or 30 miles a day, & have always saddle-horses at hand, he cannot fear fatigue. As to his love-project thus stands our account.

1. A lady without fortune,
without connexions.

1. A lady with £10,000 a year
instead of £5000, and
five more in reversion.

2. No possible settlement on
my part nor on Lord
Hervey's.

2. An English Dukedom.

3. All my Irish leasehold es-
tates entailed long ago on
H. Bruce & his children ;
on Theo. Bruce & his chil-
dren ; on your 2 sons ; on
Caroline ; & finally on
Frederick with a clause in
favour of myself.

3. The highest and most de-
sirable of all connexions.

4.* Therefore poverty, famine,
and omnipotent love for
her & her children.

4. Peace of mind for me and
himself.

This is your brief, and I
expect you to plead with
eloquence the cause of
us all.

“ He says his honour is engaged ; so it is—not to entail poverty and famine on her & her younger children. Your late brother has left me a debt of £15,000 to pay—£10,000 to his daughter and £5000 to his creditors ; judge of my means and believe me, as ever, yours ——”

* The Bishop seems to have anticipated the poet Keats (“ Lamia,” Pt. II.) :

“ Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is, —Love forgive us !—cinders, ashes, dust.”

CHAPTER LII

1796

BETWEEN the respective dates of the last two letters the King of Prussia and his entourage had left Pyrmont. Having temporarily benefited in health by his sojourn there, he returned to Berlin accompanied by his daughter and Countess Lichtenau. The Bishop, who remained abroad for some time at Pyrmont, wrote thence to the Countess on the 31st August, 1796, a letter in which, notwithstanding its tone of gross flattery of the omnipotent favourite, he appears in one of his best characters, as a man of compassion—with a heart sincerely affected by the sufferings and deprivations of the unfortunate *émigrés* driven from their homes and plunged from affluence into poverty. The Countess, duly propitiated, is to exert her influence with the King to bestow a Prussian military appointment on a young French refugee, in order that he may marry his fiancée, and thus make a whole family happy—another instance of the romantic sympathies of the Bishop in smoothing the course of true love.

“ Pyrmont,

“ ce 31 Août, 1796.

(“ Countess Lichtenau’s Apologie,” Vol. II., 17.)

“ Voilà votre impayable lettre qui arrive dans ce moment ; et voici un billet qui m’est remis en même temps par Madame la Présidente Corbusson, qui ne préside plus, pauvre femme ! qu’à une misérable soupe, bien différente de celle qu’elle était accoutumée à donner. Ces diables d’émigrés s’imaginent que je peux tout avec vous, et qu’eux ou elles peuvent tout sur moi. Mais le diable m’emporte si je ne vous aime, vous et votre petit doigt, dix mille fois plus que tous et toutes ensemble ; et que je ne voudrais jamais que vous fissiez pour moi ce que vous ne pourriez faire avec la plus grande facilité.

“ Après cela, il faut rendre justice à cette très estimable

famille ; elle a sacrifié à son devoir et à ses principes, entre belle-mère et beau-fils au moins quatre mille livres sterlings en rente. M. de Woodford, notre commissaire, m'assure avoir vu, tant la mère que la fille madame la Comtesse Girangis, et cette dernière très-grosse, faire à pied, au milieu de l'hiver, une route de vingt milles d'Allemagne, sans gémir, sans se plaindre, sans un seul repentir. Ce récit, je vous avoue, ma tendre amie, m'a fait saigner le cœur ; et les gouttes qui en sont écoulées étaient de bonnes guinées avec lesquelles j'ai le bonheur de leur faire une rente viagère d'environ cinquante livres sterlings par année.

“ La compagnie, ou même lieutenance de cavalerie qu'on supplie, est pour le promis de Mademoiselle Corbusson, sœur de Madame de Girangis, mais le mariage ne pourra se faire, si l'amant n'est pas placé.

“ Or, ma chère, s'il est possible d'établir cette excellente demoiselle, aidez-moi à le faire, je vous supplie. Toute cette famille n'existe dans ce moment que de son industrie, et travaille depuis le matin jusqu'au soir. Il n'y a que Madame Corbusson et Madame Girangis qui ne se donnent jamais l'indulgence de dîner chez moi ; elles en ont cependant bien besoin. La promise Mademoiselle Corbusson a un talent supérieur pour le dessin, et peint à merveille. Adieu, chère amie, Dès ce moment je ne puis parler que d'elles, tant je les respecte, et tant leur sort me tient à cœur ! Je compte sur votre Omnipotence et encore plus sur votre bienveillance, si la chose est faisable. BRISTOL.”

Returning to his correspondence with his daughter Elizabeth, we follow the Bishop's movements during a tour which he made from Pyrmont at this time to the seat of War, inspired by the temporary successes of the Austrian armies against the French.

“ Pyrmont (or Berlin),
“ Sept. 14, 1796.

“ If I have anything to ask of you, my dearest Elizabeth, it is that, in case your brother gets a *cough* in the course of the winter, you beg of Lord Spencer* a frigate, & send him off directly to me at Naples. Ever yours, B.

“ P.S.—Nothing can equal the *déroute* of the damned Blackguard, pilfering, plundering, pillaging Republicans. Neither Minden nor Rosbach can compare with it ; all their Artillery, all their baggage, all their waggons loaded with con-

* The second Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty in Pitt's Government ; brother of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire.

tributions, all taken, we have here two Officers & the son of our apothecary just arrived from Frankfort, who not only confirm all this, who were ocular witnesses to these ourang-cutangs running like themselves without shoes, stockings, or breeches, and the exasperated peasants knocking them down, like real monkeys, their prototypes, with bludgeons, pitchforks, staves, all that came to hand—‘*furor arma ministrat*’—12,000 dead on the road or the field, 900 waggons loaded with wounded, that is 9,000 wounded & the Austrians in Francfort before the rear guard left it.”

“ Francfort,
“ Sept. 26, 1796.

“ DEAREST ELIZABETH,

“ Here is the most consolatory Gazette I have read for a long time, and I inclose it as a receipt to cure you of a migraine. Nothing can be more brilliant than the successes of our two heros, the Archduke Charles, & the Prince Frederick of Orange, except their own exertions to obtain them. They are idolized by their armies and amply supported by their courage. The last accounts I have seen of Moreau’s defeat near Munich, carry the number of dead up to 15,000, the wounded 9,000 & the prisoners 7,000. If the Austrians can carry the fort of Kehl, Strasburg, entirely commanded by it, must fall, and then France will begin to feel the iron hand of Austria.

“ I leave this at 4 o’clock today, & shall reach Pymont in three days, which I left only to get a sight of the armies. From Pymont straight to *Sans Souci*, where I pass a month with my dear Countess, and her beautiful, elegant, decent, mild, gentle *Daughter*. Would to God she were also mine. I have so set my heart & soul on this union that no event whatever could give me equal satisfaction, & when poor dear Frederick perceives the absolute impracticability of his own prospect, I have no doubt but he will, according to the tenor of his last letter, readily adopt mine. *Ce qui me mettra à la joie de mon cœur*, for a young woman more calculated by nature as well as education, to make a virtuous man happy, I never yet saw. I am certain you would doat on her.”

“ Cassel,
“ Sept. 30, 1796.

“ DEAREST ELIZABETH,

“ I am now returning to Pymont from my military expedition, for you know, child, we have Church militant as well as Church visible—Low Church and High Church. The

affaire at Alten Kirchen near Dittembourg which is near Marburg was *bien sanglante*. The Ourang-Outangs or Tyger monkeys lost the few breeches they had. That modern hero, Prince Frederick of Orange (observe my dear, all the great men of this country are Fredericks) this hero, who united the phlegm of Hannibal with the activity of Scipio, cut them to pieces like a sailor's biscuit. They have recrossed the Rhine, & evacuated Dusseldorf. On the Upper Rhine the bravery of the Austrian soldiers had taken Fort Kehl, which commands Strasburg; & the stupidity, indiscipline, & rapacity of the natives lost it. They were plundering the stores when they ought to have been raising the drawbridge—*quelles bêtes*—Laudau is known to have only 600 men & boys in it. The Arch Duke marched with 13,000 men to take it, & here ends my budget & letter, & so adieu dearest Eliza.

"Tomorrow for *Sans Souci*, & my dearest Countess, *de qui je soucie beaucoup* in spite of my Goliath-Rival,* whom little David no longer fears."

The Bishop appears to have postponed his proposed visit to the King's palace at Sans Souci. Perhaps on that account the Countess had made him some arch reproaches as to his too great devotion to his *émigrées*. Thus the Bishop in the following letter gallantly protesting that she alone occupies the centre of the "vast castle of his heart" asserts his right to accommodate in the remaining chambers of it, various others of his friends while the unfortunate had ever a place there. Meanwhile he remained at Pymont, constructing new carriage roads for the King's future conveyance, in preparation for his Majesty's next visit there. With regard to the extraordinary proposals which he makes to the lady in this and subsequent letters, it seems they were suggested in consequence of the King not having made adequate provision for her in the event of his death and with a view to piquing the procrastinating monarch into taking immediate action in the matter which had long been delayed. The Countess states in her "Apologie" that she wishes her readers to know that "although not proud of the fact," she did not ever accept any of Lord Bristol's offers, nor indeed is it likely she took them seriously.

Having returned to Pymont from his "military expedition," he writes thence :

* The immensely ponderous King Frederick William II. : "Goliath." "Little David"—the Bishop himself, who was slightly under the middle size. He was always ready to "make game of everybody" (as he said), including himself—a saving grace which serious critics have little understood or appreciated.

“ ce 3 Octobre, '96.*

“ Voyez donc, chère et très-chère amie, si je m'occupe de vous ! Et après cela, allez me reprocher des infidélités que je ne vous commets point, que je ne vous commettrai jamais, ni par goût, ni par inclination, ni par caprice, ni par séduction.

“ Mais, quoique mon cœur vous soit entièrement dévoué n'allez pas vous imaginer que vous avez des droits sur le pericardium (demandez au Dr. Brown de vous expliquer cela). (Dr. Brown was the King's English physician, and a noted personality in Berlin.) Je vous accorde volontiers le monarque entière sur tous les sentiments de mon cœur ; mais il faut que ; j'aie des entrailles pour les autres. Vous n'avez, par exemple, aucun droit sur ma bienfaisance ni bienveillance ; vous n'avez nul empire sur mon hospitalité amicale, ni de despotisme sur ma reconnaissance. Mon cœur est un grand, et, j'ose dire, vaste château, dont le corps-de-logis est tout à vous et à vous seul consacré ; chaque appartement meublé de votre nom, de votre charmante figure, et décoré de votre physionomie tendre et spirituelle, Mais, chère amie, dans les appartements de ce château, il m'est permis de loger tant ceux que celles qui m'aiment, des Denis, des Hamilton, et même des Odels. C'est la foresteria d'un couvent où les sourdes, borgnes, aveugles, et boîteuses ont droit de se loger.

“ Après cette épisode, venons à mes occupations, Wilhelmine.

Imo. Je viens de vous accomplir une délicieuse promenade sablée du meilleur gravier, pour vos promenades post-méridiennes, quand vous retournez de la papeterie.

II do. J'ai fini à perfection la grande promenade sur la montagne pour votre jolie voiture et votre partie quarrée. (The King, the Countess, their daughter and himself.)

III do. J'ai commencé une seconde promenade intérieure à celle-là, pour les soirées moins longues, quand le soleil lui-même fait une course moins étendue que dans le solstice de juin.

IV do. Mais surtout voilà que je viens de recevoir une longue lettre de mon homme d'affaire à Londres, où il me fait entrevoir une superbe terre, non loin de Londres, qui rend au moins 4 pour 100, c'est à dire que, pour 100,000 livres sterlings, nous aurons une rente de 4,000 livres sterlings et par dessus le marché, un joli château, des jardins, des serres, et un parc à l'anglaise

* “ Apologie,” Vol. II. Countess Lichtenau puts the following enigmatical note to this letter : “ Lord Bristol veut parler dans cette lettre de quelques agaceries qu'il a faites à la Princess R—ss ” (Reuss).

meublé de beaux daims, Voyez si tout celà vous arrange, et est faisable.

“ Adieu, chère, aimable et tendre amie. BRISTOL.

“ *Sans soucis, jamais sans soins.*”

On the same day our versatile hero addressed a letter to John Symonds which shows him, chameleon-like, in a totally different (and worthier) aspect, namely, his “edifying” one—to quote the Irish punsters. The Professor, having duly reported on the building of Ickworth, the Bishop, writing in acknowledgment, reverts to his architectural plans and theories, and amplifies his admirable system for the classification of pictorial schools. It may be noted that his appreciation of Albert Dürer indicates that he was a more enlightened connoisseur than he has been credited with being, while his purchases of old German masterpieces give a finer side to his Prussian associations than the mere love of intrigue or social notoriety at the Court.

“ Pyrmont,
“ 5 Oct., '96.

“ A thousand thanks, my worthy old friend, for all the attention you are so good as to give both to my Architects and architecture. Your opinion has great weight with them & your experience as well as taste fortifies your opinion. In all Europe I have not seen a style of building with which I am so enamoured as with my own. It has not a room too much or too little : it has no littlenesses in any corner nor any disproportion in any part : it will be both cool in summer & warm in winter & the Decorations will be of that sort ‘*quæ adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant.*’ The idea I have struck out of showing the historical progress of the art of Painting in all the *five* different schools of Germany & Italy I deem both happy & instructive. Galleries in general are both confused & uninformative. Mine, by classing the authors under the different schools, will show the characteristic Excellence of each, instruct the young mind & edify the old.

Venice	Bologna	Roman	Florence	Naples
Coloring	Composition	Sentiment	Drawing	Extravagance
Titian	Guido	Rafael	M. Angelo	Salvator Rosa
				Polimea. . . ?

“ I have been if possible more fortunate as well as more copious in the German than even the Italian School, having

by means of the K. of Prussia acquired master pieces of Wohlge-muth, instructor of the Divine Homerian Albert Dürer.

PARK.

“ Shillito having a lease of the P. for 12 years needs no other stimulus to his industry & judgement than that efficacious one his *Interest*.

DRAINING.

“ There is no doubt but the moisture proceeds from springs as I witnessed . . . (top corner torn off original copy) in the year 1782 when I myself . . . very deep & saw a deluge issuing from each drain. What I fear is the Drought in summer.

STAIRCASE.

“ Need not be inconvenient if Mr. Sandys has taken *space* enough to multiply the *steps* : if not, 'tis his fault not mine.

“ I have fixed on 30 feet for the height of my parlour floor from observing that my Lungs always played more freely, my spirits spontaneously rose much higher in lofty rooms than in low ones, where the atmosphere is too soon tainted with the atmosphere of our own bodies, & also for the sake of throwing my attick-story (if possible) into St. Paul's 3d Heaven. One of the principal pleasures I propose to myself in my new mansion is the renewal of our ancient, well found friendship, in recollecting our travels, recalling our common acquaintances, discussing the subjects of our common studies, & above all in sharing with such an *elegans formarum* spectator as yourself the pleasure of busts, statues & Pictures. Pray indulge me rather than yourself & write sometimes to your faithful friend B.” (This letter is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord Manners Hervey.)

The King of Prussia now had a return of illness at this time, which caused the Bishop to renew his prognostications that, in case of the King's death, Countess Lichtenau would be ruined. He now started for Berlin and *en route* amused himself by constructing castles in the air for her benefit. He wrote to her from Hanovre, October 22, 1796.

“ Chère adorable amie, les bruits de notre cher aimable et respectable roi alité, malade à l'extrême, me navrent le cœur. Je tremble, je frissonne, Quelle privation pour toi en cas d'accident !—Toi accoutumée à toutes les jouissances dignes

de ton élégant esprit et de ton spacieux cœur ! Quelle privation pour toi chère amie, trop désintéressée ! En tout cas je t'offre mon château en Angleterre, mes châteaux *tutti quanti* en Irlande. Je partagerai volontiers ma bourse avec une amie qui monopolise mon cœur et toutes ses affections.

“ Quant au roi, chère amie, sois sure que si sa maladie dérive d'une attaque d'hydropisie il n'y a au monde que l'air sec et pur des montagnes et l'atmosphère vernal de Naples qui puissent le rétablir. Demande au brave et savant Doctor Brown si je n'ai pas raison. Mais ne demande à qui que ce soit, excepté à ton cœur amical, si tu dois accepter mes offres.

“ En attendant, j'offre à M. le Comte (*i.e.* the King, who travelled *incognito* as Count Hohenstein), tout l'appartement que l'hiver passé, je t'avais destiné. L'aire y est si pur, si salubre, qu'à deux reprises mon confrère l'évêque de Winchester y perdit sa fièvre tierce, la regagna dans la Chiaia,* et la perdit de nouveau chez moi. Le Chevalier Hamilton après sa grosse maladie y fut renvoyé par ordre exprès de son médecin, et y reprit ses forces et sa santé. C'est en effet le temple d'Esculape même—et je me flatte que M. le Comte n'est pas si peu philosophe que de préférer chose quelconque à sa santé et à son bien être ; car sans lui, ton ami de cœur et d'âme, quelle serait ton existence !

“ Dans huit jours je descendrai à l'auberge à Berlin, et non chez toi dans cette crise, pour ne pas multiplier tes embarras ; et je passe par Berlin même uniquement pour les diminuer, et pour te rendre la consolation d'un ami dont l'amitié est analogue à la tienne. Chérissimé amie, adieu jusqu'au 28 Octobre.”

* “ The Chiaia ”—the district on the Quay of Naples.

CHAPTER LIII

1796

THE Bishop now arrived at Sans Souci which "Goliath" had put at the disposal of "little David."

On his arrival there he dashed off a letter to Lady Elizabeth Foster, and it may be observed that in it he says not a word of his projected scheme for his son's marriage, which, indeed, even the enthusiastic schemer himself may well have begun to realize would prove of very doubtful worldly advantage if the dropsical King of Prussia succumbed to his malady. What would then become of the Favourite? And under a new régime would not all his fine dreams of royal connections come to naught? Moreover, the young Countess de la Marche was not likely to wait for a backward suitor, and had already other matrimonial offers. Nor was the Bishop one to cry over spilt milk. In hilarious spirits and evident good humour with his present royal accommodation and surroundings, he writes :

"Sans Souci, & Sans Souci for ever.

"MY DEAREST ELIZABETH! At last on the 30th October—Sunday noon—here I am, truly worthy of this Philosophic Mansion—without care & almost without thought—so consummately am I Germanised. Nothing, no nothing, not even the plains of Thetford or of Brandon can equal the aridness of this situation, nor even the Terrace of Weybridge surpass the beauty and luxuriancy of the prospect. Hesperian gardens surround the house: grapes worthy of our best hot-houses, pine apples as plenty as crabs in Devonshire or apples in Herefordshire. We can eat 12,000 in a year, & every week at Pyrmont we received a dozen or more. Then for game the Basse-cour at Chatsworth does not supply more fowl, ducks, geese & capon than we have—partridges, grouse, woodcock &c., but alas! Tomorrow we enter the eve of November, & I

have those accumulated Purgatories of the Alps to pass before I can enter that earthly paradise Naples. So tomorrow we decamp, bag & baggage, & no bad baggage is mine : geese, turkeys, ducks, shoulders & legs of mutton alternately, preceded by two graduate cooks, masters of arts, who arrive just one hour before us—*quanto basta* to find our dinner as ready as our appetites. Lo here is our diary—At seven, help Hyperion to his horse, and then mount our own ; trot away 15 or 18 miles *sans y penser*—find excellent coffee & better cream, & two eggs ready for a rapacious stomach with all its *succus gastricus* afloat ready to consume whatever it receives. . . . After two hours rest, but not of our Tongues, for we babble like starlings—though our converse be not quite sterling ; on horse-back anew, & even so we despatch 15 or 18 miles more through this ocean of sand—with now and then a village to make the remaining solitude more sensible ; at close of day we close our labors & then here is our recompense :

‘ Soupe
Bouilli of duck or goose
Mutton, shoulder or leg,’

and a large bowl of punch in which we bury all fatigue, all thought, & then, as the clock strikes eight, enter the warming pan *et tout est dit*, and all night sleep in Elysium without one single ghost in our dreams, & so, sweet Elizabeth, not to put you to sleep, I close my narrative. Tomorrow for Berlin. Next day for Werlitz, next Dessau, Leipsig and Dresden &c. &c. Yours affectionately du fond de mon profond cœur.—B.”

In this humorous effusion the Bishop, perhaps intentionally, gives no hint of the intrigues, political and social, he is bent on. The letter conveys a remarkable illustration of his usual manner of travelling, but he did not actually carry out the indicated course of his journeys until some weeks later, and in the interim he remained at Berlin.

The Bishop had in fact more than one object to interest him in prolonging his visit to the Prussian Court. Mr. Hammond was at this moment at Berlin on a mission from the English Government the aim of which was to lead the King of Prussia to reunite with England against France ; and certain preliminary questions were opened in this direction. The Bishop, as appears later when he was at Berlin, heard all about what was going on from the King himself privately, and in consequence seems to have had some reason for forming the opinion that Hammond muddled the business from the beginning.

Countess Lichtenau states* that Lord Bristol constantly corresponded with Pitt, and this no doubt he did from Berlin at this time. She adds that he had the greatest admiration for the English statesman so much younger than himself who often addressed him in his letters as "my second father." Unfortunately none of this correspondence exists.

With regard to the social side of the Bishop's visit to Berlin, a very unfavourable picture of him has been drawn by a man who was thrown with him at this time in Berlin, and who was evidently not unbiased by personal feelings of hostility. This was Colonel Dampmartin, a Frenchman who for many years had occupied the post of tutor to the King's children by Countess Lichtenau, a devoted and a jealous partisan of the lady and sincerely attached to the King himself, of whom he has left too flattering a portrait. With these feelings it was only natural that he should resent the newly-acquired influence of the officious Bishop over the Countess, which threw his longer and more tried services into the background.

"A fatal destiny," he says, "made the Countess meet with Lord Bristol, Bishop of Londonderry, who was remarkable for a revolting combination of witty knowledge, pride, ostentation, *mœurs-libres*, causticity, contempt for *les convenances*, and irreligion," and who "had usurped a certain degree of consideration, thanks to his effrontery and his riches. Adroit in seizing the appearance of spending money with lavish hands, he at the same time satisfied his secret bent towards avarice. His mouth always filled with the maxims of our modern philosophers, he contradicted and tormented all those whose services brought them into contact with him; while affecting to despise the distinctions of birth, rank, and fortune, he was of an insupportable haughtiness" (according to this Frenchman, so were all Englishmen, with the exception of a few, such as the Bishop's humble friends, Mr. and Mrs. Denis, "simple, honest, virtuous people"). Lord Bristol's head, we are told, was "always excited" (*exaltée*), was "transformed into a veritable volcano when he came out from table." In Berlin he habitually wore the portrait of the Countess in a medallion enriched with diamonds. "Lord Bristol," continues the same writer, "was undoubtedly the man of most note among those who composed the Court of the Countess Lichtenau. . . . His brilliant existence, his wit and his boldness soon assured him of an almost absolute influence over a woman by nature very confiding and rather giddy (*légère*). Once assured of his ascendancy

* "Apologie der Gräfin Lichtenau," translated into French and abridged as "Mémoires," but not to be confounded with the spurious "Bekantniss."

he had little difficulty in persuading her that her august friend was wanting in consideration and generosity to her." Not only was it through the malign influence of Lord Bristol, backed by Lady Hamilton (declares Dampmartin), that Ritz was made a Countess—thus bringing upon her the hatred of the German nobility, who had befriended her before she sought to become one of themselves—but now he urged her to claim a large settlement from the King, constantly reproaching her with excessive neglect of her own interests, such as he declared bordered on madness. The lady, however, "penetrated with gratitude" for all the favours which the King bestowed on her "without her asking for them," could not bring herself to make any demands upon his Majesty. "The counsels, the prayers, the scoldings of the officious lord did not give her the desire nor the assurance to plead her personal interests. Then the Prelate opened the breach himself, and had the boldness to say to the Monarch, 'If your Majesty suffers any longer that the Countess de Lichtenau remains exposed to the danger of some day experiencing want and dependence, I will fulfil the sacred duties of friendship, I will make her a legal donation of a very pretty castle, and of a property of two thousand pounds sterling of rent,' " an offer which, as Dampmartin remarks, Lord Bristol had, of course, no real intention of carrying out. The result of this manœuvre it was "easy to foresee." The King "felt himself grievously hurt, and being of a generous nature he could only soothe his annoyance" by lavish settlements on the Countess, which included the residence she occupied at Berlin, the Palace of Charlottenburg, considerable lands and a large sum of money.

The Bishop concluded his visit to Berlin on November 23, 1796, that is, over three weeks after his arrival at Sans Souci. According to Dampmartin, after having boasted during some days of the success of his audacious step, Lord Bristol recognized by signs certain and numerous that if his society little amused the King, his attentions to his divine Countess began to weary her. He announced his resolution to depart for Italy, and said to the King with cynical boldness: "Sire, je vais retrouver le cher Naples dont la lune rechauffe plus que le soleil à Berlin."

What seems to have been a harmless freedom enough was doubtless magnified by the servile courtiers into an instance of the outrageous insolence of an English lord. Whatever of truth there may have been in the report that the Bishop was no longer welcome at Berlin, he certainly continued after his departure to correspond as warmly as ever with the Countess. Moreover, a statement that has been made that Lord

Bristol after leaving Berlin never saw the lady again is untrue,* for we find him one of the royal party at Pyrmont in the following year on the occasion of the King of Prussia's second and last sojourn at that health resort.

A breakfast set of Dresden china, adorned with medallions of Frederick William II. and his Queen, a gift from the King to the Bishop, is now at Downhill. It was probably presented on the occasion of the Bishop's last visit to Berlin. A Dresden cup and saucer with a similar medallion was at the same time given to Mr. Lovell.†

* Vehse's "Court of Prussia" (page 338), who, however, gives the correct date of the Bishop's departure from Berlin as November 23, 1796.

† In the possession of Geraldine, Marchioness of Bristol, to whom it was given by Miss Lovell, granddaughter of the Bishop's Chaplain.

CHAPTER LIV

1796

WHEN the Bishop left Berlin for the last time, he started on the course of travel which he had planned several weeks before at Sans Souci. After passing a night at Werlitz and Dessau respectively, he arrived at Leipsig on the way to Dresden. Travelling in the way he has described—his cooks going before him with supplies of mutton and geese—he was attended by his Chaplain Lovell, and also, it seems, by some other companions more talkative than the clergyman. Damp-martin supplies a burlesque touch to the singular picture of the Bishop on his journeys: “With a rather numerous retinue he travelled by short stages, but his horses in this sort of caravan were wretched jades and his carriage (*calèche*) resembled the cart of a quack-doctor. His cook, who always went in advance, prepared his lodgings. He (the Bishop) used to say gaily: ‘I arrive provided with the appetite of a curé, but I find the dinner of a bishop.’” The Bishop himself used generally to travel on horseback. Countess Lichtenau states in her “Apologie” that Lord Bristol wrote to her from Leipsig, November 27, 1796, “one of his longest letters,” and that it was “a treatise of irreligion.” As she does not quote the letter, beyond the first sentence: “Au diable, ma chère Wilhelmine avec ton roman d’âme!”—there are no means of testing her statement. “He reproaches me,” she says in German, “with being a limited philosopher, a weak reasoner, and of having had a vicious education (I think he meant to say a religious one). He argues,” she continues, “in the spirit of La Mettrie in his *Homme Machine*”; “I do not communicate to my readers these arguments because, since Kant, he is no longer in fashion, but I should have been wrong not to mention this at all.”

She adds that from these, her criticisms of Bristol, the public

will be the better able to judge of the sincerity of the praises which, in other respects, she bestows on him.

On proceeding to Dresden the Bishop met there his friend, Madame de Recke. (An interesting life of this lady by Brunier was published in 1873.) This worthy and remarkable woman who, after being separated from the Baron de Recke, was everywhere known as Madame "Élise," had a notable history. Being inclined to mystic studies, she at one time had been the dupe of the charlatan Cagliostro, but had afterwards written a book exposing his impostures. The book so attracted the admiration of the Empress Catherine II. that she forthwith invited the authoress to Petersburg and gave her large estates in Russia where Madame de Recke (who was a sister of the Duchess of C——) embarked on philanthropic enterprises. While the Bishop was at Dresden news was received of the sudden death of the Empress on November 17, 1796, by which his friend was deprived of her beloved patroness. The Bishop writes to Countess Lichtenau :

" A Dresde,
" 4 Dec. '96.

" Je comptais partir ce matin, chère amie, pour mon pèlerinage d'Italie—mais voilà la fatale nouvelle qui arrive de St. Pétersbourg et ma tendre amie Madame de Recke, en est au désespoir et me supplie de passer encore 24 heures pour l'écouter et la consoler—car elle a perdu son amie, sa . . . et sa Bien-faitrice."

The pertinacity with which the Bishop in this letter reverts to the subject of the King's provision for the Countess seems to indicate some delay in the arrangements ; or perhaps the underlying intention was to get more and more out of the susceptible but indolent monarch. A proposal that the King should purchase for the Countess the Principality of Piedmont from the reigning Prince seems to have originated with the officious Bishop, though it is fair to the lady herself to add that she declared after the death of the King that she had declined the royal offer, her acceptance of which would have raised her to the position of a princely potentate.

While comparing the munificence of the deceased Empress to a new friend with the alleged neglect by the King of Prussia of an old one, the Bishop continues :

" Notre cher Roy, Frederick Guillaume, est un énigme pour moi—je ne saurais m'expliquer ce cœur tendre, compatissant,

sensible à l'excès, bien faisant à l'outrance. Et comment l'accorder avec cette insouciance sur le sort d'une personne qu'il s'est attachée pendant tant d'années, avec qui il vit, comme il a toujours vécu, dans l'amitié la plus étroite et l'amitié la plus épanchante—une amie qu'il nourrit journellement dans le luxe le plus élégant, à qui par habitude il fait une nécessité du plus brillant superflu, pour risquer de la laisser, par un coup de la main de Dieu, dans l'abandon le plus triste et le plus total ? Que veut dire, que peut dire, cette insouciance . . . mystérieuse ?—et qu'elle peut devenir fatale !—. . . qu'un maréchal de Broglie, un Prince de Broglie, et tant d'émigrés (qui ne lui tiennent en rien que par le Lien naturel entre des cœurs navrés avec un cœur noble et compatissant) sont rassasiés par ses Actes aussi généreux que bien placés !—tandis qu'une Catherine II. voit pour la première fois une nouvelle sujette, récemment acquise comme Madame de Recke et touchée également de ses vertus et de ses infortunes, lui fait dans son premier épanchement, un traitement digne de la donatrice comme du receveur de quatre mille ducats par an, et, de plus, un don gratuit de deux mille ducats pour mettre ses terres en valeur !

“ Voilà de l'amitié, comme la grâce de Dieu, incovenantée, efficace, et suffisante ! Mais, chère Wilhelmine, sois sûre que si ton ancien ami l'abandonne, le nouveau, plus sensible à ton mérite, quoique moins capable de te récompenser, ne fera pas de même. Et quand tes malheurs tes disgrâces cuisantes, et la sensibilité, à l'outrance, auront réduit ta santé à l'extrémité, ta vie même à un fil ; que tu seras réduite à l'alternative de mourir à Berlin ou de vivre à Londres, je te promets un traitement de mille frédéric d'or, comme gage de mon amitié, et récompense faible de tes vertus. Alors, quand il ne sera plus temps, on pleurera ta mort politique ; et, en cas qu'on s'agisse de t'ériger un tombeau, je leur fais cadeau de l'épitaphe,—Ci gît la victime d'une amitié de vingt ans, déjà ressuscitée par une amitié de vingt mois été.”

Apart from a mere love of meddling, the Bishop seems in all this business to have aimed at putting Countess Lichtenau under such obligation to himself that out of gratitude she would in return lend the full weight of her influence towards his political manoeuvres.

A series of letters which he wrote at this time to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster—herself an influence in English political circles—points to his ambitions in the above direction, and shows that he designed to steer the policy of Prussia by means of the Favourite and the King ; while his son Frederick—a young man

of promising talent and a true Hervey*—as he has been called—was to be induced, since he would not be the King's son-in-law, at least to become accredited as English Envoy to Berlin, or to Dresden, and thus secure English supremacy in Prussian and European state-craft. Such was the Count Bishop's castle in the air!

To this we find him now confabulating with Mr. Elliot, the English Minister at Dresden. He writes to Lady Elizabeth:

“ Dresden,
“ December 6, 1796.

“ Did I not tell you, my dearest Elizabeth, that they would bungle the affair with the King of Prussia? & so it has happened. Mr. Elliot here has assured me he had seen all Mr. Hammond's papers, & to himself it was clear as daylight that the King & his Ministers had acceded to all the preliminaries, whilst Mr. Hammond, who has a much greater hesitation in his brain than in his speech was persuaded the preliminaries have not been acceded.

“ The King himself, Bishops Werder, & Mollendorf were all of Mr. Elliot's opinion, & the King himself told me, in presence of my friend, that he never was so surprised as when he heard that Mr. Hammond was decamped. I repeat it to you—let them send Frederick to Frederick William. I will give them *la grâce prevenante* with my Countess, & I will pledge myself he, with his talents, his manners, & his activity, will render it *la grâce efficace*. 'Tis a shame, dearest Elizabeth, that Frederick, with such endowments as his, both natural & acquired, should sacrifice all to indolence, prepossession, & mere Egoism, whilst by entering into a career equally suited to his birth, to his talents, & to his education he can render himself so extensively useful to the noblest country that ever did or ever can exist, respectable to his friends, & highly, permanently and solidly serviceable to himself. Add to all that it is inconsistent with that noble character of independence which I suppose him to possess, to throw himself on the shoulders of a father already

* In a curious letter among the “ Dropmore Papers ” (Hist. MSS. Commission, Vol. VII., page 5), addressed to Lord Grenville, 1801, by Count Woronzoff (who had been Russian Ambassador in London), the Count describes Frederick, Lord Hervey, as “ Hervey, Hervey et Archi-Hervey ” and for that reason “ trembles ” lest his brother-in-law, Lord Hawkesbury, should name him Ambassador to Petersburg. Woronzoff says he has known Hervey intimately from a child, having known his late mother twenty-four years ago in Rome, and ever since “ resté constamment en liaison avec elle.” Lady Bristol frequently in her letters mentions her liking for the Count, whom she evidently looked upon as a true friend.

sinking under the weight, whilst by a manly & vigorous exertion of talents, for which he is responsible, he might prove an honour to his country, a comfort to his family, & a solace to himself.

“ Lord Elgin is tired to death of Berlin, & would be so of any other station where he could not exercise his fox-hunting spirit, but Ratisbon was the station I wished your brother to accept, at this hour the very best diplomatic school in Europe, where the interests of all the empire are daily discussed, where he might learn his lesson in the best company. Mr. Elliot, who began with those rudiments, assured me yesterday it was to that school he owed all the diplomatick knowledge he possessed, & regretted infinitely with me that Frederick had declined what he should have conjugated. He empowered me at the same time to say that if Frederick could procure him any desirable exchange, he would resign Dresden to him. At all events, be sure your brother is not aware of the false step he is taking by declining the diplomatick line ; according to all experience, he cannot miss with his Birth, his Talents, his connexions & his assiduity becoming Secretary of State in ten or twelve years. Either he is, or he is not, calculated for public speaking ; if he is, ministry will be as glad as he to give him a Semestre for the Parliament months to avail themselves of him ; if he is not, he cannot be better employed than at the desk, where he has already given proof of powers in handling Mr. Thomas Paine.* And so adieu, dearest Elizabeth. I have done my duty ; let Frederick now do his. *Pour moi, j'irai mon train*, & if I cannot be the Cæsar nor the Cicero, I will be a less splendid but a more useful citizen, the Lucullus of my time—the Midwife of Talents, Industry, & hidden virtue. Sweet Elizabeth Adieu.

“ A luminous idea has struck my mind which I only propose to you, & of which you may dispose as you please ; if your eldest son† was sent abroad whilst I remain so, he might live with me, & Mr. Lovell for one or two hundred a year might be his mentor—no one better for it, either for morals or intellect of your son. I do but propose ; do you dispose.”

At the end of December he is still at Dresden and writes to Lady Elizabeth :

* Thomas Paine (1737–1809), the well-known anti-Christian writer ; author of “ The Rights of Man,” “ The Age of Reason,” etc.

† Frederick Thomas Foster, born 1777. M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds in 1817. Died 1857. Like his grandfather the Bishop, he was noted as an amusing talker. The late Lady Arthur Hervey used to say that he made the servants laugh so by his jokes at dinner that they could scarcely wait at table.

“ Dresden,

“ December 28, 1796.

“ I do not expect peace to be signed by that blundering attorney Lord Malmesbury, too cunning to deceive, & too crafty to be trusted ; but in case I should be disappointed and the French tygers submit to terms, I think it is worth Frederick’s while in time to speak for the embassy to the Hague which is so near to England, he is almost at home, and may even be so in 24 hours ; but here are my politicks, & if ever you canvass with the Duke & Duchess (of Devonshire) or other *Plenipo*, pray start the question & let me know the result. My idea is to annihilate Holland as a blackguard, mean, low, shabby, rival power, & sink her, as she was formerly, into the 17 provinces of Brabant, &c. &c. then give them all together to Bavaria, & the Palatinate to the old Elector, an ignorant enthusiast, & a Papist, whose nonsense, (as Bishop Burnet says) suits their nonsense.

“ Brabant will at length have a resident Sovereign. The Palatinate East of the Rhine I would give to a young branch of our Royal family as being Protestant ; but west of the Rhine, & including all the iniquitous, profligate, debauched, bishoprics and their infamous chapters, I would cede to the Republic on condition, & for this condition I would spend the last drop of blood & money, that they cede all the Provinces south of the Loire to Louis 18. Here is France as a maritime & commercial nation sunk for ever ; the two governments eternally at war together & doing the business for England ; but if France is to remain entire—Oh ! judge of her future energy by her past, & dread the fatal moment when that restless people, having recruited their strength, pour all upon England. At all events dear Elizabeth, I hope your *torpid* friends, for such I must call them, will not forget to secularize the two very lucrative but tyrannical bishopricks of Paderborn & Hildersheim in favour of two younger sons of our Royal family. The Bishops expect it, the people pray for it, & all Westphalia applaud it. Perhaps that *log* Lord Grenville does not know that they exist, nor has ever heard of the secularization of the opulent bishoprick of Magdeburg in favour of the House of Brandenburg after the 30 years war, for by all accounts from my diplomatic friend a more ignorant blockhead does not exist, but dearest Elizabeth, in case these torpid gentlemen assume the courage to secularize Hildersheim & Paderborn, let them not overlook the small, low-lived, ignorant convent of English Benedictines at Lamsheim (?) worth £3,000 a year in the heart of that Bishoprick, & now possessed by a whole sty of grovelling

grunting, Epicurean hogs drawn out of the counties of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and West Riding of York. If your friends have the courage to look at such an enterprise, you may give them a memorandum for their consideration.

“In the Bishoprick of Paderborn there is another Convent of Dominicans which I have also visited, and may be worth £2,500 a year, & is in the centre of the Bishoprick. The Act of Secularization depends entirely upon the Emperor, who can refuse England nothing. The Chancellor of Hanover assured me that to his knowledge that corrupt, abandoned, scoundrel Lord Bute had absolutely the offer of secularization in 1762, but refused it. 'Tis supposed he pocketed £20,000 for this infamous refusal, & the younger sons in consequence remain a burden on England. Oh! if your Brother were now Minister at Berlin what a blow he might strike! since I know for certain & past a doubt that my landlord of *Sans Souci* (Frederick William II.) wishes nothing so much as to join in crushing the *tigres-singes* (the French). What a blunder the sending of Hammond, whom nobody could understand, & who did not understand either himself or others, & as to the present.”
 . . . (Rest of letter missing).

The Earl Bishop now propounded a scheme for partitioning France into two, by the concerted intervention of the European Powers—England and Prussia in particular. One part—northwards from the Loire—was to be a republic, and the other—southwards—a monarchy under Louis XVIII., with loyalist Toulon for its capital. By this method France, divided and disorganized, was to be rendered innocuous to her European neighbours, the martial craving for conquest of her republican generals was to be stemmed while the southern portion was to sink to the position of a second-rate kingdom. In three words—“*Divide et Impera*” was to be the motto of the new enterprise which had already been broached at Berlin and Dresden, where it had been “more than well received.”

His sojourn at Dresden concluded, he discloses this Machiavellian dream to his daughter Elizabeth, whose position in the inner circle of Devonshire House had been established for over ten years.

“Plauen in Southern Saxony, ce 12 Jan., 1797. (From “The Two Duchesses.”)

“I send you, my dearest Elizabeth, as to one of the few persons capable of relishing a great idea worthy of either Cromwell or Chatham, but perhaps unintelligible to your dull

formal, pedantick, uncomprehending & incomprehensible Minister of Foreign Affairs, (Lord Grenville), to which department he is as inadequate as to the Home, witness the insults offered to the British Lion by the Cubs of Genoa, or the Foxes of Tuscany, —I send you, I say, a copy of my letter to Frederick William (King of Prussia)—the letter is of course addressed to Countess Lichtenau, though intended for the King.—which has been infinitely better understood, & far more relished than by that impenetrable & unpenetrating blockhead Lord Grenville :

“ Chère amie, je te confie par une main très sûre un projet, qui m’est d’autant plus cher que je me flatte qu’il s’agit des véritables intérêts d’un des plus vertueux souverains de L’Europe entière et sans contredit des intérêts de celui à qui par goût, comme par reconnaissance je suis le plus attaché. C’est beaucoup dire pour un Anglais, et pour un Anglais aussi fier que moi.

“ Il s’agit donc, chère amie, de mettre la France hors de combat : cette nation inquiète et inquiétante sera tranquille pour au moins un siècle.

“ Il s’agit de la partager en deux—France Républicaine et France Monarchique, l’une au nord de la Loire, l’autre au midi.

“ La Nature s’y prête, et la Politique s’y prête, car au sud de la Noire, il n’y a pas Fortresse quelconque si vous en exceptez La Rochelle—et Antibes et Toulon, toutes les deux dégarnies de leur artillerie pour souvenir au siège de Mantoue.

“ Ajoutez que la proportion des Aristocrates a toujours été et subsiste toujours d’une supériorité énorme à la proportion Démocratique.

“ La France dans ce moment est terrassée ; elle est aux abois, et à peine peut-elle se soutenir. Pour effectuer ce projet de partition il y’a deux partis à prendre.

“ Ou de s’allier avec le nouvel Empereur de Russie et, de concert avec lui et avec lui seul, sur un principe purement Monarchique conduire le Roi Louis 18, avec la petite mais brave et loyale armée de Condé à travers la Suisse et le Piemont sans façon quelconque, et le proclamer Roi de la France méridionale tout en entrant de la Provence.

“ Ou bien de s’allier avec l’Angleterre qui fera la moitié des frais, et aideroit avec sa flotte pour seconder le même système.

“ Mais je crains un Cabinet aussi lâche, aussi équivoque, aussi indécis que celui de Londres, et je préférerois toujours un Cabinet dont l’alliance seroit sympathique, et où les intérêts de la Monarchie seroient communs aux deux Monarques.

“ Alors je prétens que d’après les connaissances que 25 ans de voyages m’ont donné, les frais de la guerre doivent être annuellement aux dépens de la France méridionale.

“ Dans les Années 1766 et 1767 j’assistais à la tenue (Assembly) des états de Languedoc.

“ Cette Province accorda au Roi chaque année la somme de £500,000 livres sterlines. Les Provinces de Guienne et de valeur de £600,000 livres sterlines.

“ Les états de Dauphiné et de Provence avec la ville de Marseilles accordaient au Roi la somme de £500,000 livres sterlines—dessous donc.

Languedoc	500,000
Guienne	600,000
Dauphiné &c.	500,000
	£1,600,000

“ Doublons cette somme, le droit de guerre, nous aurons la somme complète £3,200,000 sterlines. Je me flatte qu’avec les contributions ordinaires cela suffirait pour entretenir les deux armées.

“ Il s’agit à présent du bien qui résulterait à votre ami (the King of Prussia) de ce projet, et du Mal qui doit résulter de sa négligence.

“ Par la division de la France en Républicaine et en Monarchique elle devient Puissance très secondaire, par conséquent hors de combat—encore plus si le caractère inquiet de la nation faisait remuer la République. Voilà le Monarque tout de suite à son aise pour revendiquer ses anciens droits, et lui arracher quelque province—en tout cas son aide comme Puissance secondaire serait très-mince, très-équivoque, et peu à craindre.

“ Mais—laissez échapper ce moment et que la République reste—une et indivisible—quel en est le triste et fatal résultat ?

“ La France République devient mille fois plus énergique, plus terrible, plus dangereuse, et plus séduisante durant la paix que durant la guerre.

“ Les commis voyageurs, les négocians, les émissaries, les apôtres de la liberté répandront à droit et à gauche ces principes de la liberté qui étouffent toute liberté et très sûrement bouleverseront les Monarchies actuelles et les gouvernemens Monarchiques.

“ Et dites-moi quel sera l’antidote à ce poison ?

“ Les pays-Bas seront-ils cédés à la République ou non ? S’ils sont cédés, quel colosse de Puissance, et où est donc Wesel ? Juliers ? Cleves ? En cas qu’ils ne sont pas cédés trois ans après la paix voilà le duplicat du traité de ce Fanfaron Kaunitz.

“Cédez-moi les Pays-Bas, dira la République qui vous chicanent tant, vous insultent tant, et foncièrement vous rendent si peu, et je verse toutes mes forces pour vous donner un équivalent dans la Silésie, la Pologne &c.

“Mais on me répliquera—La Russie ne le permette pas—La Russie l’a déjà permis une fois ; donc la Russie le peut encore permettre. Il ne lui faut qu’un Ministre corrompu-dans une Nation la plus corrompue de toute l’Europe-outre en accorder à la Russie pour sa neutralité Dantzic &c. et qui me répondra de son amitié fidèle ?

“Vaut il la peine de risquer les évènements de la guerre de Sept ans ? Ne vaut-il pas mieux secouer ses plumes, aiguïser son bec, et déployer ses griffes, et fondre, une fois pour tout, sur cet ennemi abattu-terrassé-mais toujours inquiet, perfide, et rusé, et lui ôter tout pouvoir de se relever—Divide et impera.”

“Dearest Elizabeth,—My friend (i.e., Countess Lichtenau) tells me it has made the deepest impression (i.e., on the King of Prussia) and raised the most vigorous resolutions, but alas ! I know him. One hour in the lap of his *Danseuse*,* & he lies there the shadow of a King—yet at such a moment, if your brother, with all his energy & all his insinuation, was on the spot to keep this momentary energy alive to secure to his interests she who now opposes hers,† to back all my friends’ exertions—to warm this lump of inert matter (the King of P.) and breathe into it a permanent fire with 233,000 men at his back—at this critical decisive moment, what might not this Colossus effect, & what honor to himself, and what permanent, extensive substantial benefit to his country (England) might not Frederick achieve ? but I am talking to the deaf. Dearest Elizabeth make your friend speak out if possible, to the purport of this Memorial—read well yourself, read with Frederick—state the objections—at Dresden & Berlin the idea has more than pleased, perhaps the magnitude of the objects deters. It would not have deterred Lord Chatham, but, alas, he did bestride this narrow world like a stage Colossus and these petty men do but peep between his legs.”

In a letter to Countess Lichtenau, February 15, 1797, he enlarges further on the dangers to Germany of the new republic adjacent to her borders—“a powerful republic is always more

* “His danseuse,” Mlle. Schulskey of the corps de ballet, “a handsome, blooming, brunette without much mind,” the last of the King’s mistresses, the declared favourite under the chief favourite. (Vehse’s “Court of Prussia.”)

† He means that the danseuse was physically an enervating influence on the decadent King.

active, more restless, more ardent, than a monarchy. I appeal to Rome, Carthage, Athens, Tyre and Sidon in ancient times, to Tunis, Algiers, Holland in the last century, & to France at present. Every time a demagogue (tyrant) wishes to disentangle himself from opposition he plunges his country into war as did Alcibiades, Hannibal, Sylla, & de Witt. How then emasculate a people ? by a Pompadour, a Maintenon, a Cardinal Dubois, a Richelieu and so many others—My system then is to divide France & to weaken her—*Quelle dose de Politique, ma chère Wilhelmina,*” he winds up, “*a toi qui n’es rien moins que Politique—mais moi, Sénateur Anglais, je ne rêve à d’autre chose—si ce n’est que toi, chère, aimable, excellente amie.*”

CHAPTER LV

1797

INSIGHT into the relations of the Bishop with his chaplain at this stage of their travels is supplied by the latter in a letter to Countess Lichtenau, who prefaces her publication of it by saying that Mr. Lovell's gentleness and amenity had gained her friendship. This it appears was of a fraternal character, the reverend gentleman being in the habit of addressing the lady as his "dear sister" while, to accentuate the nearness of the relationship they had assumed, they playfully addressed each other as Henri and Henriette, their real christian names being respectively Trefusis and Wilhelmina. It is likely the intimacy between his chaplain and his "divine Countess" was not relished by the Bishop, while, to judge by Lovell's letter, the gout from which both ecclesiastics suffered at Plauen affected the temper of the one and the spirits of the other—"weak spirits and a dejected mind" being, as the Bishop says later, characteristic of Lovell who, he adds, however, was "near seven years with me without a single altercation, suspicion or jealousy." Although the Bishop retained no ill feeling, it is evident that he had little consideration for the sensitive temperament of his companion, who possessed none of the boldness to defend himself such as he had so much admired in Goethe's attitude towards the Bishop at Jena. Like a true coward he revenged himself behind his patron's back, and with not the less malice that he veiled it under a pretence of delicacy and respect. Corresponding with the Countess in secret lest the Bishop's "jealousy," arising from the "littleness of his soul," be aroused, the chaplain pours forth to his adopted sister the pent-up bitterness of his feelings, which, perhaps, though unsuspected by the Bishop, were not altogether innocent of jealousy of a certain Mr. de Savigny, a French *émigré*, who had lately joined the episcopal party and who absorbed his lordship's attention while Lovell was, or felt himself, neglected.

After leaving Plauen, and on reaching the next stage of the journey southwards, he writes :

“ Munich,

“ 22 Janvier, 1797.*

“ Enfin ma très chère sœur, nous voici, notre voyage de Dresde était interrompue par une rechute de goutte qui nous a retenus une semaine à Plauen, petite ville de la Saxe où il y a une fabrique de mousseline dont on fait commerce en Turquie. J'aurais voulu vous écrire de là, mais je me suis refusé ce plaisir parce que mon esprit était trop aigri contre . . . The Bishop, et je ne voulais pas parler d'une conduite qui pouvait vous donner de la peine à cause de l'amitié dont vous m'honorez. Les injures qu'il me fait ne consistent qu'en des inattentions, et des méprises, qui ont peut être leur aigreur dans ma misérable et infortunée sensibilité. Je me détache autant que je puis de sa société laissant à Mr. Savigny† la pleine jouissance d'entendre son dieu blasphémé, et les exécutions contre sa patrie et ses compatriotes. Il entend tout d'un sourire d'insouciance, et malgré cette complaisance française, il est loué par Monseigneur, pour sa bonne humeur. Je me retire à mes livres, compagnons toujours innocents et instructifs, ou à me persuader à la patience pour le plus de mois qui me restent à soutenir cette fardeau. Car ma chère sœur, mon parti est pris, le voyage d'Italie fini, je briserai les chaînes que j'ai portées cinq années pour satisfaire à mes devoirs, mais qui sont devenues insupportables par les méprises et insolences de celui à qui je voudrais plaire. Je lui ai déjà dit que je crois que mes affaires demanderont mon retour ; et, coûte que coûte, je le quitterai à Pyrmont pour me rendre aux embrassements des amis qui m'aiment et m'estiment. Sortant d'Angleterre à ses demandes sans voir même ma chère mère et sœurs, que j'ai quittées quatre ans auparavant pour lui prouver ma reconnaissance, j'espérais m'attirer ses attentions, ses remerciements ; mais depuis mon arrivée à Berlin je n'ai reçu que des froideurs, à ne dire plus.

“ Je vous ai marqué qu'il témoigne de la jalousie de votre correspondance avec votre frère d'adoption. Je connais trop sa malignité et la persévérance de cet malignité, pour ne pas croire qu'il fera son possible pour me perdre dans votre opinion et m'ôter la place que je tiens dans votre esprit.

* The date “ 1797 ” given in the original “ Apologie ” is incorrectly changed in the French translation of the book to “ 1799.”

† Countess Lichtenau adds a note in explanation of Savigny : “ Ein französischer Emigrirter und ebenfalls Reise-Gesellschafter von Bristol.”

“ Je connais trop la petitesse de son âme, dans plusieurs occasions, à presque me faire croire que la sienne au moins n'existe pas. Mais ne le laissez pas, me chère Henriette, s'emparer de votre esprit, et vous faire croire que je suis autre que tel que vous m'avez trouvé dans les premiers jours de mon séjour chez vous : tel je serai toujours, car ces jours me seront des plus doux de la vie, dans lesquels j'ai trouvé une sœur si amiable. J'ai honte d'être si egoïste dans cette lettre.

“ C'est pour la dernière fois que je vous parlerai de mes souffrances à cet égard. C'est un sujet qui me fait beaucoup de peine, d'autant plus que je sais que je vous donnerai aussi du chagrin. C'est une délicatesse aussi, ma chère, que je paye à vous et à tous ceux que j'aime à ne jamais parler dérespectueusement de ceux qui vous sont chers. J'ai reçu votre cher billet, et nous avons bu à la santé de tous ceux qui se sont intéressés à vous servir. Demain, nous partons pour Naples—les Alpes sont dans la plus grande beauté, Adieu Henri.”

While Naples may have been the ultimate aim of the travellers, as Lovell says it was, many circumstances combined to prevent them from ever reaching it. From Munich, however, they moved in a southerly direction and are next found at Venice. The Bishop wrote thence to Sir William Hamilton at Naples, 12th February, 1797 :

“ Be so good as to present my duty to the King (of Naples) and entreat him to give me leave to have casts made of the statues of Claudius, Agrippina, Nero, Hadrian, & his consort, dug up in the Lago Celano 1752, & sent to Caserta—as my account says—& if you find him easy on the subject you may add the Egyptian statues and what else is good in his palace at Naples ; but if you find him difficult you may plead that Prince Borghese gave me a written leave under his hand to take casts of all the statues found at Gabii, & also of all his statues in the Villa Borghese, & surely Lord Bristol will not find the Q. of Naples less friendly than Prince Borghese.

“ If you could obtain it send me the order, not a damned *dispaccio*, which makes no more dispatch than a French *Diligence* but a real friendly order that may instantly be executed by the famous Giuseppe Torrento at Rome, or any other you may recommend. Direct to me under cover to ‘ Petrillo, Aubergiste, Venezia.’

“ I congratulate you my dear Queen on the news this day arrived by express that the French are driven out of Trent & that town reduced to ashes. My love, with your leave, to dearest Emma.”

The Austrian advantage, however, was but temporary, and soon gave way to a series of disastrous defeats. The onward march of the victorious French Army in Italy—Mantua besieged and “aux agonies” (as he writes to Countess Lichtenau February 15), the Austrian General Wurmser, who had gone to the rescue, shut up there and on the eve of capitulating—the state of affairs was not auspicious for even a militant Bishop to proceed on a journey through Italy. He turned his course north-eastwards from Venice to Klagenfurt and wrote thence some secret intelligence to Hamilton dated February 21st, 1797.

“ I send you, my dear Sir William, extracts from two letters I have lately from Venice, & which I should have communicated sooner, but that I wait for a safe opportunity :

“ ‘ Venezia,
“ ‘ 1mo Febbo., 1797.

“ ‘ Gl’ affari in Italia ed in Tirolo sono della più grave perdita. Io credo, coll universale, che li Generali Austriaci sian traditori del loro povero sovrano. Qui ora si ciarla che possa venire S.A. l’ arciduca Giuseppe col Generale Clairfait. Dio voglia che questo guerriero sia incontaminabile, e ponga fine a queste disgrazie.’* ”

“ ‘ Venezia,
“ ‘ 4 Feb., 1797.† ”

“ ‘ Qui si dice resa Mantova per capitolazione ; ma ci sono delle opposizioni che dicono che Wurmser, quando non le venga accordato da Buonaparte, era perduto affatto : Basta. Dio ponga rimedio a tanti guai.’ ”

“ Here follows the situation of the two armies as traced to me by some prisoner officers there present.

“ Nothing can exceed the venality of the Austrian officers except their *lasciviousness*, many of whom are in bed (with their w . . es) when they should have been in the field of Mars instead of Venus.

“ I tremble for Naples if once the monkeys (the French)

* “ Venice, 1st Feb., 1797. The affairs in Italy and the Tyrol are of the gravest loss. I believe, with everyone else, that the Austrian Generals are traitors to their poor Sovereign. Here it is rumoured that His Highness the Archduke Joseph and General Clairfait may come. May God will that this warrior may be incorruptible, and put an end to these disasters.”

† Here they talk of the surrender of Mantua by capitulation ; but there are those of the opposition who say that Wurmser when he did not come to an agreement with Buonaparte was entirely lost : “ Enough ! May God grant a remedy for so much misery.”

are able to reach Rome, but Naples missed the moment last autumn when their army could, by joining Wurmser, have annihilated the French.

“What the Hungarian recruits can do no one knows, or ventures to guess, but *raw* troops seldom make *raw* work.

“Naples can yet save & recover Lombardy, but England must *save* & cover Naples. Are these orthodox politicks or not? If you can send me anything, inclose it to Mr. Day, either by express or at Caffè Inglese.

“Adieu—do you advise me to hire my apartment for next year—yea or nay? My best & kindest love to dear Emma. Does the Queen ever name me to you or to dear Emma—yea or nay?”

CHAPTER LVI

1797

THE Bishop now began a project, singularly adventurous for his times—namely, to explore Egypt. It was inspired by the accounts of his travelling companion, M. de Savary, who had passed eight years there and was ready to act as guide while a certain Count de Cassis who had made a large fortune in Cairo, and whom the Bishop was now about to visit at his home in Austria, was to furnish introductions and *renseignements* useful for the Egyptian journeys. It was not intended that the expedition should start for some months ; such preparation for it would be necessary, and in the meantime it was expected a general Peace would be declared which would facilitate matters for the travellers. The Bishop proposed to collect a large party to accompany him—it was to include artists, authors, and men of science, and—he fondly imagined—his “divine Comtesse.” Strangely enough he suggested that she should travel as far as Naples with the invalid King of Prussia, that she should leave him to winter there for the benefit of his health, and herself proceed thence with the goodly company of explorers to Egypt for a trip of some months up the Nile.

The first letter in which the Bishop unfolds his plan is addressed to the celebrated archæologist, Hirt, who was now residing in Countess Lichtenau’s household at Potsdam. She, it will be remembered, had made the acquaintance of Hirt the year before in Rome, being introduced to him by Prince Augustus of England. He had henceforth become one of her most favoured protégés, accompanying her on her homeward journey. Through her patronage he was nominated Academician at Berlin and was appointed tutor to Prince William, a younger son of the King.*

* Vehse (“Court of Prussia,” page 332) describes Hirt as having been “a run-away friar from Swabia, thirty years of age, of vigorous frame, and altogether good-looking.”

The Bishop, hoping to enlist Hirt's influence with the Countess in favour of his project, writes—("Apologie," by Countess Lichtenau, Vol. II., 23):

" À Trieste,
" ce 13 Mars, '97.

" Cher Hirt, J'ose vous proposer, et à ma chère Comtesse par votre Canal, un voyage (bien entendu après la paix) des plus intéressants, des plus amusants, et des plus saines, dans un pays où les débris de l'ancienne Rome nous paraîtront des nains à cote d'un géant. C'est de l'Égypte dont il s'agit ; et quand le roi fera son voyage en Italie, je propose à ma divine Comtesse de m'accompagner en Égypte. Nous aurons deux *sponari* avec des rames et des voiles. La Denis et M. le Professeur Hirt seront dans le bateau de la chère Comtesse. M. Savary l'auteur des charmantes Lettres sur L'Égypte (que, par parenthèse, je vous supplie de me procurer tout de suite) sera dans le mien. M. Savary y a passé huit ans tout entiers, parle arabe comme un Arabe, et nous tracera notre route.

" Ici ce trouvent plusieurs Italiens, qui ne parlent que du beau temps, du climat salubre d'Égypte. Mon tailleur, mon valet de place, et un certain Conte de Cassis un millionnaire y ont été pendant plusieurs années, et jamais un instant de maladie. D'Alexandrie au Grand-Caire la route commune en bateau est de quatre jours. C'est précisément ce que M. de Savary y a mis. De là à Thèbes quel agréable voyage ; et dans quel pays voir les plus beaux monuments de l'art, les plus superbes effets de la nature à côté de nous ? Toujours par eau, toujours bien nourris, tout en abondance, et le vin de chypre la plus part pour un paulo la bouteille.

" Parmi les lettres sur Égypte par M. de Savary, celles que je recommande le plus à ma chère Comtesse sont les 12, 13, 14, puis 20, 22, et 24. Après celles-là les lettres 9, 10, 11, du second tour et presque tout le troisième volume. Si vous pouviez me procurer le Voyage de M. Norden, danois, ou en français ou en allemand, j'en serais enchanté d'autant plus, que ces deux éditions sont accompagnées de planches aussi fidèles que superbes.

" Quant à moi je mènerai très sûrement deux ou trois peintres tant pour le coutume que pour les monuments et les belles vues, afin que rien ne manque aux agréments de notre voyage.

" Il s'agirait seulement de partir de Naples au milieu de

Septembre, . . . la Sicile, Malte, une partie de la Grèce, les îles de Rhodes, Crète, Chypre, pour arriver en Égypte à la fin d'Octobre. Alors dans quatre jours nous arrivons au Grand-Caire et avant le vent du nord, qui souffle sans interruption quelconque, nous arrivons aux magnifiques ruines de Thèbes aux cent portes, en vingt-un jours au plus. Je propose de réserver les pyramides etc., jusqu'à votre retour afin d'éviter les grandes chaleurs. Cher Hirt, ne voilà-t-il pas un voyage digne de vos grandes connaissances et de votre travail infatigable ? quels superbes dessins ne feront pas mes peintres ! Quel magnifique ouvrage pour présenter au public que notre voyage associé ! moi, j'en suis déjà extasié d'autant plus, que le tout se pourra faire dans une seule année commodément, et sans le moindre danger. Cher Hirt, adieu. Votre ami et votre admirateur Bristol.

" Un certain Comte Cassis qui à été douze ans grand douanier au Grand-Caire, réside actuellement à une petite ville qui s'appelle Marburg, sept postes et demie au nord de Laibach, J'y vais muni de bonnes lettres de la part du gouverneur de Trieste et de L'Archévêque de Laibach, uniquement pour le voir, et attraper des renseignements et des lettres de recommandation pour le Grand-Caire, où on m'assure qu'il conserve un crédit et influence extraordinaire ; ne voilà-t-il pas, cher Hirt, un noble enthousiasme et digne de précéder notre délicieux voyage en Égypte ? Rhodes ! Crète ! Chypre ! Quels superbes portiques au grand temple de L'Égypte ! Vive la paix qui doit nous y porter."

To his " chère et adorable Comtesse " the Bishop writes a few days later, from " Marburg* Sur le Drave, quatre postes de Gratz, ce 20 Mars, 1797,"† that he has at last found the Count de Cassis, " cet homme si intéressant pour l'égyptomanie dont je suis dévoré et dont je ne démords pas, et qui, loin de me guérir de mon affection, me la fait prendre pour Médecine et non pour maladie."

Egypt was depicted as a paradise of enchantment, where perfect health was to be enjoyed, and from which all were sure to return with renewed youth. Obelisks, columns, sphinxes were to be obtained for only the cost of their transport, and these the Bishop destined to adorn his houses and parks at home. It would be tedious to quote in full the long letter

* Marburg, in south-western Austria.

† " Apologie," Vol. II., 24.

in which he enlarges on this prospect which was never realized and of which the Countess herself remarks that it was a mad idea to suppose that the King could ever consent to her going to Egypt.

Nor was Eastern travel likely to appeal to the lady herself, since, according to the Bishop, it was necessary for all ladies to be veiled. "*Quant aux femmes,*" he remarks airily, "*il faut que vous passiez la mienne, et que, pour n'être pas violée, vous soyez voilée, et alors votre personne est plus sacrée que la mienne.*"

But for no inducement was the Countess likely to be willing at such a moment by embarking on foreign travel to interrupt the triumphs of her newly exalted position, which, dependent on the precarious life of a diseased monarch, she must have foreseen was of uncertain tenure and could not be expected to last long. Meanwhile, at this time and during the ensuing months, the social recognition by the exclusive German nobility was an unprecedented honour for this lowly-born adventuress, whose elevation they nevertheless strongly resented; even all the members of the Royal Family, who were most hostile to her, graced her lavish entertainments; her dangerous elevation, for which Dampmartin blames the Bishop, being in fact the precursor of the proportionate fall which she was soon afterwards to experience.

It was in the spring of 1797 that her richly-dowered daughter, the Countess de la Marche, whom the Bishop had designed for a daughter-in-law, was married to a member of one of the principal houses in Germany, Count Frederick von Stolberg. The marriage turned out badly and was annulled two years later.

While the Bishop had to give up all idea of the Countess being one of his prospective party of explorers, he nevertheless continued to cherish his project for the next winter, although we hear no more about it for the present. In the meantime he wended his way back from Austria to his accustomed haunts in Germany.

The Bishop's correspondence with Ireland in regard to his episcopal property next comes unexpectedly under review. Whatever fancy he may possibly have entertained from time to time of returning to his diocese, all intention of his ever doing so must surely now have been set aside. Indeed, the perturbed condition of Ireland rendered it out of the question. So grave was the state of affairs that the episcopal residence at Derry was now actually occupied by troops under the Earl of Cavan. On receiving news of this, the Bishop in high indignation wrote

to his clerical agent, Mr. Gouldsburg,* protesting against the violation. This appears by the following letter from Lord Cavan, addressed to the Right Hon. Thomas Pelham, Secretary for Ireland :

“ Londonderry,
“ May 27, '97.

“ SIR,

“ I have the honour to transcribe for your information an extract of a letter from Lord Bristol to Mr. Gouldsburg, his resident agent here.

“ Without entering into any parley or discussion of the illegal & violent manner in which his Lordship (meaning me) has taken possession of the mansion of a Peer of the Realm & a Bishop of the Diocese I require him not only to quit it but also to repair any damage committed, in failure of which his Lordship is *my mark* for so unexampled an outrage, & Mr. Galbraith has my most positive & decided orders instantly to take up the matter legally, & vindicate the dilapidated property of an Irish subject.

“ In another part of his Lordship's letter he blames his agent for not resisting, as he terms it, the insult I have committed, & says the Insurgents could not have done worse. By this latter observation his Lordship seems aware that Insurgents are in the country ; surely therefore, his quarrelling about his house at such a time as the present comes with a very bad grace from him. It has no effect on me. The troops are still in it, & more will shortly be, as soon as bedsteads can be made, unless I have official orders to the contrary. I take it for granted that you will support my proceedings on this subject. . . .

“ CAVAN B. G.

“ To the Rt. Hon. Thos. Pelham.”

While it is said that King George, remembering how embarrassing to Government had been the contumacious Bishop's behaviour in Ireland five and twenty years before, secretly welcomed his prolonged absence abroad, the placemen among the high nobility in Ireland did not conceal their disappointment that the Bishop, whose death they had long eagerly expected, still continued to occupy the wealthy see they coveted for their clerical younger sons or brothers, and demanded loudly that the Bishop of Derry should resign. Their complaint of his non-residence was a reasonable one, but the true motive

* The Rev. Francis Gouldsburg (senior) had been Prebendary of Moville (Derry) since 1781, but resigned in 1797 when his son the Rev. Francis Gouldsburg succeeded him in the Prebendary. Both held important episcopal leases on behalf of the Bishop.

of each powerful claimant—the Beresfords, the Loftuses and the rest—was wholly personal or political, and not one of these magnates had any deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the diocese. None knew this better than the Bishop, who was well informed of everything that went on behind the scenes in Ireland; and it was doubtless a source of keen satisfaction to him to feel that he was still blocking the wire-pullers' way. It was in this spirit that when three of his episcopal brethren addressed a remonstrance to him on his absence, he showed his contempt by sending to the Primate three peas in a bladder, accompanied by the following doggerel lines of tongue-tripping alliteration then popular as a game :

“Three large blue-bottles sat upon three blown bladders,
Blow bottle flies, blow—burst, blown bladders, burst.
—BRISTOL & DERRY.”

In July of this year (1797) the Bishop went once more to Pyrmont, where he joined the Royal party, the King of Prussia, who had been seriously ill at Berlin, having arrived, with Countess Lichtenau, on a second and final visit to Pyrmont for the benefit of his health. The monarch was accompanied by many members of the Royal Family of Prussia, and being looked upon, says Dampmartin, as “the arbiter of peace and war” at this time, “more than twenty princes or sovereigns with their suites assembled to meet him” at Pyrmont, which presented a scene of great brilliance. The Countess occupied the château of the Prince of Waldeck, the Duc de Broglie having given it up to her, while “her intimate and daily society was composed of Lord Bristol, Mr. and Madame Denis, the Abbé of Balivière, and of her own elder sister who had come with her husband the worthy and brave Captain Schomberg. This royal séjour,” adds the same author, “resembled in fact the journeys of Louis XIV.”*

The Bishop wrote to Sir William Hamilton (“Morrison Papers,” Vol. II.):

“Pyrmont,
“July 14, 1797.

“Amidst the various reports that will naturally circulate relative to the K. of Prussia's health, you will as naturally wish to hear from an eye witness & an old friend the real state of it.

* “At a supper given by the Burghers of Pyrmont to the King, the Countess appeared as Polyhymnia in a Grecian costume with a golden diadem in a mask prepared for her by her friend the savant Hirt. The Countess sang after supper some lines composed by herself and set to music for the occasion by Himmel.” (Vehse's “Court of Prussia,” page 335.)

"He arrived here 14 days ago shattered to the foundation, wasted to a skeleton ; & his long body & powerful frame, bent almost double, looked like the bow of Ulysses.

"In a few days he grew erect, yet stiff everywhere but where he *should* be ; his appetite returned, his sleep restored, seems to announce good stamina & a full resurrection ; his physician, however, was not deluded by what misguided common bystanders, & declared both to me & to others that the temporary dispersion of clouds did not insure fine & lasting weather.

"In fact, some days after, a silly excess at board, for at bed he could not trespass if he would, threw him back again, & he is now fruitlessly working up his lee-way.

"I hope to bring a beautiful cabinet to beautiful Emma, almost as fair as her skin, & as elegant as her form, & purpose to leave Pyrmont on the first of September in order to reach Italy in its delicious Autumn ; but indeed all, all is autumn with her (Italy)—her leaf is in the sear, & I doubt her returning spring is very distant, for she was rotten at the very core.

"The Pope will be a great windfall, & like an earthquake shatter all about it.

"No one here hopes anything from the farcical congress at Lille, & my letters from England are of the same mind. Adieu, old school fellow, let you & I be young still, for with all these games & gambles we may once more go to school, & not be the wiser ; at least you & dearest Emma will learn nothing new in the cordial assurance of my friendship & esteem.

"P.S.—The Physicians talk of sending the K. of Prussia to Naples, if he has strength enough to reach it ; your house would suit him well, & he might hire that & the *Vase* together, for he is antiquity mad, & bit by the same dog as you and I."*

The King, however, on his return to Potsdam grew rapidly worse and died on November 16, 1797. At his death it was the general saying, "it is well for him, and it is well for us, that he is no more."† Amiable, weak, shifty, superstitious, sensual, Frederick William II. left the kingdom of Prussia in a state of rottenness and prepared the way for her humiliation in the succeeding reign.

* In a letter to Countess Lichtenau, Sir William Hamilton solicits her interest with the King of Prussia to induce his Majesty to buy his collection of Vases, larger and more beautiful, he says, than that which the English Parliament purchased from him for the British Museum for £7,000, and which Wedgwood took as a model for many of his works.

† Massembach, quoted by Vehse.

CHAPTER LVII

1797-1798

MR. LOVELL had left the Bishop's service in the summer of 1797, after accompanying him to Pymont. There he had renewed his friendship with his "adopted sister," as appears from a letter he addressed to Countess Lichtenau on his arrival in London (15 Août, 1797), in which he mentions sending her "the globes, the sphere, the mathematical instruments and the books for the use of her son—Value 33 pounds sterling." While delighted to return to his family he "embraces with all his heart" the Countess's Sister La Chapins—Mademoiselle Chapins was, in fact, the Countess's devoted dame de Compagnie—and remains "sincerely for ever your very affectionate friend HENRI LOVELL."

On the exit of Lovell* there enter into the Bishop's surroundings the Reverend Mr. Burroughs, Archdeacon of Derry—"Dearest Newburg"—and his wife, to whom the Bishop had shown so much favour a few years before.

It would seem that the Bishop had long urged them to come out to him abroad; and at great inconvenience to themselves—so they said later—they yielded to his eager solicitations and left Ireland to stay with him at Pymont, an inducement to do so being that they were to travel afterwards to Italy in the Bishop's carriage—he himself going on horseback—and thus their journeys were not to cost them a sixpence. How dismally these expectations were disappointed transpires in the sequel. The episode opens with a note from the Bishop to the Archdeacon, dated "Pymont, Sept. 3, 1797. I expect you either at Pym or Cassel with the greatest impatience & am convinced nothing can repair your poor shattered nerves so soon as these iron-fraught waters. Adieu, yrs. B." (Letter

* Lovell, who had been collated Prebendary of Aghadouie in the Diocese of Derry in August, 1796, while he was abroad, returned to Ireland; he became Archdeacon of Derry in 1798, on the death of Newburgh Burroughs.

purchased by the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey from a descendant of Mr. Burroughs.)

Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs appear to have duly joined the Bishop at Pyrmont and to have accompanied him thence to Munich. That some unpleasantness had by that time occurred in the relations of the visitors with their episcopal host is evident from the following letter addressed by the Bishop to Burroughs in answer to one from the latter, while the correspondents apparently were staying in the same place if not in the same house :

“ SIR,

“ I receive your letter this moment, & have desired leave of my company to send it an answer, short as it is explicit.

“ That the whole of your suspicious apprehensions & conjectures is totally unfounded, that I think Mrs. Burroughs one of the pleasantest politest & cheerfulest women I ever met and calculated to make *Long* evenings appear *short*.—that I find your spirits much abated, which I imputed to a manifest deafness which has seized you—but that your worth and probity would ever make you a safe companion, tho’ your animal spirits were not in unison to those of Mrs. Burroughs. (That) As to my setting out for Inspruck I see no chance of it for several days, considering the very weak condition of my young & giddy Phaeton, & that I am, as I have often proved myself your cordial friend BRISTOL.

“ N.B.—Mr. Lovell near seven years with me without a single altercation, suspicion, or jealousy ; yet he too had weak spirits & a dejected mind.”

Addressed to “ The Reverend, Mr. Archdeacon Burroughs.”

After this there seems to have been some patching up of the differences between the Bishop and his companions. They had contemplated separating from him at Munich, but decided to remain and accompany him on his travels. Matters, however, became more and more acute, and towards the end of the year reached a crisis at Trieste. Burroughs, out of health, in low spirits and sensitive, still felt himself aggrieved and neglected by the Bishop. A certain Chevalier de Corn, a French *émigré*, who had joined the party, was, according to Burroughs, favoured too much by the Bishop, to the exclusion of himself ; while Mrs. Burroughs apparently insinuated that the Chevalier was a spy and, as such, a dangerous travelling companion. Like a good wife, she seems to have taken her husband’s part. Misunderstandings further arose as to the future plans of the Irish

travellers, who had not sufficient money to break away from the Bishop and carry out by themselves the tour to Italy which had been planned. An amusing side of the affair is shown by a series of letters of cordial recommendation with which, despite the strained relations existing between the Bishop and his companions, he proposed to provide them for a journey to Rome and Naples without him.

(Private letters of the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey.)

To Angelica Kauffmann he wrote :

“ Trieste,
“ 5th Dec. '97.

“ MY EVER DEAREST ANGELICA,

“ You who love the Bishop of Derry will not refuse your friendship & hospitality to the wife of the Archdeacon, especially as she carries with her such strong Personal titles of recommendation. Mrs. Burroughs is impatient to make your acquaintance, both as an artist & a friend of mine. You will find her sufficiently versed in that art over wch you gave so fortunate a Preference to painting—& wch has so well testify'd her gratitude for the Preference. Adieu dear Angelica & remember Mrs. B. as the friend of your devoted friend BRISTOL.”

Addressed “ Miss Angelica Kauffmann, Trinità de' Monti, Roma.”

To his banker in Rome he wrote :

“ Trieste,
“ 5th Dec. '97.

“ M. MOORE,

“ As my Archdeacon Doctor Burroughs proposes to pass some weeks at Rome with his wife, I warmly recommend their interests to your protection—that you will let him have what money he wants on his draft for England—& above all that at his departure you would consign him to an excellent vetturino for Florence or Turin—Zembla, or God knows where—with proper letters on the road & you will much oblige” (signature cut out).

Addressed “ Mr. Moore, English Banker, at Rome.”

To Sir William Hamilton he wrote :

“ Trieste,
“ 4th Dec. '97.

“ MY DEAR SR. WM.

“ I cordially recommend to you Dr. Burroughs, Archdeacon of my diocese, who in spite of every difficulty has

had the intrepidity to penetrate from Cuxhaven here merely to see his Bishop. *Per varios casus & tot discrimina rerum*—. But as few Human projects are perfectly disinterested, & that the *Pleasing Hope & Fond* desire of seeing Italy, with whose authors he possesses so delicate an Intimacy, may have added one more Spur to his zest, I cannot address better than to one of its greatest ornaments & who certainly knows modern Italy as well at least as Pliny did . . . (two or three words hidden by seal) with far less credulity & with infinitely more accuracy. So much for my tribute to your literature—your Tribute to our long standing friendship will be paid in your protection to my Archdeacon.

“ BRISTOL.”

Addressed :

“ A son Excellence,

“ Monsr. Le Chevalier Hamilton etc. etc.

“ Naples ou Caserta.”

To his Banker at Naples :

“ Trieste,

“ 5th Dec. '97.

“ MY DEAR NOBLE,

“ In case my apartment be not yet let I beg you would allot Mr. Lovell's room to my Archdeacon Mr. Burroughs & his wife, during the few days they remain at Naples. In every other respect I count upon that unbounded attention which the warmth of your heart disposes, & the extent of your experience enables you to show to your countrymen.

“ BRISTOL.

“ Would it be possible for me to hire my apartments for *Ten years* certain, and at what rent ? ”

Addressed, “ Mr. Noble, Banker at Naples.”

As the bearers of these letters never went to Rome or Naples, not one of these was presented. They remained for a hundred years in the possession of the Burroughs family.* A letter of introduction addressed the same day by the Bishop to Sir William Hamilton was given to the Chevalier de Corn and was duly delivered by him on his reaching Naples—It is worded :

“ Trieste,

“ Dec. 5th, 1797.

“ Here is my friend & fellow traveller, the Chevalier de Corn, the only modest Frenchman I ever met yet ; he is full of virtue

* These letters, with the rest of the Burroughs correspondence were in the possession of the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey.

& good principles, & will do my recommendation as much honor as credit to your protection ; *c'est tout dire* Adieu, Yours &c." ("Hamilton and Nelson Papers," 299.)

But evidently what Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs would have preferred to letters of social introduction or even to prospective favours from bankers, was a full purse of ready money. The following undated letter in which Burroughs pours forth his grievances was evidently written at Trieste on receipt of the bundle of introductions which the Bishop had sent over to him at his lodgings :

"MY LORD,

"I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the many recommendatory letters you have sent me for Italy, but much fear it will not be in my power to profit of the numerous *agrémens* they may procure me—I am however happy to have this opportunity of giving a more full & final explanation with respect to the purpose of our journey here which you still seem not to understand. Indeed it is unfortunate, after *five years* of pressing invitation to undertake it, that we should also misunderstand you, as it has been repeatedly & confidentially mentioned that our so long declining to come had given you offence.

"Your Lordship does not seem sensible that our coming, particularly without Selina, was as high a compliment as we could possibly pay you considering the numerous inconveniences we have suffered by doing so—Unhousing ourselves, dispersing our children, leaving our Stock & Crop in the very middle of the harvest to the mercy of servants, & undertaking a journey which has cost us to this place £170, when from your Lordship's repeated promises in your different letters in my possession, you assured us that on our arrival at Pymont it should not cost us sixpence,—that we were to travel in your carriage which you never entered, to Naples, & live in your house there, and in consequence of this arrangement you desired us to bring only £50, proposing it as a plan of economy to enable us the better to discharge our debts—the very reverse of all this has been the case, as we shall have expended on a fair calculation at the end of the year, making every possible retrenchment, above £100 more than the amount of our entire income.

"If it has cost us so much coming here, it will certainly require a larger sum for our return, as we shall not have any saving in our living, & must have a guide until we arrive at Ham-burgh. Mrs. Burroughs's present situation also will prevent us

proceeding to Ireland until the end of the year, which must still add to our expenses. And even this event of her confinement your Lordship had provided for by saying she might have apartments in your house at Pyrmont.

“All these things considered, & in the circumstances in which your Lordship has placed us, can we look towards Italy, in the way you point out; & even this meditated expedition you have most completely misunderstood. We never thought seriously of it, or conceived we could attempt it, until on your proposing we should make an excursion to Vienna, I mentioned our wish, (did our means allow it,) of going for six weeks, & with your approbation, to see Rome and Naples. We meant to quit you only for this short interval, to join you at Fiume, where you had proposed to settle, and accompany you to Pyrmont, wait for Selina's having had the benefit of the season which you seemed so much to wish, & had even settled the manner of her coming, & at the end of this year return to England. This however you seem to have forgotten, or, from having changed your intentions towards us, wished to prevent, as it appears conspicuous that you are now as anxious to get rid of us, as you ever were for our coming. If this is occasioned by anything in our behaviour, particularly in mine, you are yourself, my lord the cause of it. If I had ever since my joining you, except for a moment, been treated with the attention due to a Gentleman, if any allowance had been made for my apprehensive & nervous nature, or for any deficiency in a language, which your Lordship might possibly in the time have forgotten, I would have borne my share in your society, & conversation with as much pleasure, though perhaps not with the same care as the Chevalier, to whom so marked a preference has been given, & whatever his attentions may have been, mine must have been more ready as springing from a gratitude & attachment he could not feel. But I was deterred from offering what appeared so evidently unwelcome, & give me leave my lord to observe that whilst you are so fastidious & so difficult, you not only diminish materially your own comfort, but most completely destroy that of those with whom you associate.

“We are therefore, my Lord, so far ready to comply with your desires, as to quit you at this moment, & only wish we could have known them as fully at Munich, when so fair an occasion offered. We have however only to request that you will procure for us from your Banker, a sum to answer our expences, for part of which I will give you an order upon Mr. Sandys,*

* His brother-in-law, the Rev. J. Sandys, now in charge of Ickworth, whose brother, Francis Sandys, was the architect of the new house.

who lends me the money payable in 4 months, & another for the remainder on England in six months. I can contrive no better arrangement, as the latter has not only advanced me £150 of the present year, & paid different bills at home, but I shall owe him the sum on the house, & Mrs. Burrowes* is to be repaid what I got from him at Hamburgh.

“As your Lordship has written to me I thought it best to give my answer by letter also as it saves me the embarrassment of a personal explanation which I had proposed giving you before my arrival here, but postponed on account of your indisposition. If we find on calculating our fund that it will enable us only to see Rome in our way home, I shall take advantage of the letters you have given me.

“I have the honour to be my Lord, your most faithful and obedient servant,

“N. BURROUGHS.”

This letter the Bishop in a rage returned to Burroughs with the following lines written under the above signature :

“SIR,

“I never yet had a money transaction that did not end ill—& therefore shall not multiply it with you—but you may draw Here at 2, 3, or 4 months sight, & still receive at the rate of *Ten* per cent. *profit*. Beber is the best banker here—but you are so totally non-chalant—*Indécis*—Irresolute—& all but an Active & Intelligent man—I am amazed at yr hardihood in quitting England—if you choose to be rid of Philip—tho’ superfluous to me—I take him. You are the most unpleasant, captious, irresolute Man in all my life.

“BRISTOL.”

Of further letters of complaint addressed by Burroughs to the Bishop only one has survived, together with one from Mrs. Burroughs, and as neither of these bears date or address, it is not easy to determine their sequence.

Mrs. Burroughs wrote while presumably still at Trieste :

“MY LORD,

“As Mr. Burroughs has not been favored with any reply to his last letter, & at the same time, as Baron Pittoni has mentioned that you accuse me also of indecision in not going into Italy I take the liberty of informing your Lordship that however anxious I might have been for such an occasion

* Burrowes, presumably no relation to Burroughs.

when it appeared you so much wished we should quit you, I did not choose to hazard it at such a moment, particularly attended by the Chevalier de Corn whom we were made to believe here was a very unsafe companion, & if you will take the trouble to enquire into his character, you will find what it is. We have also reason to suspect that he has not acted candidly with respect to you & us, if we do him injustice, we are ready to make any reparation ; but in one instance he has certainly deceived you, as we never gave him the least reason to suppose that we would go into Italy, since our coming here.

“ But as he informed us that if we remained in this place you would not, we beg to know whether this is the fact. We indeed are inclined to give some credit to this, not only from your declining to see us on my message, having desired we should be admitted, & without which we did not think it proper to break in upon you, we therefore, my Lord, request your direction if you mean to quit us, how we are to act in a strange country, & where we must remain until the season is favorable for travelling, without money ; & tho’ the Chevalier informed us that you said you were persuaded we *had* money sufficient for our expenses we trust you cannot suppose it after Mr. Burroughs’s solemn assurances to the contrary, & all that he can draw for some months the enclosed will shew. I have the honour to be My Lord, your most faithful & obedient servant,

“ A. S. BURROUGHS.”

“ Monday.

“ My only motive for the liberty of addressing this letter is because Mr. Burroughs found *he* would not receive an answer.”

An undated scrap from the Bishop suggests that it was written at a moment when the irresolute couple contemplated a journey to Rome* : “ you may live in my apartment at Rome until April—but no longer—as I determine to be there myself then. If you had no money to go to Italy, why proffer yourselves to the Chevalier de Corn & even beg eight days respite of him—*quelle incongruité !* ”

It would seem that these misguided people, after further hesitation and wrangling, left the Bishop, and set forth on some ill-fated journey from which they returned to beg his assistance. Probably there were faults on both sides. But in the last act of the episode all element of comedy has changed to a serious and even tragic character.

* During the war the route to Rome and Naples from Trieste would be by sea to Manfredonia. The Bishop recommends it in a letter to Lady Hamilton in 1798.

“ MY LORD,

“ I dictate this letter from sick bed being myself unable to write, & nearly overpowered by fatigue, & writing this letter may possibly meet the fate of others of mine, and be committed to the flames before you read it, but if not I might almost venture to say from your cruel conduct towards us that you will be gratified to learn that from the commencement of our journey until our return here we have experienced every distress which a strange country and rigorous climate, want of money & want of health, could occasion—for such was our unprovoked situation as I write, that we could only procure £50 attended with difficulties almost insurmountable & that by a draft upon poor Sandys, & on whom I had already drawn for £30, though he had declared on my leaving England that between him & Selina all they could raise for me was £35, but my necessity found this, for I could not prevail upon any human being to accept a draft on Ireland? it grieves me to think how your Lordship could with such hardness of heart & such want of common justice & pity quit in so wretched & destitute a situation, when your relations Mr. Dalbioc & Miss Davers arrived like us in a strange country & without a friend, but still more without money . . . they were received into our house in Ireland already filled with my own family & given much more than we could afford, but much less than we desired—this was my wife’s first essay on coming to her own house & how she requited herself by her kindness under sympathy & softening consolation you already know—with your great fortune, & with the protection we had a right to expect from you, how differently have we been treated in nearly similar circumstances. I am now confined to a sick bed, from which my Physician does not know when I shall be released. Mrs. B’s critical situation, & the uncertainty whether she can arrive in England before her confinement, put all these distressing circumstances together & I think at last your Lordship will be stung with compassion & pity, I enclose you Mr. Burrowes’s answer from Munich, as early as I could write it to prove what was my intention had it not been defeated by your Lordship. I shall only add that in addition to all this I have understood from different persons that you have used every occasion to speak of me with abuse & contempt, in return to which I have never by word or letter uttered an offensive or disrespectful expression.”

No record exists to throw light on the final issue of these recriminations. But let us hope that the Bishop, renowned as he was for generosity, rescued this distressful couple from

their plight, and renewed the beneficence which he had so conspicuously shown them in their early misfortunes. Be that as it may, the episode ended tragically ; for the Archdeacon became seriously ill and, whether or not he lived to return home, he died within a year.* His wife did not survive him long.

The Bishop hereafter took an affectionate interest in their daughter. We shall find later that he addressed her as " Sweet Selina "—an innocent familiarity, since he could not have seen her since she was a baby. He left her £100 in his will.

* He died in 1798. In September of that year Trefusis Lovell was collated to the Archdeaconry of Derry in succession to him.

CHAPTER LVIII

1797-1798

NEWS of Countess Lichtenau's arrest on the death of her royal protector, and the accession of his son, Frederick William III., reached the Bishop at Trieste where he was lying ill.

Among the misdemeanours of which she was accused or suspected was that of intriguing with Lord Bristol in the interests of England. So declared later her friend De Filistri in a letter to the Countess, in which he says that he knows this for a fact, having heard it direct from the mouth of the Widow Queen of Prussia herself, at a time when he, Filistri, vainly implored the Queen's protection for the Countess, then a prisoner at Potsdam where she had been detained immediately after the King's death.* It is true that the Countess was eventually exculpated in this particular, but the report was at first generally believed. On the other hand an accusation equally unsupported by evidence was brought against her that she had received bribes from France. Reports reaching the Bishop that this accusation was true caused a complete revulsion of his feelings, and turned, as the Countess herself says, his former friendship into hatred.

* " Scarcely had King Frederick William III. ascended the Throne when a detachment of the King's guards arrived before her lodgings in the New Garden at Potsdam ; and she was told to consider herself a prisoner. Her mother and her son, together with his tutor (Colonel Dampmartin), were also put under arrest. In March, 1798, she was compelled to appear at Berlin to answer the charges against her. The enquiry proved nothing criminal. Nevertheless all her possessions were confiscated. She was now exiled to the Fortress of Glogau, without, however, being confined to her room or her house, and she was allowed an annual pension of four thousand dollars. In 1800 she was liberated ; and in 1802 she married with the royal consent the poet Franz Von Holbein, who left her in 1806. In 1809 she received through Napoléon, to whom she had applied, an indemnity for all her confiscated houses, estates, and monies. In 1811 she went to Paris to offer her thanks to the Emperor, and was presented to him at St. Cloud. She lived for some time in Paris, and afterwards in Berlin, where in the stirring times of 1813 she made herself conspicuous by her patriotism, and where she died in 1820 at the age of sixty-eight." (Vehse's " Court of Prussia." Paulig, Frederick Wilhelm II.)

The Bishop at this time in the following letter to Sir William Hamilton makes a disparaging reference to "Madame de Ritz," and no longer calls her by the title he had been instrumental in procuring for her. He writes :

"Trieste,

"Dec. 17, 1797.

"I may certainly *die* out of Italy this winter, but I certainly cannot *live* out of it, for the gout has already seized me in this pestiferous climate, & laid me 3 weeks on my *back*, and that you know is not the natural attitude for a man.

"Smooth therefore, as you term it, my dear friend, my road to my delicious apartment, tho' how it came to be rugged, I know not, nor can even guess.

"The Austrians take possession of Venice on the 26th. General Mack* is already there, & promises me a guard of 20 men through the Cisalpine. Poor Madame de Ritz is in Spandau after playing the fool, & some say the knave, these last eleven months ; she was arrested the day after the death of that old Porc d'Épicure (the King of Prussia).

"Here many private letters mention that Buonaparte was arrested at Strasburg on the 13th, Barras & he are respectively afraid of each other. He has got his Mistress, & now wishes to get his place. Adieu, my best & constant love to dearest Emma, yours," &c.

In the next, as in many another letter to Hamilton, the Bishop again appears in his character of war correspondent :

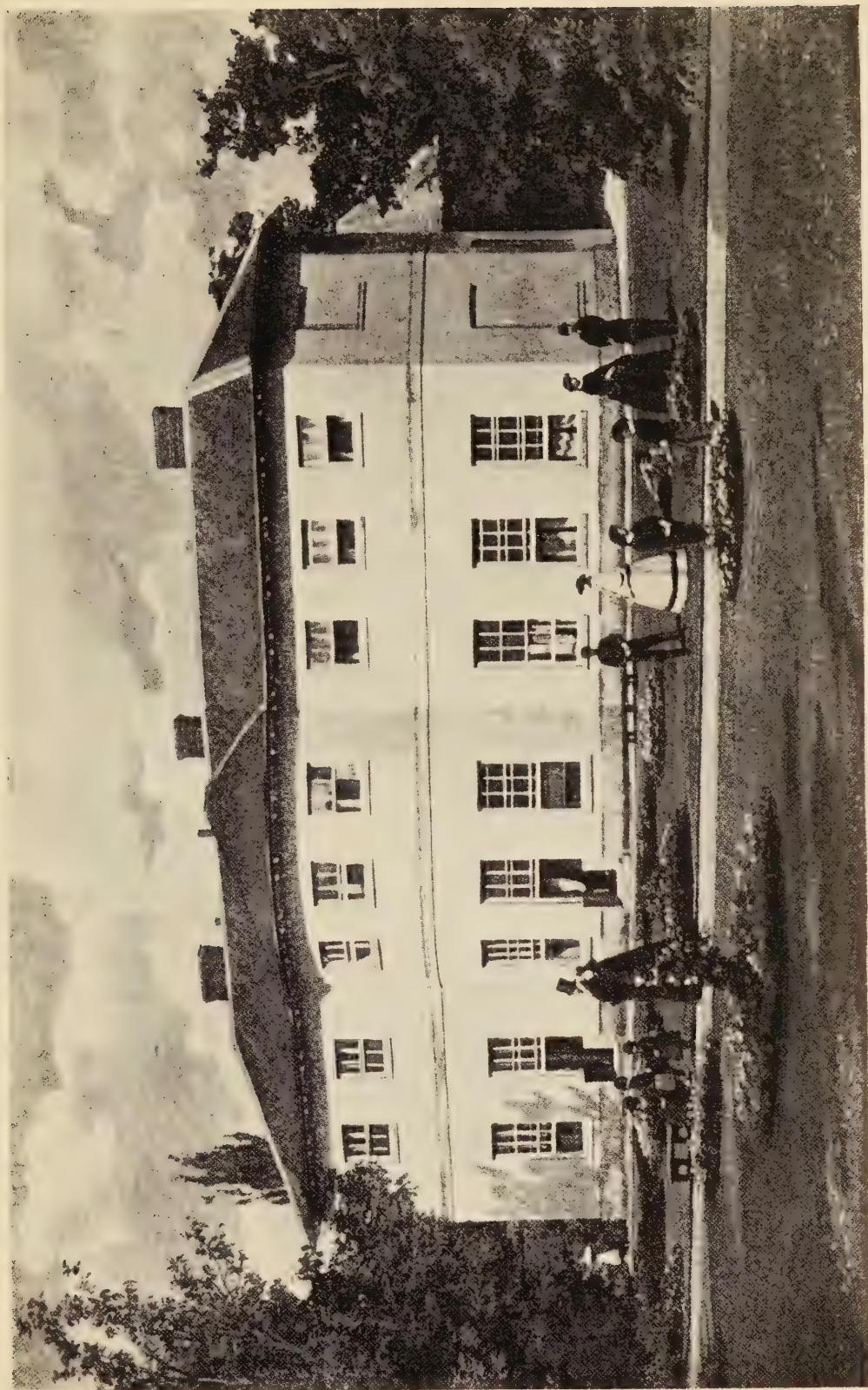
"Trieste,

"Dec. 26, 1797.

"Though I wrote you so lately, yet, having for certain heard that an English Fleet is in the Mediterranean, I cannot resist informing you by express.

"That the French men-of-war, *armés en flûte*, & chuck-full of all the plunders from Venice, incapable of resistance, like the fat alderman gorged with turtle & venison, are now and for weeks past have been in the port of Corfu under the rotten cannon of a rotten fort. That 25 merchant ships, loaded in the same manner, hover near the port of Zara in Dalmatia, where the inhabitants will not suffer them to enter.—' *che Boccone !* ' Sir William.

* Karl Baron Mack of Leiberich (1752-1828), an Austrian, was named Generalissimo of the Neapolitan troops in 1798, but being defeated by Macdonald and Championet was sent prisoner to Paris, whence he made his escape.



Ickworth Lodge, South Front, 1861.

[To face page 560.]

“ The Russian Consul, a nobleman of Corfu, assures me that a thousand stand of arms dispersed among his countrymen will enable them to massacre every Frenchman in the island ; for the whole garrison of the miserable fort consists of only 1700 raggamuffins, *sans culottes, sans bas, sans souliers* ; If you could forward this intelligence to our fleet be it where it will, you yourself, better than I, can judge of the important service you will do both to the publick & to individuals.

“ Why, man, ten Spanish galleons are scarce richer—and then the men-of-war for Government, ‘ *Che Boccone, ti dico !* ’ ”

Meanwhile the year 1798, which in its course was to bring our Bishop one rebuff of fortune upon another in his advancing age, opened for him with an adverse turn. We left him at Trieste, and he writes thence to Sir William Hamilton, January 6, 1798 :

“ A very unpleasant difficulty has happened to me with my bankers Messrs. Panton of Leghorn.

“ Upon the approach of the French to Leghorn, I wrote positive orders to Panton to remove my effects to Corsica.

“ They answered me Corsica was in more danger than Leghorn, & retained my goods in Leghorn.

“ As the French approached, they *without consulting me* hired a vessel for Naples, at the incredible price of £1800 sterling, and in it transferred my goods worth £680 at first cost.

“ The goods are at Naples with either Cutler & Heigelin, or the Dogana, I know not which.

“ Mr. Noble knows the whole transaction. Can either you or Sir John Acton serve me in this affair ? If you can I am sure you will. *Io non m’ intendo.*”

What these goods were which he valued at so moderate a figure is explained in a second letter ; among them, as appears, were masterpieces of the earliest Italian painters. But in the Bishop’s day the “ old pedantry of painting ” (as he styles Giotto and Cimabué !) were little in vogue, and could be picked up for a trifle. He next writes :

“ Venice,

“ Jan. 26, 1798.

“ It is my pride & my glory that in the course of more than 32 years that I have known you Minister at Naples, & experienced both your protection as Minister, & your friend-

ship as schoolfellow, I never yet have troubled you once upon business—that pungent thorn in diplomatick sides ; but now, my oracle, I must invoke either your aid, or your counsel, or both. Here then is my case *à la lettre*.

“ Upon the menace of a French invasion into Tuscany I wrote positive, precise, orders to Messrs. Panton to send all my cases over into Corsica, where I knew my friend F. North would take care of them. Their answer was the goods were more in danger in Bastia than Leghorn, & they should not send them.

“ The French did advance & Messrs. Panton, instead of sending my cases to Bastia according to orders, hired a vessel (it is said by Collusion) at the enormous freight of £1800 sterling to carry these goods to Naples, at an immense risk from the enemies’ privateer, to be deported at Messrs. Cutler & Heigelin with orders not to deliver them until they were certified that the freight was paid.

“ Now this freight of £1800 from Leghorn to Naples is for pictures, busts, some Carrara statues, and other marbles to the amount of £750 more or less. The pictures are chiefly Cimabué, Giotto, Guido da Siena, Marco di Siena, & all that old pedantry of painting which seemed to show the progress of art at its resurrection, & so, had they been even left to the mercy of the French, might have been redeemed for a *trifle*, being like many other trifles, of no use to any but the *owner*.

“ Nay, had not Messrs. Panton not felt sinister intentions they would have lodged the cases in Italian Warehouses or sent them by the Arno to my banker *Fenzi* at Florence.

“ Your advice therefore, how to proceed in the recovery of these goods and information whether Sir J. Acton upon proof of these facts & upon my paying the usual reasonable freight from Leghorn to Naples, can relieve me from this fraud & rapine, is what I submit to your experience, your knowledge and your friendship—certain, very certain, that what can be done will be done by you.

“ All here is in the greatest ecstasy of joy at the *joyeuse entrée* of the Austrians, & you may bid Emma tell the dear Queen that from Udine here we saw nothing but festoons, triumphal arches, emblems of Austria, and all that can indicate joy, content & happiness.

“ The Corfu fleet is *in statu quo* ; almost all *délabré* and chuck full with booty ; for God’s sake, for Patriotism’s sake, let not Earl St. Vincent lose this glorious opportunity. What thanks Mr. Pitt must give you & what approbation must you give yourself. My friends here assure me there is

upwards of two millions sterling booty in gold, silver, copper, pictures &c. &c. Ever yours most cordially, with my best love to dearest Emma. I shall stay at Rome two or three days, & then for my garret in Caserta."

But the Bishop's hope of revisiting his old friends at Caserta was again to be frustrated. The same fate which was changing the whole course of European affairs was to prevent the realization of more than one of the Bishop's dreams.

Strange as it may seem, this veteran enthusiast, in spite of wars and rumours of wars on every side of him, still cherished his idea of exploring Egypt, and did so notwithstanding that the Lichtenau and her satellites, originally associated with it, were no longer so. But perhaps the strangest feature of the project is that men of talent—one even of genius—should be willing to join with him at such a moment; and, little anticipating that another and a mightier Egyptian project would frustrate theirs at the eleventh hour, they were, during the winter of 1797–1798, actually engaged in making scientific preparations for the Bishop's expedition which was now planned to begin in the following summer. It is from the letters of Alexander von Humboldt—at this time a young man of brilliant promise—that we learn that the Bishop had written to him from Fiume in November, 1797, inviting him—*tout d'un coup*—to join the prospective expedition, and giving him eight days in which to make up his mind. Humboldt did not hesitate to accept the invitation. He would be, he says, happy to meet Lord Bristol at Naples in the following July or August, accompanying him to Rosetta, proceed up the Nile as far as Thebes or Assouan in a yacht "with an armoured crew, with artists, scholars etc., and with a kitchen and well provided cellar."

Humboldt was to be "free of expense throughout." In the spring of 1799 the party was to return by way of Constantinople and Vienna. Such was the plan; and in connection with it Humboldt wrote to a friend. "You might possibly think the society of the noble lord objectionable. He is *fantaste** to the highest degree. I have only once seen him, and that was during one of the expeditions he used to make on horseback between Pymont and Naples. I was aware that it was not easy to live at peace with him. But I can leave him at any time if he should oppose me too much. Besides,

* "*Fantaste*" for "*fantasque*." Humboldt calls the Bishop elsewhere "*halb toll, halb Genius*." "*Löwenberg's Biographie*," edited by Bruhns (1872), Vol. I., pages 252–256, "*Le Globe: Journal Géographique de la Société de Genève en 1868*." Tome VII., pages 137–204.

he is a man of genius, and it would have been a pity to have lost so excellent an opportunity. I might do something for meteorology. However, I must beg of you not to mention the expedition to anybody." In anticipation of the tour, Humboldt devoted himself during the winter to such studies as would best prepare him for it, and in the spring he was to proceed to Paris that he might provide himself with good instruments for his investigations.

During the whole time he was making his preparations, as Humboldt said afterwards, no one had spoken a word to him of Buonaparte's coming expedition to Egypt, and when eventually the news of it suddenly reached him he was the more astonished and dismayed—"Shattering to the winds" as it did, to quote his own words, his "own most cherished plans with the Bishop's."

The Bishop thus frustrated in the object on which he had set his heart, and thwarted in all directions by the French Armies, may well have exclaimed with the Psalmist: "Mine adversaries close me in on every side."

Nor were his former allies, the Prussians, likely to extend him friendship or hospitality. In the new order of things under Frederick William III. his intrigues with the now disgraced Countess were too well remembered for him to receive any welcome there. The following letter from the Bishop at Venice addressed to Dampmartin and sent by courier to Augsburg, in which he offers him assistance in his fallen fortunes, and asks for news of Countess Lichtenau, seems to suggest some personal uneasiness on the Bishop's part as to the fate of her correspondence to which he had himself contributed so largely. The ex-tutor had been arrested with the Countess at Potsdam, but was soon set at liberty, and then went to reside at Augsburg. He was, in fact, little likely to be tempted to avail himself of assistance from the "haughty" English nobleman who, in the Frenchman's eyes, was the chief source of his patroness's present misfortunes.

" 12 Janvier, 1798.*

" MONSIEUR, Je suis désolé des bruits qu'on fait courir tant en public que dans le particulier touchant Madame la Comtesse. Elle m'intéresse d'autant plus, que l'amitié que j'avais, depuis vingts ans et plus, vouée à M. votre père, me donnait un intérêt très-vif dans le sort de son fils, qu'on ne saurait connaître sans l'estimer; et je me flatte que, si la mal-

heureuse destinée de Madame la Comtesse vous a presque écrasé, j'ai trouvé l'occasion de vous relever, et même de vous placer avec autant de solidité que de permanence.

"Mais, par le retour même de courier, j'ose vous prier, par des raisons très particulières, de me détailler toute l'histoire de cette malheureuse femme depuis la mort du roi; ce qu'on peut lui prouver, et surtout ce qui peut paraître par sa correspondance dont on s'est emparé, et vous obligerez infiniment votre ami.--LE COMTE DE BRISTOL, ÉVÊQUE DE DERRY."

This is the last of the Bishop's letters that contains any reference to the lady with whom he had been so closely associated during two years. A note appended to it on its publication remarks that a fate similar to her own was ere long to befall the Bishop, and states that he believed the false reports as to her supposed treason which had been maliciously spread from Berlin.

No instance is more noteworthy than the following of the ability, and the ease, with which, in the midst of his various Continental distractions, the Bishop could rapidly turn his mind from one channel of thought to another.

On the very same day on which he wrote the above to Dampmartin, he wrote a letter on Irish affairs, at that critical time in the history of Ireland when she was nearing the momentous revolution of 1798. It shows not only how deeply he had the welfare of Ireland at heart, but that he was as cognizant as any man of her urgent needs and of the sources of her grievances. And whatever may be thought of the remedies which he prescribed, they were at all events the same which he had urged fifteen, or even twenty years earlier, with a singleness and persistency of purpose which must go far to exculpate him from the charges of superficiality, changeableness, and love of novelty often brought against him. The letter* is addressed to the same Thomas Pelham† who was formerly associated with the proposals to arrest the Bishop in Lord Northington's time, and who was now again (for a brief period) Secretary for Ireland in Lord Camden's administration.

"Venice,
"16th Jan. '98.

"SIR,
"You have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it, as Shakespeare says. You have stopt the fever not cured it, and that

* Presented to the British Museum by the fourth Earl of Chichester. Add. MSS., 33105, page 327.

† Afterwards second Earl of Chichester.

you know full well. In all my diocese, the very *foyer* of Rebellion, Mutiny & insurrection, the embers are still warm, nay hot & ready to burst out again ‘and warm the Nations with redoubled Rage,’ but a good Physician, like you, will not content himself with the blisters and bleedings that have been applied, you will for the sake of the patient, as well as your own medical reputation, endeavour to extirpate the fever & finally destroy the seeds of it.

“ In my time, in the Course of thirty years, this is the third great Paroxysm. We have had hearts of oak, (2d) Hearts of Steel, & (3d) the Defenders, alias—alias—alias—All your good predecessors having contented themselves with stopping the fever—none have searched the cause, or sought to root it out.

“ After thirty years experience, & a more thorough acquaintance with the Constitution, pulse and habits of your frantick Patient, than anyone of my cloth, after having gained his affections, enjoyed his confidence, and merited his esteem, I will venture to assure you in plain terms, & without metaphor, he is an animal easily led, not to be driven, & that in plain English there are two radical fundamental causes of his Discontent & of his savage Resentment.

“ *Tithes*—and the nature, quality, and pitiful dependence of his Teachers on their Hearers—who if they (the teachers) do not preach what the others like to hear are sure to be, first, ill-paid, & then dismissed. I say *Tithes* first—I beg you to hear me patiently—for you do not know the nature of *Tithes* in Ulster—but here it is.

“ Besides the general disadvantage it (the Tythe System) brings to Agriculture, by the short uncertain tenure which a Parson can give of the Tenth of the land’s produce & the tillers’ toil a disadvantage so glaring and so oppressive ’tis amazing that any enlightened legislature allows it to outlive the present year, & in truth all acts for 40 years past to *enclose* lands do exclude it,—besides the apparent injustice of a Presbyterian paying a teacher he does not hear—there is in Ulster a horrid *local* grievance ; the Parson either lets his *Tithes* to the farmer during incumbency, or he farms them to a tithe-farmer for peace and certainty’s sake, & then, Sir, see the consequence which for more than 30 years past has been one of the great and principal causes of our distractions—he lets his tithe *during incumbency*—& could he do better ?—no—but unluckily he *does* it, only to undo it. The farmer relying on this lease sets himself to buy lime, marle & shells at a great expence—he has nothing to hear from his landlord, secured by a lease

of 21 or 31 years, or from the parson (secured by an incumbency lease)—but here comes the rub : in 8 or 10 years, the value of the Tithe doubles. The Parson then looks out for a Brother under similar circumstances with himself : they compare notes, values, increase &c., and soon obtain from their respective Bishops liberty to exchange, and the farmer remains the dupe of his confidence, & then—‘*Manet alta mente repostum*’——In the case of the tithe-farmer ’tis perhaps even more shocking : he begins his reign—as *Nero* did his *Quinquennium*—all mildness & moderation : Is the farmer unable to pay ?—he accepts his bond with a moderate interest. The 2d or 3rd year the same ; & when the poor farmer is fairly, or foully, in the toils, the tithe-farmer strips off the mask, raises the price of next year’s tithe beyond its value, & then, by distress & sale of goods, & backed by the bonds of former years, he makes himself, the Parson, & the Established Religion all equally hated.

“ My remedy for all this evil is simple : I proposed it in the year 1774, & it was accepted by the bench of Bishops, assembled at the late Primate’s, but, by way of experiment, confined to the Diocese of Derry. But my illness & other circumstances made me drop it.

“ This was the remedy, grounded on the English Statutes for enclosing parishes, & nothing, I believe can be more simple, or more effective : An Act to enable every Rector & Vicar, with consent of the Patron of the parish & the Bishop of the Diocese, to exchange his tithe, or any portion of his tithe for land of the same value ; so that the exchange will only be gradual in the parish.

“ And the mode of exchange is equally simple, & grounded also upon the Daily practice when a Parson wants to build a parsonage, & having no glebe convenient to his Church, he exchanges with a proprietor who has—& the Sheriff shall summon 12 men to judge of the value, which being usually previously settled & ascertained between the two parties interchanging, the Sheriff & Jury sign the deeds : And the tithes are consecrated (? cancelled) for ever after.

“ I need not descant to you upon the comfort of a Parson who has only a Glebe or a farm for his sustenance, how light his heart must feel, and how heavy his purse must grow—all this is superfluous to a man of your feelings or of your experience.

“ I come to the next cause, which requires deeper probing : Is it not a shame that in any civilised country and where there is an Established Religion as well as Government, there should be teachers professedly paid by their hearers for preaching

against both the one & the other. Neither Popish nor Presbyterian Parson should in my opinion be permitted by law to preach or pray, in doors or out of doors, but under the Great Seal of Ireland. The Crown should be the patron of all Dissenters, seceders and Schismatics whatever & the Crown should either pay them, or be the cause of their being paid—and then Government would be certain of the people they appoint & the doctrines they would teach.

“I conceive three means of subsisting them, all in my opinion equally eligible :

“(1st) either for the Crown to pay them directly out of the Cordatum money or out of such a fund as Parliament should appoint.

“(2nd) Their salary to be raised by a rate upon each separate Barony—like the high-roads—or upon the County at large like bridges & hospitals.

“(3rd) Upon the vacancy of any living whether by a portion of the Glebe, or income at large of that living—nor could this, in my opinion (& until corrected by yours) be deemed any hardship on the Parson, since if every Presbyterian was in a moment in any parish whatever to be converted to the Established Church, the Parson’s flock would become so numerous he would be obliged to keep a *Shepherd-boy*, alias a Curate. This would effectually tear up Rebellion by the roots ; for where the preacher would be appointed by the proper authority, & then be paid for preaching loyalty instead of disaffection,—where the Treasure is, there would be the Heart likewise ; & the sour, supercilious, discontented hind would no longer refuse, as he does now, his pitiful mite of an half-crown to the man who would teach him his duty instead of the breach of it.

“Anything so anomalous, so incongruous as a man in a civilized State paid for preaching Anarchy confusion, rebellion, &c. I do not conceive, but I do conceive that if to this poison, your experience, your abilities and your firmness do not oppose some radical antidote, the diseased body must burst, & so with every wish for your success, both as a man & as a Minister, I remain your sincere Votary

“BRISTOL.”

Meanwhile the Bishop kept up a constant correspondence with Henry Hervey Bruce in Ireland, who supplied him with information about diocesan and all local affairs—No details were too small for the Bishop ; he was thus enabled to direct from abroad the distribution of his vast ecclesiastical patronage through the medium of Bruce, and it is evident that the confi-

dence which the Bishop placed in the judgment and ability of his young kinsman could not have been better bestowed.

Among letters from the Bishop to Bruce which are preserved at Downhill the following is significant of the manner in which he disposed of the livings in his gift ; while the tribute to Bruce's merits, contained in it, proved to be thoroughly deserved.

“ Venice,
“ 27 Jan., 1798.

“ MY DEAREST HARRY,

“ You have done perfectly right, as you always do, in not quitting your dearest Letitia whilst her spirits needed your presence & your own spirits could support Hers.

“ She was your first parish—Ballykelly is at best but a lawful concubine & very secondary to yr true legitimate and carnal wife for you were a Man before you became a Parson, & therefore conjugal duties are prior to Clerical ones.

“ Yet at Easter I hope you will both contrive to go, even tho' you should return, for at so early a season the air of the Country will still be raw & cold.

“ My appointment of that poor Indolent Beggar Balfour has given universal satisfaction—if Waddy goes off as is expected since he is already in the socket, Cumber must be offer'd to Balfour who will be succeeded by Mr. Sandys, who upon Balfour's declining must then be instituted to Cumber—for a wife & five children, you well know, never call in vain upon me.

“ If Mun Hamilton should at last wear out, Mr. Sampson as a good preacher must succeed him. I cannot place a properer man at Newtown.

“ Some, nay many letters say that Soden is going fast—in that case Bob M'Ghee with his large family & still larger debts must succeed him, altho' he *tried* to use me scurvily in Mr. Lovell's affair.

“ I forgot to mention Mr. Sandys' successor at that Elegant Gem of Ki . . . h—it must be that worthy, upright exemplary Character Mr. Oliver McCausland, for I believe I am not misinformed with regard to the filial sacrifices he made to the distresses of his father—am I ? or am I not ? and such singular duties require early rewards—the best preachers in the Diocese will then be fixed in the most numerous congregations, and no one but must confess I have conscientiously executed the Duties of a trustee. No one could be more suitably placed in that lucrative Parish & social as well as Opulent neighbourhood of B. Kelly (Ballykelly) than yourself. Your liberality, hospitality, gentleman-like address, liberal sentiments joined to private and

collateral means of doing justice to yr station all combine to place you like a Hare in yr form.

"Balfour wanted it—pouted & even flouted me because he did not get it. Mun Hamilton turned advocate for him, and became even a sturdy beggar for him. What would have been the consequence? He & his eleven kittens would have lived there on bread & cheese, the country would never have visited & never have received the city mouse, he wd have studied Hebrew roots till he was blind—his own Brats wd have made him Deaf to the cries of others,* & amidst the very best society of the whole county, he would have lived, I mean vegetated, in an Hermitage. The world will say I gave to Favor—they are as usual mistaken—I gave to merit—to merit of every kind—for I declare solemnly before God—had you been Balfour, & Balfour you, in point of character in manners, disposition, you shd not have had it—& so dear Harry with my tenderest constant love to Letitia adieu—Send me all the news."

Addressed: "The Reverend W. H. Bruce, Dawson Street, Dublin, Ireland."

* Balfour, however, was, as we have seen, rescued from poverty by a comfortable living; a fact which his daughter—one of the "eleven kittens"—chronicles in a book of verse which she published after the Bishop's death. In a poem eulogizing the Bishop's merits in gratitude for his bestowing a living on her father, who had been "long pining in misfortune's gloom," she exclaims:

"'Tis thine the sons of penury to seek,
Soft comfort to the drooping heart to speak;
'Tis thine to share the wealth that Heaven has lent,
And round thy hall spread plenty and content."

(Poems by Miss Balfour, Newton Limavady, 1810).

CHAPTER LIX

RETURNING to the Bishop's correspondence with Hamilton, we find him moved from Venice to Padua.

“ Padua,
“ Feb. 19, 1798.

(“ Hamilton and Nelson Papers,” letter 305.)

“ All our accounts, public & private, announce us in possession of Corfu &c. God grant it may be true, for you see by my detail how important a possession it is, both in point of commerce & immediate revenue. Tomorrow I set out for Naples, not being able to endure the damps of this part of Italy, which lay me up in bed for above half the day, deprive me of my appetite, sleep & spirits ; nothing but Naples can restore me, but how to reach it ? If you know any magical means pray suggest it, and inclose your letter as usual to Mr. Day. Oh how I long to stretch myself in my garret at Caserta, & hear all your excellent anecdotes & dearest Emma's Dorick dialect, eat woodcock pie & quaff humble port—till when Adieu.”

At Padua the Bishop fell ill of jaundice, and on returning to Venice suffered a relapse. Keen notwithstanding to collect secret information and retail it, he reports as follows to Wyndham, the English Envoy at Florence, who forwarded the letter to Hamilton :

“ March 9, 1798.

“ I send to you the enclosed (docketed by Mr. Wyndham, was a letter from Sir W. Hamilton dated March 7, 1798) *à cachet volant*, that you may judge how necessary to send it, not only by the speediest, but by the most secret method possible, if *such* there be. I am sorry that today all the contents are confirmed.

“ The success of this *canaille* is equal to their arrogance. Poor Venice is tumbling out of the frying pan into the fire ;

those beastly brutal Austrians are establishing such a despotism that already the populace at Padua have begun to tear down the Imperial flag. *Quem Jupiter vult perdere dementat prius.* And are you yourselves safe in Tuscany, *dum proximus ardet Ucalegon?* I am told not. I am very ill indeed with jaundice, *e mi lusingo che c'è pericolo giacchè sono più che stoffo di tutte queste coglionerie. yrs."* &c.

The Bishop wrote again next day to Wyndham, who forwarded this letter with the enclosed to Naples :

" March 10, 1798.

" I trouble you again my dear Sir, with the enclosed *à cachet volant* for Sir William, as I deem the contents infinitely interesting.

" We are flattered here that the kingdom of Naples is arming in mass, 2nd, that the King's troops to the amount of 3,500 commanded by the Chevalier de Suze are advancing fast to Rome. 3rd. That the Roman dissentients have repulsed, beat, & repressed Massèna, even, some letters add, fled to Ancona for re-inforcements. *Commérage—Commérage!* For God's sake enquire of the Neapolitan Minister or others & write me what you can of it, as *it interests me deeply* ; for they have confiscated all my immense property there ; but having most nobly offered me to ransom it at a decent price, it remains for me to know whether Massèna is likely to remain *there* to receive the ransom.

" At the same time be good to answer me with the same frankness I ask you, if, as all the inns are chuck full, you would give me one room in your house up two pair of stairs where I always slept in my son's time. (When Lord Hervey was English Envoy at Florence.) If not I shall look out, and am, with equal regard," &c.

The following undated letter to Hamilton was evidently written from Venice at this time, when he was still suffering from jaundice :

" However vague the report may be, I think it my duty to communicate it to you. I am in bed these 14 days with a jaundice caught at Padua, where now it is *epidemic* ; Giunti is also with the same bedfellow, 12 miles from Bologna.

" Three days ago a French Commissary, well dressed as usual, better mounted on 2 English horses of £50 each, alighted to dinner.

" I sent my compliments to beg the news of the day.

“ ‘ Dites à milord que je n’en connais aucune, excepté que je vais moi à Ferrara y préparer les quartiers pour 12,000 François, première colonne de 25,000, qui ont ordres de se rendre à Rome, y affermir la souveraineté du peuple Romain, et puis lui Assujettir son vassal, la république de Naples, avec son Haquenée et toutes les redevances qu’un vassal doit à son souverain.’ ”

“ Since that day I have heard no more of the 12,000 men, but it is certain that 4,000 cavalry are set out from Ferrara for Rome, with that avowed impudent audacious purpose ; and moreover, that all the innumerable bodies of the requisition from Lyons and the South of France speak publicly the same language.

“ The Cisalpine in the meantime is crumbling fast, the Municipality of Ferrara is dissolved, & a Military Government for all justice established in its stead.

“ An English family that stopped at Mantua too have just told me its ramparts are totally dismantled—not a gun left in the place, not a soldier in the town—not a zecchino in anybody’s pocket after rigidly shutting up the gates for 4 days ; this was, by a cloth-merchant of Mantua, who came here trying to fill his belly & his pocket, confirmed.

“ This morning my physician at Ferrara wrote me a paragraph too interesting not to communicate it to your friend Genl. Acton who is a philosopher as well as a statesman ; here it is : ‘ Si le Cabinet de Vienne a le bon sens d’établir dans le pays Vénitien un gouvernement tant soit peu raisonnable, de deux Chambres et le Souverain, dans moins d’un mois, toute ma chère patrie s’y accroche ; si *non*, autant vaut un despotisme qu’un autre.’ Verbum sapienti. Adieu,” &c.

“ Venice,
“ March 18, 1798.

“ For God’s sake Sir Wm., move Heaven & Earth to prevent in time the Austrian Cabinet from playing their cards as ill as they do ; tell our friend Sir J. Acton, that philosopher as well as statesman, that I ALMOST see with my own eyes the imperial arms, erected with so much enthusiasm, torn down again in Padua & Vicenza, with the same spirit in consequence of the horrid despotism they are establishing in that country ; yet have they given noble & respectable privileges to all Dalmatia, wch stands at the very door of Venice, & therefore is the greater insult.

“ My physicians, who as you know, frequent all orders of men, assure me daily that if the Cabinet of Vienna, will but

grant to the *terra firma* the same privileges as to Dalmatia, or the same as the Hungarians possess, or finally a transcript of the constitution of Brabant, for which country they have been exchanged, the Ferrarese, the Cremonese, the Modenese make no secret in every Coffee-house, in the very market place, to declare publicly, open & undismayed, that they will give themselves to Austria. This is so publick it is confirmed to me by all servants ; & above a score of Cisalpine Officers, who are 4 months in arrear, & above 300 Cisalpine soldiers to whom as much is due, & who beg charity on the road, & always receive it from me, not only speak the very same language, but declare openly their resolution to desert and come here to Venice to be enlisted.

“ My servants saw 300 Cavalry 'twixt Legnano & Mantua going to take possession of the latter, as they told.

“ Berthier went through Bologna, as my banker tells me, but had not time to attend the musical Academy, but only to levy by requisition in that night 40,000 Roman Crowns, which were punctually given to pay part of the arrears of the Mantuan Army.

“ My friend Mariscotti, who married Lady Lanesborough's daughter (Sophia, Lady Lanesborough's fifth daughter, married in 1787 the Marquis Louis Mariscotti who died in 1840) & is a *chargé d'affaires* or something equivalent at Milan, writes me by a private hand that they are at the eve of a civil war, & the Austrian party, by means of the clergy *especially*, greatly predominate.

“ That the whole seems to him to depend on the Government established on the Venetian *terra firma*, that if a reasonable system of freedom be established, the Cisalpine republic is dissolved in less than a month, & if not, *un despotisme vaut bien l'autre* ; it really makes my heart bleed to see such fine cards so ill played, & to consider by the stroke of a pen the French influence, principles, & despotism may in the course of a month be eradicated from Lombardy.

“ Did you ever hear the amount of the booty from the Monte di Pietà at Bologna alone ?—three millions & a half of Roman Crowns, and some of the first families set adrift.

“ All their plate put into requisition as at Ferrara, not an ounce left in any house, public or private.

“ Did I tell you that at Ferrara my poor physician paid to their Commissary 600 ounces of silver plate, & my publican 400 ounces ? & , as you may guess, the rage of these . . . in town & country against the French is outrageous, undisguised, & unsuppressed.

TURIN

"The private letters from hence keep us all on tip-toe, the revolution is expected daily ; they count 13,000 Piedmontese, one madder than the other, in the Cisalpine army, the very officers receive charity on the publick highway, you know how I travel, & I myself have given it ; but their rage against the King of Sardinia, & their avowed contempt of him is horrid. The same French Commissary with the 2 English horses is again repassed but no more news of the quarters at Ferrara for 12,000 men, the first column of 25,000.

" 'Tis here supposed they are too necessary for the quiet of distracted Milan & distracted Vienna I should say, who takes no advantage of such chaos & confusion, which by some accounts is said to be evacuated, by others *in statu quo*—you from Otranto may know a true state ; if evacuated, Lord G. has lost a great *coup de main*—14 ships of the line, loaded with plunder, & two millions & a half of booty, principally in cannon, anchors, cordage, sails & silver plate. I had yesterday a very cold letter from Lord Spencer, full of the warmest acknowledgments to me. . . . I should have thought such a booty, & such a revenue at least as good as the Canaries, of whose strength, it seems they knew nothing of the matter.

"If you would know the real state of Lombardy, get *Il Monitore di Bologna* ; the compiler is a young man of great talents, admirably informed ; & neither embraces or fears any party ; a little cynical on all, and more wit than belongs usually to a Gazetteer."

A week later the Bishop wrote again to Wyndham—the "anecdotes" alluded to have unfortunately not survived with the letter :

" March 24th, 1798.

"I send you Sir, as usual the inclosed for Sir W. Hamilton, & flatter myself you will find in it some *new* & curious anecdotes. There is no doubt but the Austrian Army is advancing with giant strides into the Cisalpina, probably with a view to relieve the Q. of Naples, who must otherwise decamp—but whither ?

"Do you think it possible there can be in the capital 40,000 malcontents ready to rise ?

"I know to a certainty from the Colonel* of a regiment,

* Probably Colonel Charles Dillon who had married the Bishop's niece, Harriet Phipps. His family had been highly distinguished in the service of the Kings of France. He eventually became twelfth Viscount Dillon.

a man of great quality, & a near relation of our own, that the four regiments in garrison at Carna (?) openly in their cups talked treason, & he himself as he walked his rounds, muffled up, had often heard them say 'Why don't these French come & rid us from Austrian tyranny? The gates will soon be opened to them.' I am assured from too good authority that Tuscany is at the eve of a democracy & to be incorporated with the Roman Republic—the better to counterbalance *Naples* be it Royal or Republican. Do you believe it?"

Allusion has already been made (in the Bishop's letter of March 10, 1798) to the seizure by the French on entering Rome of his valuable collections there—an immense store of pictures, statues, and *objets d'art*. In his absence the great body of Artists in Rome showed their appreciation of their munificent patron by presenting a petition (early in March) to the French Administration of the Finances of Italy, in the hope of preserving his collections intact.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the category of "Interesting News from the Continent," reports the circumstances in an article "translated from a foreign journal" as recording "an instance of gratitude no less honourable to those by whom it was performed, than to the person who is the object of it."

"The undersigned Artists to the number of 343, French, Flemish, Savoyard, Roman, Neapolitan, Venetian, Tyrolese, Russian, German, English, Irish, Scots, etc., to Citizen Haller, Administrator of the finances of the Army of Italy.

"Citizen Administrator—Among the effects belonging to the English at Rome, upon which seals have been put, are different objects of Art collected by the Bishop of Derry Lord Bristol. The Artists who are at Rome conceive that they may venture to represent that this generous Irishman, having for these forty years past spent the greatest part of his income in employing artists of all nations, may be considered as a valuable and useful character to the fine arts which the French Republic protects. The Pictures and statues which he had purchased during the period, form a collection of the most choice works of the first painters and sculptors of our time; unique in its kind and worthy of being preserved entire. But a more direct motive, Citizen Administrator, ought to induce you to reinstate Lord Bristol in the possession of these effects; and this is that these articles are the works of men of which a number of the first artists, many of whom are French and Republicans, have been enabled to subsist, during years of War little favourable to the fine Arts. The important benefits which have been

lavished upon the Artists of all nations indifferently by a generous and impartial patron, induce them to present this petition ; and the protection which the French Government and the French Armies bestow upon the fine Arts encourages them to hope that it will be attended with effect."

"It does not appear that this liberal petition has been successful," comments the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We learn from the Bishop himself that the Artists presented a similar petition at the same time to the illustrious French General Berthier, who received it with generous consideration. In the meantime the Bishop, in great alarm about his treasures, wrote to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster, in London, urging her to exert all her influence over Ministers on his behalf, a proposal that must have made her smile—there is no indication as to the place whence he wrote, but he appears to have been journeying southwards, intending to go to Rome.

" March 20, 1798.

("The Two Duchesses," p. 152.)

"DEAREST ELIZABETH.—Now or never is the moment you can essentially serve me. All my effects at Rome are under sequestration to the amount of £20,000 at the very least. Could Mr. Pitt be induced to send a Minister to congratulate the Roman people on their emancipation, & appoint me to the Embassy, he would do himself and me a most essential service—me because I should save all that immense & valuable & beautiful property of large mosaick pavements, sumptuous chimney pieces for my new house, & pictures, statues, busts & marbles without end, first rate Titians & Raphaels, dear Guidos, and three old Caraccis—*gran Dio che tesoro*—and himself, because such an embassy would wrench the Republick off the hands of their tyrants, despoilers & merciless task masters ; restore us the ports of Ancona and Civita Vecchia for our manufactures & cod-fish, & lay the foundation of a treaty of commerce the most beneficial perhaps of any in Europe.

"Now, if either your friend Lord Spencer or, above all, your greater friend the Duke of Devonshire, or the Duchess, would effectually join in this lottery, you see, dearest Elizabeth, I should literally get the £20,000 prize.

"Dear girl, do what you can for me. As to the Duke of Richmond, I do not suppose he has now any interest, else he would refuse you nothing.

"I am on thorns till I hear from you. A ransom was offered by General Berthier, but that is now suspended."

Berthier, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army in Italy, after abolishing Papal rule, and abducting Pope Pius VI., had recently established a Consular Government in Rome. During his brief stay it appears that he had “nobly” offered to ransom the Bishop’s “immense property” for the trifling sum of £400; and he personally seems to have been friendly and sincere in his protection of the Bishop’s interests.

A few days after the Bishop had written the above letter, matters were apparently going on favourably.

The Bishop’s hopes being temporarily revived as to the safety of his treasures in Rome, his thoughts turned to the building at Ickworth which he designed to be the eventual receptacle of them.

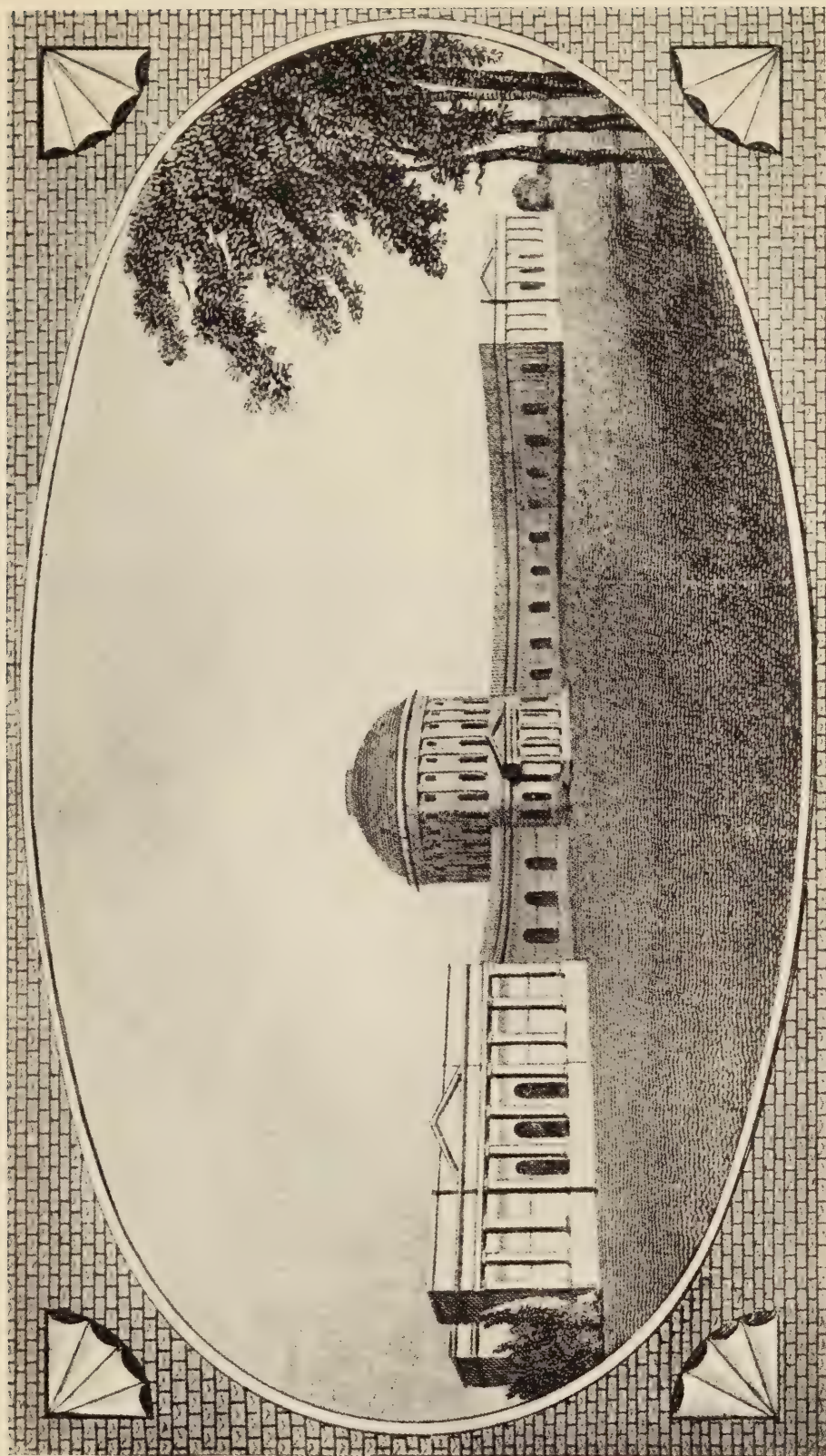
In high spirits, he dispatched the following characteristic letter to his old friend and neighbour, the learned and accomplished Symonds :

“29th March, ’98.

“DEAR SYMONDS.—Valuable old friend, you promised me in your last kind letter to do me all the service you can with respect to my mansion—& who more able—*nec natura tua melius, quam ut possis—nec Amicitia tua melius quam ut velis*—excuse the Parody. My young Hounds (he means Francis Sandys, the Architect, and his brother, the Revd. Joseph Sandys, in charge of the works at Ickworth) there, are now at a *Fault*—one brother deems that a gallery of 115 feet long will drown my mansion and eclipse its splendor—the other *computes* that less than 115 feet in the length of each gallery will not leave sufficient Room in the square of each office yard for Larders, Laundries &c. &c. suitable to the Mansion & the family that must inhabit them. Who shall decide when *Doctors* disagree—’tis I my dear friend, who make you a judge in Israel, therefore

‘ Assume the God
Affect to nod
and *Truly* shake their spheres.’

“You on the spot like a true friend examine with your judicious Classical eye the relative proportions of this puzzling animal. Let it be, neither a bustard with wings too small—nor yet an heron with wings too large that drown or eclipse the Body—take if possible Arthur Young with you, that soul of fire,—& be good enough to report to me your deliberate candid advice, by which I *order The Adelphi* hereby to decide. I send you a petition to Genl. Berthier & the French Commissary Haller signed by 323 artists at Rome, which does equal honor



Ickworth, North Side.
From an engraving of 1799 made from a sketch by Francis Sandys, architect.

to them & to me—& which has saved my immense property there of Marbles, pictures, Mosaick pavements to the amount of £18,000 sterling at least—at least—dear Symonds do not delay your journey to Ickworth.”

Addressed: “ John Symonds Esq. St. Edmund’s Hill.”*

But the Bishop’s high hopes were soon to fall. Berthier’s friendly intervention was disregarded on his departure from Rome—probably by Citizen Haller who was notorious for his unbounded avarice—and the Bishop long remained in uncertainty as to the fate of his cherished collections. His correspondence in later years as will be seen contains allusions to the vicissitudes which befel them from time to time, and they would appear to have been confiscated more than once. It is stated on good authority that at one time he redeemed them for the sum of £10,000, under an arrangement with the Directory, but that within a week they were again confiscated.†

* Original in possession of the late Rev. William Symonds.

† So states Gage (“ History of Suffolk ”), who had his information direct from the Bishop’s son Frederick, first Marquis of Bristol. The total dispersion, however, which Gage records does not appear to have taken place in the Bishop’s lifetime.

CHAPTER LX

1798-1799

A MONTH after the first seizure of his treasures at Rome, and very soon after the date of his letter to Symonds, the Bishop himself fell into the hands of the French and he was detained a prisoner at Milan for nine months. This is the length of time which he mentions as the period of his detention, and as he was free by February, 1799, he must have been arrested in the previous April. Considering his habits of espionage on the French, and his imprudent manner of expressing himself in his letters, it is no wonder that he eventually experienced retribution at the hands of his enemies.

Alexander von Humboldt, who was in Paris in expectation of joining the Bishop's expedition to Egypt when he heard of the Bishop's arrest, says that it was reported to be on account of his wishing to go to Egypt for political reasons. ("Le Globe, Journal géographique (Genève)," Vol. VII., page 185.) Whatever was the cause of his arrest, the story of his incarceration can only be pieced together disjointedly, parts of it being wanting in detail, or missing altogether. We learn from the Bishop himself a year later in a letter to Sir William Hamilton that he was arrested in bed at Pedo, a little village between Ferrara and Bologna when on his way to Rome. From Pedo, where, in his sick bed, he received a friendly visit from General Berthier, he was carried to Ferrara, being treated with consideration by his captors. His next move appears to have been to Milan, where he was confined in the Castle or Fortress. It will be seen from his subsequent letter to Lord Nelson that his imprisonment was not so strict but that he could hospitably entertain his guards, some of whom, as he says, harboured feelings of bitterness towards Buonaparte and the new order of things, and were not immune to bribery. The Bishop, according to his circumstantial account, was shamefully cheated when, after being in prison four months, in August (1798), he was

offered his liberty by General Hullin, the French Commandant at Milan, on payment of 50,000 livres de France. Hullin pocketed the money, but the Bishop was not released.

The following letter from the Bishop to Lady Hamilton was written during his detention, and after it had lasted some seven months, although he makes no allusion to his situation, and for a wonder is careful to avoid all mention of current affairs. Viewed in the light of his surroundings, the letter has a singular aspect, displaying as it does the undaunted vivacity of this wonderful old man.

“ Milan,

“ 24th November, 1798.

“ I know not, dearest Emma, whether friend Sir William has been able to obtain my passport or not ; but this I know—that if they have refused it, they are damned fools for their pains ; for, never was a *Malta Orange* better worth squeezing or sucking ; & if they leave me to die, without a tombstone over me to tell the contents—‘ *tant pis pour eux !* ’

“ In the meantime, I will frankly confess to you, that my health most seriously, & urgently requires the balmy air of dear Naples, & the more balmy atmosphere of those I love, & who love me ; and that I shall forgo my garret with more regret than most people of my silly rank in society forgo a palace or a drawing room.

“ But I will augur better things from the justice of my neighbour ; and that they will not condemn against all rules of probability one of their best friends unheard ; one who, if he be heard, can say so much.

“ My project, then in case I receive the pass-port, is to travel on horseback as far as *Spalato* in Dalmatia ; & from thence cross over to Manfredonia—a passage of a few hours—& which in the year 1772 (he means 1771), I performed with my horses on board ; and afterwards, had a most delightful jaunt through that unexplored region Dalmatia ; where the very first object which strikes both the eye and the imagination is a modern city built within the precincts of an ancient palace—for *Spalato* stands within the innermost walls of Diocletian’s palace. For that wise sovereign quitted the sceptre for the pleasures of an architect’s rule ; and, when he had completed his mansion in that delightful climate, enjoyed that, and life, to a most advanced old age—‘ The world forgetting, by the world forgot.’ *À propos* to *Spalato* ! Do not fail hinting to Sir William that a most safe, convenient, & expeditious packet-boat might be established in these perilous times between that

& Manfredonia ; by which all despatches and all travellers, either for business or pleasure, might make a very short & safe cut between Naples & Vienna, & Naples & the rest of Europe without touching one palm of any ground but Austrian & Neapolitan ; and of course, without the risk of being ever stopped.

“The small towns too are in swift succession. The whole country being a lime-stone rock, the roads will make themselves, pay themselves, by means of good turn-pikes.

“Nothing can exceed the dreariness, gloominess, and humidity of a Milanese sky in winter ; which I conclude, under the old régime led to all the hospitality & conviviality practised here by their voluptuous but social nobility. Now we have nothing left to comfort but another Nudi*—a son of Esculapius born in Italy ; but an enthusiast for England & all that is English ; & like Nudi, when he has a pint of Madeira in his belly and the fumes of it in his brain, a most cheerful & improving companion : for I protest to you that, during my convalescence I made greater strides to recovery by his Attic evenings than by his morning potions or even his beef broth.

“Sweet Emma adieu ! Remember me in the warmest & most enthusiastic style to your friend & my friend & the friend of human kind.

“If Sir William does not contrive to send me my passport I will—I will—excommunicate him, & send him to the devil before his time.” (Supplement to “Nelson Papers” (pilfered letters), 1815).

Leaving the Bishop in the Castle of Milan—to be detained there some two months after his letter to Lady Hamilton—we turn to Lady Holland’s Journal in England, in which, with her usual animus against the Bishop, she records the version of his attempted escape which had reached her.

“18th Dec., 1798.

“That abominable wicked old fellow, Lord Bristol is still kept prisoner at Milan. I believe even in his confinement he has contrived to make some miserable. He bribed his guard to let him escape, & when the moment was ripe for flight, he was unable to move, & several who were involved in his scheme were instantly shot on being detected. He is very clever & full of quickness & wit. . . .”†

* Nudi was the Hamiltons’ doctor at Naples, who often attended the Bishop there.

† Here Lady Holland relates the incident of the Bishop’s interview with Voltaire at Ferney.

Lady Holland prefaces this note by some remarks which incidentally indicate that the Hervey family had incurred additional disfavour in her eyes by the marriage which had lately taken place of her brilliant friend, Charles Rose Ellis, M.P.,* with Elizabeth Catherine Hervey, only child of the late John Augustus Lord Hervey, and granddaughter of the Bishop.

"Charles Ellis' marriage is a blow upon his power," she notes. "He ventured not only to fall in love, but to make his proposals without a previous consultation with the young Cato (Canning) the authority of whose little senate was infringed by such an overt act. There were fifty little ridiculous circumstances about that marriage which made one laugh at the time. The ceremony was absurdly pompous; carriages full of her relatives accompanied them to the Church. As soon as the ceremony was finished, the bride who had according to etiquette been crying all the time was kissed round by the family to be wished joy. . . . It is a bold undertaking in C. Ellis to marry a Hervey, for they still keep up their strangeness of character that made a celebrated wit class mankind under the generic appellation of men, women, & Herveys."

Nor was Lady Holland's vexation with the Herveys dissipated when Lady Bessborough revealed to her why C. Ellis so long delayed coming to see her after his marriage, the cause being the "extreme prudery" of the Bishop's good daughter Louisa, Lady Hawkesbury: "She is so shocked at the thoughts of my knowing (her niece) Mrs. Ellis, and I suppose C. felt an awkward shyness at coming without naming her, but he need not have been under any alarm on my account. It is difficult to affront or mortify me. . . . Prudery comes with an odd & questionable aspect from a Hervey, & Lord Bristol is full of wit & pleasantry. He is a great admirer of Lady Hamilton & conjured Sir W. to allow him to call her Emma. That he should admire her beauty & her wonderful attitudes is not singular, but that he should like her society is, as it is impossible to go beyond her in vulgarity," &c. . . .

While some in England declared the Bishop richly deserved incarceration, there were others, not unmindful of the benefits they had received from him, who were grieved to hear of his misfortunes. Among these were his worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. Denis, the artist and his wife so much associated with the story of Lady Hamilton. Denis, writing to the Countess

* The Ellis family, like Lady Holland's own family the Vassals, had been residents in Jamaica. C. R. Ellis was eventually created Lord Seaford, and his infant son became Lord Howard de Walden on the death of the Earl Bishop.

Lichtenau from London, remarks : “ Le pauvre Bristol est toujours au château de Milan, et sa détention est devenue plus rigoureuse, en conséquence d’un effort à se sauver. Sa santé est très-faible ; du fond de sa prison il nous écrit quand il peut. Nous avons des espérances qu’il sera bientôt en liberté. Un bruit court en Allemagne qu’il a été arrêté pour fouiller un peu ses papiers à cause de vous, pour voir s’il y avait des traces de l’argent placé par vous en Angleterre.* Quel triste changement pour notre ancienne société ! Le Roi mort, Bristol à Milan, vous à Glogau, Denis le fils prisonnier ! Votre sincère ami, DENIS.”†

Mr. and Mrs. Denis, who had hitherto resided on the Continent—she was Italian by birth—were now homeless refugees in England ; and whether or not the Bishop ever seriously contemplated returning to Ickworth, and finding Mrs. Denis established at his gates, he had given her on parting in Germany a letter of introduction to Mrs. Sandys—“ Dearest Fanny ” (sister of Archdeacon W. Burroughs, whose husband, the Rev. Joseph Sandys, was in charge of the new building at Ickworth). It is addressed, “ Mrs. Sandys, Ickworth Park, near Bury.” (Original formerly at Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmunds.)

“ MY DEAREST FANNY,

“ The bearer is Mrs. Denis of whom I wrote to you so copiously by the last post : be sure that yr husband shows her not only my house, but that wch I destine for her on the Green, & wch if it suits her will admirably suit me, by giving me so cheerful & excellent a neighbour. Dear Fanny Adieu—B.”

The Bishop was released by February, 1799, and again riding his “ Rosinante,” traversed the familiar road through Verona to Padua. There he stayed a month *en route* for Venice and Trieste. On arriving at Venice in hilarious spirits he wrote to Lady Hamilton the great news of the defeat of the French “ Army of Italy,” under General Jourdan, by the Archduke Charles of Austria on March 26 :

“ A son Excellence Miladi Hamilton à Palermo‡ en Sicile

* Denis assures the Countess of their confidence that she had never engaged in any intrigue against the State ; but they had always foreseen she would experience the most cruel reverse after the death of the King of Prussia, and that was why they always advised her placing a part of her funds in England, and unfortunately she disregarded their wise counsels.

† “ Apologie ” (Countess Lichtenau, Vol. II.). The date of the letter is given as 26 November, 1800, but it should be ’98.

‡ The Neapolitan Court, and with it the English Ambassador and Lady Hamilton, had fled from Naples in the preceding December to Palermo.

Venice 28. March 99

Hip! Hip! Hip!

Hurra. Hurra. Hurra.

for dearest Emma! those doubly damn'd miscreants
first as french - 2^d as ^{ps} have thrown doublets
& within these few days been Beat - ay compleatly
beat. Twice

General Lusignan arrived the night before
last at the Golden Eagle at Padua, where I
been lounging away a month among Greek & Latin
professors - the Genl according to his age & dignity
was gone to bed tired, but I saw his aide de Camp
who like all others of his Rank preferred suppers
to sleep - just as my friend Camp - vulgarly
called Chaplain usually do after a Journey of
70 or 80 miles

Aide de Camp speaking nothing
but German I summoned my Dragoman to
and he told us, he had met P. Charles's courier
going to Vienna - wth intelligence that the
had attack'd either his left or right wing - to
Bishops, it matters, as little as if it had been the
wing of a fat Pap - that P. Charles had made
a decisive manoeuvre, cut of this left or right
wing from the rest of the Body & totally defeated
it, so that it was reaping the Rhine

So much for Buckingham, as Liddell
says - but yesterday at nine o'clock in the morning

28th March, '99. Venice. Hip! Hip! Hip! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! for dearest Emma! Those doubly damn'd miscreants, first as French, secondly as *Reps* have thrown *doublets* & within these few days been beat—ay completely beaten twice.

“General Lusignan arrived the night before last at the Golden Eagle at *Padua* where I had been lounging away a month among Greek & Latin professors. The General, according to his age & dignity, had gone to bed tired, but I saw his Aide-de-Camp who, like all others of his rank, preferred supper to sleep, just as my aides-de-camp, vulgarly called Chaplains, usually do after a journey of seventy or eighty miles.

“This Aide-de-Camp speaking nothing but German, I summoned my Dragoman to interpret, & he told us he had met P. Charles' courier going to Vienna with intelligence that the French had attacked either the left or right wing—to us Bishops it matters as little as if it had been the wing of a fat Capon—that P. Charles had made a decisive manœuvre, cut off this left or right wing from the rest of the body and totally defeated it, so that it was repassing the Rhine. So much for Buckingham, as Richard says, but yesterday at nine o'clock in the morning just as I was mounting my *Rosinante* to come off for Venice, arrives an Officer full gallop from the Army at Legnago, & proceeding to Vienna with an account that they had attacked & totally defeated the French Army, taken 3,000 prisoners who might better be called Deserters, & laid dead on the field 3,000 more, & were then in pursuit of the rest; & what is curious is that on that very day, being myself at Este, my servant cried out—‘Milord the French & Austrians are at it, for I hear the cannonading,’ & so indeed we did very distinctly. 1,700 Russians are now on this side Goritz, but I cannot learn with certainty whether they embark at Trieste for Ancona or proceed by land for Rovigo & Ferrara. God grant them success where-soever they go. In the meantime if you can get our dear invaluable Queen to give me a short introductory letter to P. Charles* I have matters of great moment & character of great importance to communicate to him. Of the three demi-brigades with which I made acquaintance during my nine months abode at Milan, there are not ten privates who are not Royalists, & of the *Gens d'Armes* who guarded me night & day all the Officers but one, a Mason by trade, & all the privates without exception,

* The Archduke Charles was a brother of the Emperor Francis II., and son of the late Emperor Leopold I., who had been Duke of Tuscany when the Bishop and his wife were at Florence in 1777-8. Archduke Charles was, therefore, a nephew of the Queen of Naples, and grandson of the late Empress Maria Theresa.

are zealous Royalists and execrate the Directory: and all these universally advise the carrying the war into the South of France & especially to carry Louis 18th with one of the armies, as above two thirds of the Rep army would go out to him. This was the general opinion, & such was the sentiment of Col. Marion, Commandant de la Place at Ferrara, and now at Mantua—a native of La Lorraine Allemande. Sweet Emma, adieu, my direction is Augsburg poste restante.”*

On the same day he wrote to Sir William Hamilton:

“ Venice,
“ March 28, 1799.†

“ I write a triplicate of this day’s intelligence as it appears to me equally important and certain.

“ The night before last General Lusignan arrived at nine o’clock at the Inn, the Golden Eagle at Padua. His Excellency went immediately to bed but his Aide-de-Camp informed us they had met a courier of Prince Charles carrying the news that his Royal Highness had attacked and beaten one whole wing of the French near B . . . and that when he came away the whole Army of Jourdan was in perfect flight.

“ Yesterday, Wednesday morn, just as I was mounting my horse arrived an Officer express from the Army of Legnago, with the glorious news that the Austrians had totally beaten those execrable highwaymen the French, between Legnago & Bevilacqua, taken above 5000 prisoners, & laid 3000 of Messieurs les Perruquiers *dead* on the spot, & were pursuing the rest.

“ In this case you may expect the universal revolt of all the Cisalpine since, as I came from Milan to Verona, nothing could be more loud & clamorous, or general than this discontent of all ranks of men—not a single recruit could be obtained.

“ Dear Sir William, make the King of Naples sensible how very thankful I am to him for the protection he so readily and so effectually granted to my property at Rome.‡ You once mentioned to me a wish you had to quit your political situation at Naples, but not your residence there, provided you could find a person who would cede to you a proper share of the emoluments.

“ I have a relation who, I believe, could obtain the minister’s consent, and at the same time satisfy your desires, if they

* Original belonging to Lord Francis Hervey is published in Litton Falkiner’s “ Studies in Irish History,” page 99.

† “ Hamilton and Nelson Papers ” (379).

‡ Ferdinand of Naples had entered Rome on November 29, 1798.

remain the same as they were. You may direct to me under cover to Il Conte Giovanni Brigido, Trieste,—and the letter will not miscarry.

“If the Cisalpine be well managed, it may be put into universal insurrection, for nothing can equal the general penury, distress & discontent there reigning.

“Poor dear Mack is removed to Briançon in Dauphiné. Adieu. Adieu.” (General Mack, the Austrian General, now Generalissimo of the Neapolitan troops.)

In the first part of the following letter to Hamilton, the Bishop amplifies in an interesting way his former suggestions as to a route from Naples to Vienna, via Manfredonia, the Adriatic, and Dalmatia—the route which he had himself explored with the Abbé Fortis twenty-eight years before.

In the second part will be found, incidentally, with news of the discontented French Generals, his very remarkable account of his experiences the year before, both when he was arrested at Pedo and subsequently when he was detained at Milan.

“Trieste,
“April 24, 1799.

“I am here on purpose, my dear Sir William, to communicate to you, if possible, some of those numerous and amazing events, which in so short a time are preparing the downfall of that gang of thieves, pickpockets, highwaymen, cutthroats & cut-purses, called the French Republic.

“And most fortunately, Gallo* has sent an express to the Neapolitan consul here, with orders to forward the important packet immediately by any possible means.

“Now this very incident reminds me of a plan I long ago conceived, for a very short, expeditious, & safe conveyance from Manfredonia to Vienna, & of course from Otranto to Toronto &c.

“The different communities thro’ Dalmatia from Spalato to Zara, or even Fiume may in less than one short month form a very practical road through a lime stone country, such as I have often made through the county of Derry, for, at most, five shillings, or perhaps ten carlins per perch, that is 21 feet long.

“If barriers or turnpikes be established on the road, the different communities can more than repay themselves, and all they want is an engineer to direct them in their work & lay out the road.

* Duke de Gallo—a Neapolitan statesman and diplomatist. Ambassador to Vienna.

"The highway from Duino here, lies exactly through such a country, has turnpikes upon it, and, as far as I can learn, cost about 8 or 10 pauls by the *pertica* or 21 feet.

"As every parish can work at the same time within its own district, one thousand *pertiche* can be finished as soon as one hundred.

"I have often travelled this road on horseback and often traversed my horses from Manfredonia to Lesina or Spalato; and from thence to Zara is but one single day's journey by change of horses. So much for a road so important to the two Courts, at present, for I conclude your courier can go perfectly *safe* through the two Calabrias to Reggio.

"Now for news:

"On the 9th Prince Charles beat Jourdan a third time between Schaffhausen & Soleure more decidedly than ever; Jourdan recalled, & one Ernouff in his place; Berne in the hands of P. Charles and all the canton of Zurich in full insurrection, 40 pieces of Cannon SAID to be taken &c.

"So much for Germany.

"In Italy the French, beaten everywhere, with the loss of at least 30,000 men as Count de Luc can tell you, are not retired, but ran away to Lodi & the intercepted letters from Scherer and Moreau declare they must quit Lombardy unless that blockhead & old woman Macdonald* whom I saw in confinement, can evacuate Naples & fly by forced marches to his succour. Mind that. The letters are printed and published.

"All the Mantuan, Brescian, (not the Bergamese) but the Cremonese & Milanese in absolute revolt & insurrection—The crowing cocks, or Galli, bid fair now for being Capons.

"Peschiera & Mantua both blockaded perfectly, and the first, before this day, most probably taken. If Delmas & Marion (French Generals) the one Commandant *du château*, the other *de la place de Mantoue*, remain in office then Mantua will soon be delivered to the Austrians, for my *certain knowledge* these two have for months past been in most intimate correspondence with the Generals Kaim, Godesheim, Elsnitz and Captain Hunt, and the Plan was often fixed between them to introduce upon the weekly market day between two and 300 soldiers & officers disguised like peasants, Captain Hunt himself to be one of this military masquerade, and at midnight to open one gate & admit Austrians, but it seems that for reasons not to be conceived, the Cabinet of Vienna *bien sujet à caution*, did not

* Macdonald (1765-1840), Governor of Rome in 1798. Scherer's reverse forced Macdonald to evacuate the kingdom of Naples, but he obstinately disputed with Suwarrow the passage of Trebia. He was eventually made a Marshal and Duke by Napoleon.

relish this stratagem, & never could be taught to consent to it. This fact I learnt both from *Hunt* & from Genl. Elsnitz, make your own shrewd remarks on it.

“MARION is a *natif* of LORRAINE ALLEMANDE, of the ancient régime, and like all those of that denomination, a warm Royalist & a most bitter anti-republican. He was Commandant de la Place de Ferrara when I was arrested in my bed at the village Pedo, first post & half-way between Ferrara & Bologna, and, at the tail of the 14 Huzzars or cut-throats, came into the first of these towns.

“I remained there 18 days under the inspection of a Council of War, in spite of my two pass-ports, French & Cisalpine, a prisoner upon a neutral territory.

“Marion and his wife, Auguste & his wife, first Aide-de-Camp to Genl. Gyeux—or more properly *Gueux*, since he robbed me of a costly double-barrell'd gun*—& four more decided Royalists could not exist, dined with me everyone of the 18 days.

“Marion & Auguste both assured me that the decided plan of Barras & his colleagues was to push the boundary of their republic as far as the Elbe, and to give the Court of Vienna any equivalent whatever, either in Bavaria, Silesia or Turkey, but have it they would, to destroy the British trade, & occupy a coast from Bayonne to Hamburg.

“Poor General Berthier† who had so nobly ransomed my immense property at Rome for £400 sterling, came to visit me in my sick bed at Pedo. He said :

“ ‘Ne croyez-pas, milord, que moi ou Moreau, ou votre ami Marion, ou même Delmas, nous servons par goût, par principe, ou par choix cet exécrationnable Directoire, ce tas de voleurs, ou même ce charlatan Buonaparte. Nous serons tous par nécessité pour éviter la persécution, ou pour faire le peu de bien que nous pouvons selon les occasions.

“ ‘Mais de grâce, milord, écrivez a votre grand Pitt, de ne plus persister à attaquer cette exécrationnable république, des côtés où elle est hérissée de forteresses, et où les deux partis sont du moins égaux.

“ ‘Mais que toutes les armées entrent par les pays méridionaux ; Que le pauvre roy, Louis 18, se mette avec sa clique de Condé à la tête d'une de ses armées, et on verra que trois

* He stated later in his claim to Buonaparte that this gun had cost him 200 guineas in London and was intended as a present to Prince Colonna in Rome, whose arms were engraved on it.

† Berthier had taken possession of Rome in March, 1798. Much as he seems to have detested the Republic and the Directory, he became one of Napoleon's most devoted generals. He was eventually made Prince of Wagram.

quarts de l'armée Rép : se rendra à lui ; qu'on exige partout le serment de fidélité à un roi constitutionnel, et qu'on déporte tout-de-suite tout ce qui est Rép hommes, femmes et enfants.

“ ‘ Faites remarquer à votre cabinet que depuis Marseilles, Montpellier, Carcassonne et Bordeaux, jusqu'à Paris, il ne se trouve une seule forteresse.

“ ‘ Que les sept huitièmes des habitans sont Royalists, composeront une quatrième armée, et vous aideront a chasser ces gueux de Rép : (1mo) L'armée Pruss : pourra entrer par Lyon, ville tant de fois en état de siège ; (2do) Autrichienne par Gèneset Toulon ; (3d) Le Russe ou par . . . et Marseilles, ou débarquer sur les bords de la Loire.

“ ‘ 300,000 hommes dans les provinces méridionales—comment est-il possible que les provinces septentrionales, dépourvus des secours méridionaux de toute espèce, vin, bestiaux, argent, recrues, peuvent résister ?

“ ‘ On fera la paix, Milord, ou sur les bords de la Loire, ou sur les ramparts de Paris, et alors, si on a le bon sens de partager la France, cédant le Nord au Directoire, et conservant le midi pour le roi (Louis XVIII.), c'en est fait de la France pour jamais—elle n'inquiétera plus l'Europe, et jamais plus elle ne sera puissance maritime ; et votre Angleterre, d'on je me fais gloire de dériver mon origine, n'aura plus rien à craindre.

“ Here was the substance of his declaration, which I took down in writing as soon as he was gone, & which he seemed to pronounce with an amazing spirit of revenge, antipathy & hatred to Barras, Buonaparte, & indeed the whole French Nation.

“ Genl. Delmas was lodged immediately under my room at Milan & my balcony looked down directly upon his. After various civilities between us, he asked leave to make me a visit.

“ Such an offer was too interesting to be refused ; he told me he was not unacquainted with what had passed between Berthier and me, as well as between Marion & me.

“ That both Marion & he, Delmas, were determined on the first occasion to give full proofs of their abhorrence of the present execrable system of iniquity which must moulder away on the first bursting of a new war.

“ This & a great deal more of the same kind passed between us, which now is verifying, & I am certain the French are now going out of Italy much faster than they came into it. Adieu. In a few weeks I set out for Pymont ; but, dear Sir William, send me a pass-port for Sicily, enclosed to the Neapolitan Consul *here* at Trieste, though I am morally certain you will all be in Naples before long.

“ If you continue wishing to resign I can find you a purchaser. (The purchaser was probably himself, on behalf of his son Frederick.) Adieu, my best love to Emma, & my duty to the dear Queen.”

The following letter from the Bishop to Nelson is here published for the first time. (Add. MSS., 34911, f. 41, British Museum.)

“ Trieste,
“ 3 May, '99.

“ MY LORD, the subject of my letter will to a man of yr publick spirit & zeal for the welfare of England, be a sufficient apology for troubling you with it. It was my hap, my Lord, during nine months confinement at Milan to make an intimate acquaintance with two of the many discontented officers in that Garrison. The first a Captain Dalby chief engineer to Buonaparte whose avarice led him to employ this man in composing an atlas in 30 sheets of his excellency's marches & victories, but whose avarice tempted him to defraud the poor Engineer of one half of his Profits, for having given him out of the Publick Purse 36,000 french livres, he required in return a Boon for himself of one hundred copies wch just shared the Publick gratification. The second is a Captain Vignon of the *gens d'Armes* who was frequently upon guard wth me during a week at a time, din'd of course at my table & partook largely of my wine such as his miserable pay did not allow him to procure himself. He had often been at the foot of the Guillotine but as often escaped by the means of favor, protection, bribery, dexterity, but, what whetted his Revenge, he owed his danger to one of his comrades & his escape to himself. Captain Dalby is a *natif* of Geneva married to an Englishwoman educated from her infancy in Geneva—this was my first recommendation to the confidence of her husband. The Genl. in Chief La Prune was ordered to Toulon soon after the departure of Buonaparte. I persuaded Captain Dalby to accompany him under pretence of correcting errors in his Map & by a large supply towards the expences of his journey, I engaged him to make me a return of the state of Port la Margue the batteries of the entrance &c. &c. On his return he assured me The *Garrison* was composed of a few hundred Invalids—the guns of old bad Iron, on rotten carriages, & that neither in the Town nor Fort was there a supply of 20 rounds of either Powder or Ball. That of the miserable batteries at the entrance into *The Rude* there was not a single gun or carriage fit for use & that he was sure the Canon

must burst at the very first explosion. Captain Vignon some weeks after was ordered to conduct some galley-slaves to Toulon. I gave him the same commission & the same supply for his expences. At his return he assured me of the same facts, & added that he had narrowly observed the fort & nothing could be more practicable than a Coup de Main—but being so extraordinarily weak (?) he should himself, as a military man, knowing its wants both of Powder & ball prefer forcing the passage thro' the miserable batteries à fleur d'eau, laying the town in ashes—burning the arsenal, & then by sinking two or three of the old Venetian Hulks, totally choke up the entrance into the Rude—where is the famous Tunny-fishery. I could not neglect, my Lord, so favourable an occasion as Ld. Wm.'s* return to your Lordship of offering to your judgment an opportunity of annihilating That Marine, wch the glorious battle of the Nile has so permanently crippled, & at the same time of testifying the very ample share I take in the applause of All Europe.

“ BRISTOL.

“ I enclose for your Lordship's amusement a small pamphlet wch has made much noise here, and is reckoned a Masterpiece of Ridicule. I forgot to mention that the Royalists gain ground at Toulon, & of course would aid any operation wch yr Lordship's zeal for the common cause would undertake—& such a blow wd be final to the Marine of France—either Republican or Royalist.”

The Bishop's scheme for the establishment of the French Monarchy with its headquarters at Toulon, such as he had advocated two years before, was still in his mind. He had lately been confirmed in it by his association at Venice with Cardinal Maury, who joined in the scheme, though, as may be supposed, with a different object. This great French Prelate, orator, and leader during and after the Revolution, was one of the chief supporters of the Monarchy ; he resided at this time in Venice, having escaped from Rome on the invasion of the French Armies, it is said, disguised in a wagoner's blouse. The Cardinal, although perhaps considering half a loaf better than none, had, of course, at heart the ultimate restoration of Louis XVIII. throughout the whole of France, whereas the Bishop desired merely the weakening of that country by dividing it into two, a scheme which a statesman in England, the veteran Lord Liverpool, will be found actually considering as within the bounds of practical politics.

* Lord William Bentinck, second son of the third Duke of Portland, and afterwards Governor-General of India.

CHAPTER LXI

1799

THE Bishop, soon after obtaining his freedom, renewed his correspondence with Arthur Young, and, as in the following letter he makes no allusion to his long incarceration, it seems likely that he chose to ignore the episode, which, however, must have been well canvassed by his Suffolk neighbours. It was five years since he had written, rejecting a Utopian scheme of Young's, and he now sought Young's approval for one of his own. This was no less than that the English Government should buy up all wine direct from the Continental producers at cost price, get rid of the wine merchant and the middleman, and sell it at a trifling profit to the public, who would thus obtain the best liquor with immense benefit to their pockets, and incidentally to their consciences, for the smuggler would no longer have any reason to exist. While in his advocacy of state-control, our eighteenth-century Bishop was thus not behind any socialist of to-day, it is clear that restriction in the matter of good liquor formed no part of his programme, and, indeed, would have found no favour in his eyes. He opens his scheme :

“Bologna,
“25th March, 1799.

“MY DEAR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR,

“Your last letter to me was on a project of your own, which I thought unjust & therefore inadmissible. I now send you a project of mine which I beg you would treat with as little ceremony as I did your foundling, finding like a friend something to blame & something to commend. You are a much better Financier than I am, but I am as good and as hearty a Patriot or well-wisher to our invaluable country & inestimable Constitution as you can be—& having a deep stake in it shall be ready to redeem it at any price—ever holding ‘that half a loaf is better than no Bread.’

“My project is founded on fact—20 years ago . . . I imported my Claret at £15 per hogshead, & if you ask Parson Rogers of Sproughton—he can tell you ‘The Bp. of Derry’s wine was a proverb for excellence.’ Why Government should not export as well as the Bishop of Derry I can not see. And if by a manœuvre like this they can help you Arthur Young, to drink yr wine at 14d. pr bottle, & your beer at 1½d. per quart instead of 3d. and at the same time put 2 millions clear neat & hard money & ready money into the Exchequer, I think I may say : ‘*Ed anchè io son pittore ?*’ dear Arthur send me your genuine effusions of yr vast capacious mind on this subject, & then—by way of episode—pass a day with M. & Mrs. Sandys at Ickworth & give me yr opinion of my Insolent building rising there. What is become of your & Sr. J. Sinclair’s noble project for our waste lands ?

“BRISTOL.

“I have sent 20 of yr (?) swingling ploughs over to my Tenant at the Downhill—but I fear they will draw them by the Horses tails.”

The letter is accompanied by notes on a separate sheet, somewhat faded and mutilated, and bearing signs of being much conned and fingered.

“Project for raising annually 2 or 3 millions and saving one third of expense. All other Governments in Europe (save only ours) possess a monopoly of Salt & Tobacco. I propose to ours : A monopoly of wine grounded on these facts : During 20 years residence in Derry, I imported all my own wines not through the merchants of Derry nor the factories of Bordeaux, Lisbon, & Oporto but the Growers : Mons de Secondat, or Baron Fiume, or Count Agricourt. . . . N.B. would Government wish to ascertain the exact quantity of Claret smuggled into England, Ireland, & Scotland during the last 20 or 30 years, they may know it to a hogshead, for every Tun, Pipe or Hogshead exported from Bordeaux was registered, & the Port to which they are consigned specified—so that if 80,000 hogsheads are exported & only 50,000 paid duty it follows that 30,000 were smuggled.” . . .

We hear no more of this wonderful scheme nor what was Young’s criticism of it. But in his reply Young seems to have alluded to the Bishop’s order for twenty ploughs. If these were what the Bishop had ordered for Downhill, it looks, from the following rejoinder to Young, as if the Bishop’s memory was at fault :

“Pyrmont,
“2nd August, '99.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“The Græcæ Calendæ themselves cannot be more New or Inexplicable to me than the order you allude to *as given long ago* for 20 of yr ploughs. I have not the least recollection of such an order or of such an intention, but if by any mistake either of you or of myself six of such ploughs be ready finished I will order my Steward Shilleto to receive & pay them. As to your agricultural questions it is long since I have been in the habit of making such observation—the amazing & tremendous Political crisis at wch we now stand absorbs all ideas all attention & all interests—That you may continue to enlighten us as luminously as you have done and prove the necessity not of Scotching but of killing the Gallic Snake is the hearty wish of yr friend neighbour and admirer

“BRISTOL.”

(Add. MSS., 35128, f. 135.)

The Bishop wrote at this time to another Suffolk neighbour—his cousin, Mrs. Brand*—as appears from General William Hervey's Journal. On a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Brand at Polstead, he notes,† August 26, 1799 :

“Mrs. Brand received a letter from B.B. (Brother Bristol) to go to Ickworth to see his impudent‡ building there, & take pot luck with his Architect.”

So the Bishop was once more passing the summer at Pyrmont. Perhaps the house which he formerly owned there was still in his possession. To drink the waters for his health was presumably the object of his going there. But surely the familiar scenes must have painfully recalled the unhappy fates which had befallen his former associates—if indeed the old man's spirits were sensitive to such impressions.

Meanwhile his unabated mental activity and the multiplicity of his interests are indicated by such specimens of his voluminous correspondence as have survived. A series of original letters exist among the “Liverpool Papers” in the British Museum from the Bishop to Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool, a distinguished statesman and the father

* Anna Mirabella Henrietta, daughter of Sir Robert Smyth, Bart., by Lady Louisa Hervey, daughter of John, first Earl of Bristol.

† “Journal,” page 431.

‡ “Impudent” is evidently the Bishop's own word—as he calls it “insolent” in his letter to Young.

of one more eminent than himself (namely, the Bishop's son-in-law, then Lord Hawkesbury, and later second Earl of Liverpool and Prime Minister). There are also among these papers two letters from the first Earl to the Bishop—or rather copies of them—transcribed into the former's notebook of his correspondence. Of these the first, which the Bishop presumably received at Pyrmont, is as follows :

(Charles, Earl of Liverpool to the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry.)

“ London,
“ 13th June, 1799.

“ I was happy to receive the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 20th ultimo.* I have long regretted that your absence from England has deprived me of that friendly intercourse with your Lordship which I could wish to cultivate, as well on account of the near connection that subsists between us, as of the advantages which I might derive from your Lordship's knowledge & experience.

“ I am much obliged to you for the Account of your conversation with the Cardinal Maury ; I have long respected the Cardinal's character. He was certainly at the commencement of this revolution, the foremost Defender of the Government & Religion of his country. I agree with him that this country as well as every other part of Europe would derive great advantage from a Diminution of the Power of France which under any form of government is, in truth, the only Rival Great Britain has to dread, & which, as long as it continues under its present government, must keep this kingdom in a perpetual state of Warfare, & though our Resources are still very great might in the end, perhaps exhaust them. I think that the plan suggested by the Cardinal if it could be executed would answer every wise political Purpose ; But the execution of such a plan will depend less on the Government of this Country than on our Allies, by whose Armies every Continental Conquest must be achieved and secured. I think it probable, however, that in consequence of the late successes, both on the Rhine & in Italy, & by the further efforts that will be made when the Russian Army now on its march arrives on the frontiers of France, the southern part of that Country will come into their possession, & the Division suggested in your Lordship's letter will of course take place. But the ultimate arrangement in this respect will depend

* Apparently not preserved. The Bishop had probably written from Venice.

on the Councils of Vienna & Petersburg over which, I trust, we shall have a proper degree of influence.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that Lord & Lady Hawkesbury are well. Ld. H. having obtained an Office which entitled him to be a Privy Councillor, & being now put in all the important Committees of Council, he is become a very active man of Business, & recommends himself to his Sovereign and the Publick in this respect, no less than by his talent of speaking.

"I have the honour to be with the greatest respect and Regard, My Lord, LIVERPOOL."

"P.S.—I must beg your Lordship to excuse my not writing in my own hand which shakes so much that I write with great difficulty, though in other respects I am perfectly well."

Next in sequence is a letter to Lord Liverpool from the Bishop which gives a glimpse of him on his journey southwards later in the year. Although in Bavaria, he is surrounded by "Chouans" escaped from their native Brittany, and is busily employed hatching plots with them for a British landing on their coasts, and discovering the weak points suitable for the purpose, just as he had done formerly with regard to a British landing at Toulon.

(Add. MSS., 38233.)

"Ratisbon,

"2 Nov., '99.

"MY LORD,

"I have had another long conference with my Breton-friend & the Marquis de Beausemblant who both agree that from all accounts of the Brittany Émigrés, & from their own repeated observations nothing can be more tempting either for a coup de main, 'ou Pour Des tranches Ouvertes,' than the condition of the ramparts at Brest in the year '96, and my friend the Comte de Boisderue testifies for their dilapidated state in the years '98 & '99, that from Morlaix on his way to Quiberon Bay (?) & fort l'Orient the debarcation 'est des plus faciles.' That the Chouans are still superior to the Republican troops & that upon the appearance of an English army & especially so large an one as 30 or 40,000 men, that province and Normandy & the famous Vendée cd easily be raised many more. Above all, not to employ any Émigrés whatever, 'qui sont toujours sujets à caution,' except their Priests or Bishops, and of them to send a good number—that perhaps the Curés of Boirgelins might make an exception to the Rule but Not Archbishop of Aix himself, très sujet à

Caution, having recovered part of his family property. That the Bay de Conquête is preferable for landing to all other spots, that it would be advisable to ransack Prisons for as many Breton sailors possible—they being all of the very best class—but in case of exceptions, be provided with a Breton-priest for every 40 or 50 men, who may say daily mass & hear frequent confessions—the Ardent zeal glistening in the eyes of my two friends is inexpressible on paper as well as their confidence of success—yet not superior to that of my friend the Comte de Boisderue, by far the most intrepid & enthusiastic *Chouan* I have yet met, how far these Ideas may correspond with those of our Ministers I cannot guess—but the facility of exterminating the Allied Marine by one single stroke, the great probability of reaching Paris itself at the head of an enthusiastick Army of 120,000 men, the certainty that this enemy will multiply upon every day's march, the extreme distance of the various republican armies, the distracted and divided attention of the Directory, the confusion in all Paris & its neighbourhood on the march—the rapid march of such an army who will find friends & abettors upon every league's march, all promises a speedy close to the War; or even in case of a retreat the coasts both of Normandy and Brittany promise a safe re-embarcation.—B.”

To this Lord Liverpool wrote the following reply. Noteworthy in several particulars, it indicates that the Bishop's suggestions were treated with consideration in the highest quarters, while Lord Liverpool himself, as was well known to the Bishop, had the reputation of possessing great private influence with George III.

“ Addiscombe Place,
“ 27 of November, 1799.

“ MY LORD,

“ I have received the honour of your Lordship's two letters of the 27th of October & 2nd of November; they both arrived nearly at the same time. I will take a proper opportunity of communicating to my colleagues the suggestions which your Lordship has been so good from publick motives to communicate in them. I can previously assure your Lordship that every attempt is making for collecting a Force sufficient to attain some one or other of the objects which your Lordship so wisely suggests:—The actual destination of this Force must depend on circumstances & on the opinion of those who are employed to conduct the expedition.

“ I am sorry to say the dissensions which have taken place between the Russian & Austrian Governments & between their respective Commanders, are such that there is great doubt how far we shall be able to induce them to act cordially together ; the utmost endeavours will be used on our part to reconcile them. The strange Revolution that has happened in France turns almost into Ridicule every idea hitherto entertained of free & Representative Government. It may, perhaps, though unfortunately, have the effect of changing the opinions of Mankind from one extreme to another. It will be the duty of British Government to maintain that true Mediocrity which is the support of all due authority on the one hand, & of true Freedom on the other. I will not be unmindful of your Lordship’s suggestions with respect to the characters of some persons mentioned in your letter.

“ With respect to the State of the Electorate of Hanover I will endeavour to avail myself of every proper opportunity of impressing what your Lordship has suggested to me ; But I should observe that this is a most delicate subject with the Person principally concerned (George III.). He never talks with his Ministers, or with anyone else, except His Electoral Minister, upon it ; though all the World, and perhaps He Himself, is sensible that democratic Principles have invaded, not only the Individuals, but the Governing Members of the Electorate, in a manner that is highly disadvantageous to his Interest, as well as to the publick safety. This circumstance is the less wonderful as it is understood that these principles, bad as they are, have pervaded even the Prussian Dominions, and they are kept under only by a Military Force.

“ I am truly sensible of your Lordship’s obliging attention to the love I have for pictures in presenting me with a Capital Performance of Gerard Dow ; I shall desire your Porter to send it to me whenever it arrives ; & I beg your Lordship to believe that I shall esteem this Picture not only for its merits, but on account of the Person from whom I have the honour to receive it. I certainly am an amateur of Pictures though I have no pretensions to be a Connoisseur of them, & I have endeavoured to make a small collection of them. I have the honour to be &c.

“ LIVERPOOL.”

The Bishop appears to have gone to Italy for the winter of 1799–1800, and was in his old haunts at Naples in the following spring and early summer. But the Queen, Court, and Lady Hamilton were not there, for they were residing at Palermo,

having fled thither for the second time. Lady Hamilton on leaving Naples was fated never to return ; nor did the Bishop, whose plans to reach his "garret" at Caserta had been frustrated by events in three successive winters, ever see his dearest Emma again, after his visit to Naples in 1796. The episode of Nelson had come into her life in the interval.

The Bishop's head was now full of another of his projects with vast possibilities. This time it was for the draining of the Pontine Marshes. The Queen of Naples was to be induced to participate in the undertaking which was to bring her an immense revenue. He broached the subject to the Queen in a letter enclosed with the following, addressed to Lady Hamilton—presumably this latter was not intended for Her Majesty's eyes :

"DEAREST EMMA,

"The enclosed is a project for the improvement of the Pontine Marshes, in case the Queen and her Council choose to exact them from the new Pope Joan or . . . of Babylon.

"I myself was the first to advise the late Pope to the drainage. I began the drainage with Rapini ; they contain 800,000 acres well worth 800,000 sterling ; and, believe me the Camera, as it is called, does not get £100 sterling. Now or never is the moment." Here is the letter enclosed for the Queen. (Pius VII. had been elected Pope in 1799 at Venice.)

"a San Luccio, ce 18 Avril, 1800." ("Hamilton and Nelson Letters" (Morrison), Vol. II., 482.)

"Vous savez à quel point je suis attaché à votre personne vous ne savez pas à quel point je m'intéresse à vos intérêts ; mais en voici la preuve, et fiez vous, je vous en conjure, à l'adorateur de vos talens, et de votre cœur sensible.

"Si vous êtes dans le cas d'exiger du nouveau Pontif les Marais Pontins, soyez sûre que la plus mauvaise administration vous fera rendre 400,000 livres sterlines ou bien 800,000 onces Napolitaines par année. Ils contiennent 400,000 arpens de terre ; chaque boisseau de froment semé rende 45 boisseaux de profit, et chaque boisseau de *grano turco* rende 110 boisseaux de profit.

"Ces Marais Pontins ne rendent presque rien *alla Camera di Roma*, étant accordés à des pantalons et des bouffons comme Duc Braschi, Architecte Morelli, & Rapini.

"Il faudra les diviser, ces Marais Pontins en fermes de deux cents arpens, et rien de plus, et bâtir, ou faire bâtir une maison pour chaque deux cents arpens.

"Si votre Majesté trouve à propos d'adopter cette idée, je réponde du reste. Le terrain au moyen des digues que je

ferai faire se haussera en dix années de plus de dix pieds, et, je le répète, vous fera un revenu de plus de 400,000 livres sterlinges.

"En cas que vous voulussiez y ajouter la petite ville de Velletri, je m'engage moi, de la rendre un autre Gibelterra, ou un autre Luxemburg, et le tout sera un domaine royal supérieur à tout ce que possède aucun monarque en Europe, et vous mettera dans le cas d'abolir bien des impôts onéreux au peuple Napolitain."

Whether or not Lady Hamilton ever submitted this letter to the Queen, it remained among the Hamilton Papers. Agricultural developments were, indeed, little likely to appeal to the taste of these ladies, whose thoughts now, wholly revolved round Nelson, love glory and revenge.

The Bishop was at Naples in June as appears incidentally. A young English lady, Miss Eliza Ashburner, who was in attendance on one of the Queen of Naples's daughters, and had lately married at Palermo a Signor Perconte, writes, June 9, 1800,* an account of her wedding to Lady Elizabeth Foster, addressing her as "my own dear Mama, my kind my generous benefactress." In this letter she says: "I should have had unspeakable satisfaction if my reverend Lord Bristol had also come to my wedding, but he has remained at Naples." When, however, Eliza Perconte wrote to the Bishop soon afterwards, she says, "unfortunately my Lord had left Naples."

The Bishop is next traced at Florence and Siena by the letters of Countess d'Albany. The insinuations about him, however, with which she seasons her prurient gossip to her bourgeoisie crony at Siena, need not be taken as veracious; while a disgusting allusion to the illness of the Bishop's valet stamps the coarseness of this royal lady's mind.

The Bishop was a munificent patron of the Countess's young favourite, Fabre the painter, who, being originally introduced to her and Alfieri by the Bishop, lived in intimate relations with them at Florence in the Casa Alfieri—a *ménage à trois*—his devotion to the Countess continuing after the death of the poet to the end of her life. Madame d'Albany manifests by her

* "Hamilton and Nelson Papers" (Morrison), Vol. II., 489. Eliza Perconte was married in the Queen's private chapel at Palermo, and Her Majesty and the Royal family all present; Lady Elizabeth, as well as Sir William and Lady H., Lord Nelson, etc., who came to the Palace after dining on board his Lordship's ship. . . . "Happy indeed should I have been to have been honoured by your presence also, but you were so present, though not personally, since my thoughts were constantly with you." I suggest that this protégée of Lady Elizabeth Foster was the child to whom she had been "Governess" (as Horace Walpole said), and whom she had brought to Italy in 1782—eighteen years before—the child who Walpole says was a natural child of "the Duke of Devonshire and Miss Spencer." That she was called "Miss W." as a child does not preclude her becoming "Miss Ashburner" later.

remarks little gratitude to the Bishop, whose patronage of Fabre kept him supplied with money, though perhaps it was not always regularly paid, at times when the episcopal purse was depleted and awaiting the large reimbursements quarterly from England.

Countess d'Albany writes from Florence to Teresa Mocenni at Siena :

“ 2 Août, 1800.

“ Le fou Bristol est déjà revenue ici (Florence) et dans le moment que je lisois vôtre lettre il passoit sous mes fenêtres. Je ne conçois pas ce qu'il est allé faire à Siène. Dites-moi je vous prie, s'il n'a pas pris là une femme qu'il a ramenée ici : car on l'a vu à son retour se promener en voiture avec une jolie personne, et il a dit, en partant, qu'il alloit voir une de ses amies. C'est un homme extravagant, qui a de l'argent assez pour faire supporter des folies. Il a loué une maison de campagne pour cinq ans à laquelle il fait bâtir un second étage pour son amusement. C'est un bonheur pour les ouvriers de Florence. Le tableau de Fabre avance beaucoup ; j'espère que jusqu'à présent ce fou ne lui a pas manqué de parole pour ses payements.”

“ 16 Août, 1800.

“ Le fou Bristol aura fait des folies tous ces jours de fête ; il prétend d'être allé à Siène pour la guérison de son valet de chambre qui est son maître absolu, et ce valet de chambre à tout uniment la maladie Gallique : mais il ne veut pas le croire parcequ'il le croit le chaste Joseph. Le tableau de Fabre avance ; il sera bientôt terminé ; J'espère qu'il sera aussi exactement payé que fait, C'est le principal. Lord B. lui en a ordonné un autre encore plus grand, qui sera le jugement de Salomon. Avec qui vit ce fou à Siène ? Va'til chez la Londadari ?” (Surely a misprint for “le Londadari,” who was Cardinal-Archbishop of Siena—and therefore there is here no occasion for scandal.)

“ 23 Août, 1800.

“ Bristol tombe de cheval à tout moment, sans jamais se casser la tête : J'espère qu'elle restera entière jusqu'à ce que le tableau de Fabre sera payé.”

CHAPTER LXII

1801

LORD CLONCURRY in his "Personal Recollections" remarks of the Bishop, whom he came across in Italy towards the end of the Bishop's life, that his "irregularities" were so strange as to render any story that might be told about him credible, and of course to cause the invention of many that in reference to any other person would be incredible. Bearing in mind the last sentence as a caution against too readily believing everything related about him, the following story of the Bishop in his latter years may be here quoted as told by one Pryse Lockhart Gordon in his sprightly Memoirs.* If not as veracious as it professes to be, it had doubtless some foundation in fact. The narrator, travelling in Italy with young Lord Montgomerie,† fell in with the Bishop in 1801. He says:

"The celebrated B—p of D—y the E—l of B—l, in consequence of the dissolution of the nine days wonder the Cisalpine republic, made his appearance in Tuscany a few months after our arrival, and being lodged at the same hotel with us, Lord M—— had the honour of a visit from his Lordship, for it is the fashion for the new arrivals to wait on the residents. Mr. Wyndham had prepared us to see a very extraordinary personage, and we were the less surprised at his eccentric conversation and manners, when we met him at dinner, although on this occasion he was on his good behaviour for he had been in great disgrace with the Grand Duke.‡ The circumstance which occasioned this is so singular that I shall relate it, and as I had the details from Mr. W—m, I cannot doubt its veracity."

* Vol. I., page 172.

† Lord Montgomerie, born in 1773, eldest son of the twelfth and father of the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton.

‡ Ferdinand, Duke of Tuscany, Archduke of Austria, succeeded his father, the Emperor Leopold, as Duke of Tuscany. He was brother of the Emperor Francis II., and of the Archduke Charles, the Austrian General, and nephew of Maria Caroline, Queen of Naples.

Some particulars in the following paragraph by which its narrator proceeds to introduce his story are so unveracious that it seems improbable that Wyndham, the English Minister at Florence, who knew the Bishop well, could have been responsible for them :

“ The prelate it seems had been obliged to quit Paris, where he had been residing for some years, by the French Revolution, and took an asylum in Tuscany, occasionally visiting Rome and Naples and astonishing all ranks by his freaks and eccentricities. Under pretence of being a patron of the Arts, he became quite a Mæcenas, and so far he benefitted them that he scattered large sums among poor painters and purchased pictures without discrimination.

“ In one of his journeys from Rome to Florence he halted at Siena, and when sitting down to dinner the procession of the Host happened to pass under the windows of his hotel. It would appear that his Lordship had a particular aversion to the tinkling of bells. Probably without thinking of the consequences, he seized a tureen of *pasta*, and the sash being open, threw the contents into the midst of the holy group.

“ Such a sacrilegious profanation of the most sacred of ceremonies I need hardly observe, occasioned the greatest dismay among the priests and other assistants as well as spectators, who assailed the house *en masse*, determined to wreak their vengeance on the perpetrators of so monstrous an outrage.

“ The Bishop, however, had fortunately made his escape by a back way along with his valet, and by an ample distribution of gold found the means of concealing himself until night, and of procuring post-horses, to transport him from the Tuscan territories, never stopping until he reached Padua, at that time garrisoned by French troops.

“ A report of this flagrant violation of the most sacred ceremony was immediately made to the Grand Duke, who issued an edict ‘ banishing the perpetrator from the Tuscan Dominions for ever, under pain of the galleys.’ It might be imagined that his Eminence, after such a hair-breadth escape, would have become more prudent, especially as he had obtained permission to enter a territory at war with his country, and without a passport : but he had not been many days settled in the Cisalpine Republic when he despatched a letter to Mr. W., beseeching him to interfere in his behalf with the Grand Duke, and stating that the aggression he was charged with was purely accidental, not being aware, when he threw the dish of horrible *pasta* out of the window that the Host was passing.

“ Had his reverence abstained from Politics in this despatch

(which as a matter of course was opened by the authorities) no offence would have been taken for the insult offered to religion, as the new republic did not meddle with the affairs of the Church ; but he had commented on the state of things and the imbecility of the Government, indulging in his naturally satirical humour.

“ This barefaced impudence of a *maudit prêtre Anglais*, who had taken refuge in an enemy’s country, after escaping from the galleys in another (for he had made no secret of the cause of his quitting Tuscany), raised the indignation of the French Commandant, who gave orders for the arrest of the hoary culprit, denounced him as a spy, and threatened him with the guillotine, but the goose which lays the golden egg is not commonly put to death except in the fable : and as the Bishop was well known to be rich, the governor contented himself in the meantime with placing his prisoner under *surveillance* at his hotel, making him pay an *amende* of 5,000 francs for the good of the State, and directing him to furnish daily a dinner of six covers for the maintenance of a guard which was placed over him and a sentinel posted at his door. The strict durance continued for several months, during which his reverence lived like a Prince, and had the honour of entertaining very frequently the Commandant and other Officers of rank. His finances, however, began to dwindle, and he saw no end to his confinement. In this dilemma he began to entertain hopes of his release by the never failing means of a *golden key*, and marked the Officer who had charge of his person as a fit instrument. Accordingly he soon found an opportunity of a private audience with this Cerberus, when he proffered a reward of five hundred louis by a draught on his banker at Paris on condition that he would procure his enlargement, besides paying all the expenses of his transport to Trieste, and for this latter purpose he would furnish him with *l’argent comptant*. Without waiting for a reply to these proposals, he pulled out a purse containing fifty sequins, and put it into the hands of his *caro amico*. It is not to be supposed that a wretched Italian Subaltern could refuse such a bribe. The Bishop was rich and not wanting in address. His keeper could not resist the temptation of enriching himself without committing any very immoral act, and seized the gold, promising to do all in his power to forward his Eccellenza’s views at the risk of his neck. He was by birth a Venetian, and by means of a friend and relation the arrangements were soon made. The Priest feigned indisposition, kept his bed-chamber a few days, until all was ready. At midnight the pious man was crammed into a hamper, and

transported on the shoulders of a *facchino* to the Brenta, where a boat was ready to convey him to the Bocca, and put him on board a felucca, which had been hired to land him at Trieste. No sooner had he planted his foot on the Austrian territory than he despatched a letter to Lafitte desiring him not to pay the bill of five hundred louis, which he said had been extracted from him by the French Commandant at Padua under fear of death. At the same time he wrote to that Officer to denounce his liberator."

Against this grave charge—so lightly brought—of ingratitude to his deliverer, there may well have been rebutting evidence in the Bishop's favour. The above circumstantial details, however, as to his detention at Padua and his escape thence by the river, seem to point to his having undergone imprisonment twice, and to the incident having occurred at some time subsequent to his confinement at Milan—unless indeed we are to suppose Gordon, or his authority Wyndham, or both, to have mixed up the fact of the Bishop's confinement at Milan with large additions drawn wholly from imagination. Unfortunately the matter must remain obscure. The Bishop's correspondence to the end of his life continues at intervals to refer to his experiences at Milan and the redress for maltreatment there which he claims from Buonaparte.

The letter we are about to produce refers to his attempted escape from Milan during his incarceration there, and his record of the treacherous treatment he suffered in connection with it is perhaps the other side to Lady Holland's story, already quoted. Nowhere, however, is any trace to be found of any escape from Padua down the Brenta.

The following is addressed to Messrs. Peregeaux, his bankers in Paris. (From the original in the possession of his great-grandson, the Rev. Sydenham Hervey, at Bury St. Edmunds.)

" Rome,

" 8 Mars, 1801.

" MESSIEURS, c'est pour la troisième fois que je tâche de vous faire parvenir une lettre pour le Premier Consul (Buonaparte) dont la haute réputation pour une Justice sacrée me fait tout espérer.

" Après mon Arrestation dans le pays neutre de la Cisalpine et malgré tous mes passeports, tant Français que Cisalpins, je fus volé par deux Généraux Divisionnaires.

" L'un par un billet que je conserve encore m'enleva de force un Fusil à deux Canons qui m'avait coûté à Londres plus de 200 guinées—étant destiné en cadeau au Prince Colonna de

Rome, dont les armes y étaient gravés en Or et en Argent, et en Nacre de Perle. C'est le Général Gyeux qui me l'enleva—j'en atteste le Citoyen Marion alors commandant de Ferrare, et puis de Mantoue ; il me porta lui même, le billet, les larmes aux yeux.

“ Je demande que ce fusil soit restitué en vos mains.

“ Le Second Vol est plus grave—sur le 22 Août, 1798, le Commandant de la Place de Milan m'envoya un billet par un Émissaire, le Citoyen Aberties, graveur de Profession, dans lequel il m'offrit ma liberté et son passeport moyennant 50,000 livres françaises payées au citoyen Aberties pour lui. La somme fut payée au dit Aberties par mes banquiers, Aboldi & Brunati, selon les certificats que je vous ai déjà remis une fois, et que ces banquiers ont la bonté de vous remettre de rechef ; et si le Premier Consul demande d'autres preuves, je ne manquerai pas de les envoyer.

“ Hullin* le Commandant reçut la somme et moi restai en Caches cinq mois après, quand le Genl. Poubert me fit sortir ‘ J'attens de la Justice du 1er Consul qu'il me fasse remettre entre vos mains cette somme de 50,000 francs qu'on m'a véritablement escroqué ; et de votre longue et ancienne amitié je me flatte d'être appuyé autant qu'il est nécessaire.—BRISTOL, ÉVÊQUE DE DERRY.”

During the spring of 1801 the Bishop was again in hot water—in this instance socially and not politically. By his reckless tongue he unwittingly made two young men his enemies who publicly gibbeted him, the one by his pencil, the other by his pen. Both Germans, the first was the well-known painter Rheinhardt and the second the writer and traveller Seume. While the Bishop was apt to presume upon his reputation for wit and pleasantry, and in the highest Continental society was everywhere privileged to indulge his freedom of speech, even before Kings and Princes, his sallies were likely to be less tolerated and little understood by men of a different social order, especially by middle-class Germans who took themselves and their own merits seriously, and were not versed in the art of parrying the Bishop's *badinage*—which was indeed not of the most tactful or delicate kind.

Seume, a young man of talent, a native of Saxony, of humble origin and no friend to aristocracy, set out on foot from Germany in December, 1800, to travel to Sicily with the object of writing a book. Passing through Rome a few months later, he appears

* Pierre Auguste Hullin, a French General, born in Paris, 1758, died 1841, son of a shopkeeper. Headed the people's siege of the Bastille, was Governor of Milan in 1798. Eventually concerned in the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

to have fallen in with the Bishop or at least to have heard there the story of his friend Rheinhardt's quarrel with him, over which all Rome was laughing on account of a caricature which the painter had drawn of the Bishop. Seume published his version of the story on his return home in his book "*Spaziergang nach Syrakus*," apparently with the object of gibbeting an "English Peer" and at the same time belauding his own compatriot and friend. While the incidents of the quarrel as related by Seume do not appear particularly creditable to the manners of either party concerned, his grosser aspersions on the Bishop maliciously added to the story have already been referred to in our pages as refuted by Countess Lichtenau.

"For some years," he says, "there has been staying here (Rome) an Englishman whose whimsical character is pretty well known throughout Europe. Whether as a peer and one of the nobility of the nation, or as a Bishop and an ornament of the English Church, he has become notorious. This nobleman through the accident of riches has constituted himself a connoisseur and patron of art and a leader of taste; yet so unfortunately indeed that in Italy, according to those who know, he hates Raphael, and, to his cost, has brought into prominence his *deos minorum gentium*. He has paid dearly for this and he was perhaps deceived about many in the desire to humiliate the genius which he stamped as mediocre. The rich Englishman was pleased with much that would scarcely be admitted into the best collections. Our own countryman (Rheinhardt), however, was not submissive enough to become his client. He walked, rode and drove with him and invited him frequently to his house. Then the Peer began his usual ill-bred behaviour towards him, but did not find a due civility on his part. On one occasion he invited him to dinner. The artist found a respectable company of strangers and Romans to whom he was introduced by the Peer with a great flourish as a universal genius, an arch-cosmopolitan and a Jacobin leader—they call a man a Jacobin who does not bear himself submissively and patiently towards the very least of the nobility or keep on confidential terms with them. The tone he adopted was displeasing to the artist, and a stranger who perceived it tried to draw him out of a painful situation by asking after his fatherland. 'He was, and is, a man who has no fatherland,' the Peer interrupted noisily, 'he is a cosmopolitan, and is at home everywhere.'* 'And yet, my lord,' replied the artist, 'I

* The Bishop probably intended no offence by this sally. "Cosmopolitan" was surely a compliment from this cosmopolitan bishop, who was himself "at home" in every country.

have a fatherland of which I am not at all ashamed and I hope my fatherland will not be ashamed of me. *Sono Prussiano*' (I am a Prussian). They were speaking Italian. '*Prussiano*,' said the host, '*ma mi pare che siete Russiano.*' That was indeed good-breeding towards a man he had invited to dinner! The honest, worthy artist made his bow to the company, and not deeming the Peer worth so much as a glance, he left the room and the house. Upon returning to his own room the following is pretty nearly the letter he wrote :

" 'MY LORD, everyone knows you are an old fool who will never mend his ways. Were you thirty years younger, I should demand satisfaction for your ill-mannered coarseness, in the way that people of position are justified in demanding it. But you are safe from that now. I value every man as I find him, without consideration for his position or fortune, according to his worth, and you are worth nothing. You have all that you deserve—my contempt.'

"The Peer held his sides with laughter over this bluster ; probably he is accustomed to such scenes. But the draughtsman sat down and finished the page which I send to you (the caricature). The long stretched-out pig, the full bottles above—and the empty ones below—the glass, the finger, the crozier, the big antique wine-jar which leans against the stick, he hits them all off with bitterness—but all is true to the life. This 75-year-old parson* does not let any girl alone ; to the end of his days he will be taken up with Lucinda. When sin perforce would leave him, he will not let sin go.†

"The Peer was told about the drawing, which went the round of Roman society, and gnashed his teeth ; he never supposed any man without money or connections would be so insolent. In the end, according to the usual custom of those who have to make the best of a losing game, he said : 'He has revenged himself like a man of genius.'

"The drawing I have seen, and I have no hesitation in letting you into the secret. He adds in a note : 'After mature consideration I have no hesitation in letting the whole thing be printed here. The affair has extended this way and that. For such delinquencies there is no punishment like public opinion—to be open, and to let documents be made public. The parties are the painter Rheinhardt and Lord Bristol. From Bristol no improvement is to be expected ; but others should not be let

* The Bishop was, in fact, seventy.

† Countess Lichtenau declares this statement as unseemly as it was false.

become what he is, and on this account the matter should be published.' ”

Countess Lichtenau (“Apologie,” 1808), when asked her opinion of Seume’s anecdote some years after the Bishop’s death, said that Rheinhardt should have followed the example of “an English Prince” (Prince Augustus Duke of Sussex) “who took no offence when Bristol said that he brayed.” “Herr Rheinhardt ought not to have taken umbrage at the word *Russiano*,’ which was evidently intended to rhyme with *Prussiano*. Yes, he might have silenced Lord B. immediately if he had put the question to the assembly to whom Bristol had introduced him as a Jacobin. How could they credit such a thing when my lord was the host and in accordance with his position, an arch-aristocrat?” She would pledge her word that Bristol instead of displaying temper would have embraced him and exclaimed “Bravo!” A similar incident had occurred in Florence. The Improvisatrice Fantastica asked him at one of the most select gatherings to suggest to her a theme for improvisation. Bristol in a wanton mood made the impertinent suggestion, “*Les culottes des sans-culottes*.” The Poetess, indignant, gave a tart and witty repartee. Thereupon Bristol jumps up from his seat and, gallantly kissing her hand, calls out: “Brava!” and then proposes the entirely correct subject. “Parallel between Ancient and Modern Rome”!

“Much edified by this anecdote,” relates the interviewer of the Countess, “I continued to question the Countess with regard to the paragraph (of Herr Seume)—neither as a peer was he a credit to the nation, and neither as a Bishop a credit to the Church. The Countess did not defend the statement as to the Bishop, for Bristol (she said) professed no religion, although he had strong innate principles. But the Peer she took under her protection. She said that, despite his absence from England which was chiefly due to his inability to weather the English climate, he remained in constant correspondence with Pitt, and the latter often called him in his letters ‘*Mon second Père*,’ an appellation that particularly applied to Bristol the statesman. He, on his side, waxed enthusiastic about Pitt.”

The mention of Pitt recalls the fact that our chronicles have reached the year of the Union of Ireland with Great Britain; and that the Bishop supported the measure. Nor was he inconsistent in doing so, for, as has already been pointed out, he had for many years been an advocate of the Union, even when most violently opposed to the Government.

Some twenty years earlier Sir Edward Newenham made

a ground of complaint that the Bishop “is an advocate for that absurd idea of making the Parliaments of both kingdoms one.” The Bishop’s letters at the same date to his daughter Elizabeth and to Boswell respectively will be remembered as bearing on the same subject.

CHAPTER LXIII

1801

NO letters are extant from the Bishop to his children or from them to him to show what were the terms existing between them and him in his later years. In letters to Lord Liverpool he mentions incidentally his son Frederick as his "dear Lord Hervey," and he professes warm affection for his youngest daughter Louisa, Lady Hawkesbury, although it was many years since he had seen her.

To his good wife, from whom he had been estranged and whom he had not seen since 1782, he wrote from time to time on business matters or family affairs, and it is likely in a disagreeable and scolding style. Their daughter Elizabeth gives a sidelight on this state of things in a letter to her son, Augustus Foster, in August, 1799. ("The Two Duchesses.") "We left Ickworth yesterday," she writes, "we travelled rather with heavy hearts, for there had been unpleasant letters from my father, & my dear mother was low & unwell. I cannot tell you at present what they were, but most certainly he is a cruel man." It seems likely that the daughters had a personal interest in the matter under dispute.

Lady Bristol died at Ickworth in December, 1800.

A letter from Lady Erne to her nephew, Frederick Foster, informs him of "the grievous loss we have all sustained in the death of the best beloved mother. It happened suddenly yesterday morning from a spasm in the stomach. No mother could be a greater loss to a daughter than she is to me. I am sure you, dear lad, will share it, & lament her who was every way deserving of affection and veneration from every part of her family."*

The Bishop was extremely displeased with his wife's will

* The date of the letter, perhaps by a printer's error, is wrongly given as October 20. It should have been December 20. Lady Bristol was buried at Ickworth, December 27, 1800

in one particular—certain leases in the diocese of Derry were held on trust during the joint lives of himself and his wife. Lady Bristol, in her will, gave directions as to the disposal of these leases on her death. Apparently she had no legal right to do so, as the “power of appointment” was vested in the survivor. The trustee of this trust—appointed many years before—was Lady Bristol’s brother, Sir Charles Davers, a man whom the Bishop, whether rightly or wrongly, now regarded with suspicion and hostility.

The subject of Lady Bristol’s will henceforth frequently crops up in letters from the Bishop to Harry Bruce. The Bishop, it is evident from these, became more and more dependent on the services of Bruce, with regard to his affairs in Ireland, whether of private business or relating to the see.

“ Rome,
“ 7th Jan., 1801.

“ Your two letters my dear Harry arriv’d the Cart before the horse—and the first shall be last & the last shall be first. This is to renew my entreaties to you *instantly* to transmit to me Duplicates of a letter of Attorney empowering you to pass the Accounts of Mr. Gouldsbury, Mr. Bond and all the under-Agents of the lease-hold estate. . . . As soon as Ickworth is finished, I return to B.Scullion. . . . Ecclesiastical matters. If Mun fails, then my friend Mr. McCausland’s son-in-law to succeed him. If any other *Rector* gives way, then Mr. Christie to succeed—Mr. Oliver McCausland or Harrison Balfour—as the Vacancy happens.—but if Mr. Balfour succeeds to Waddy or Sowdin, or another tottering and fallen *knight* of the Woeful countenance, then O. McCausland succeeds Balfour, & *Christie* leaps into Kilreah. Better than this I cannot do, can you? My best & tenderest love to Letitia—write me long letters, and believe that male & female thro’ my Diocese interest me, Adieu, adieu.

“ The Rev. Mr. Bruce, Finlagan N. T. Limavady, Ireland.”

“ Rome,
“ March, 1801.

“ DEAREST HARRY,

“ A matter occurs in which you & I are equally interested. . . . A dispute upon the death of Lady Bristol is likely to arise between her Trustee, Sr Ch. Davers, & me relative to the extent of his trust. You will therefore . . . ascertain the exact date of the last renewal of the leases held in trust

by Sr Chas. Davers, a man, as I know from experience capable like a true Foxite to go any length to serve his purpose.

“I both *hope* & believe that the date of the renewal is very ancient indeed, & was signed by Sr Charles himself in England. The next commission is to ride over to Downhill, & there examine every drawer in the Green Room especially, & also in my Bed-chamber to find the Original deed of Trust signed by Sir Charles Davers & Lady Bristol & transmitted to me by Lady B. near 20 years ago—in which he declares himself Trustee for both & the Survivor—of this you must instantly send me a correct copy. I live in hopes that you have been able to procure me £1000 extraordinary & have transmitted already to *Goslings*. Be sure also, when at Derry, to compare *Gouldsbury's* deposits in Mr. Bond's bank with Lady B.'s remittances to Gosling & mention the amount.

“Also to urge Mr. Gouldsbury to a speedy & *good* sale of the small Longfield lease to the Best bidder, but with a preference of Mr. Galbraith. You yourself must serve me by bidding for it—as Galbraith loves me but himself better. Sweet Harry adieu be sure to write duplicates of your answers, & the Papers it contains—by Two successive Posts.

“The Reverend Mr. Bruce, Finlagan, N. T. Limavady, Ireland.”

“Rome,
“9 March, 1801.

“MY DEAREST HARRY,

“I wrote you by the last post—in consequence of Lady B.'s death to bid you lose no time in searching all my drawers at the Downhill for an instrument signed by Sir Charles Davers & Lady B. declaring a Trust of the leases held by Sr Ch. during our joint lives or the longest liver. Lady B. either maliciously or forgetfully has in spite of this declaration of trust made her will & order'd these leases to be sold to the best bidder.

“I ordered you also to send me a correct copy of this deed of trust, and also to ride over to Derry & send me word what is the last renewal to Sr Charles of this lease which he holds on rust—lose no time I entreat you, & as the Posts are so uncertain, send me a duplicate of yr answer by two successive Posts—Adieu dear Harry. B.

“What villains there are in this world. Fail not also to send me copies of Mr. Bond's remittance & send me £1000 extraordinary if possible.”

“ Rome,
 “ 12th March, 1801.

“ MY EVER DEAREST HARRY,

“ I am infinitely obliged to you for yr letter of the 21 Jan : yr active & determined conduct with Mr. Williams & yr very accurate statement of my probable income wch the new building at Ickworth makes so necessary to me. In the meantime I repeat my request for a letter of attorney that I may sign, empowering you to pass both Mr. Bond's accounts & Mr. Gouldsbury's [the summary of which must always be received from Mr. G.—remitted to Gosling & this, my dear Harry, must be twice a year—May or Feb. I have just received the enclosed from Dr. Lancy.—is he ill ? is he dying or is he only a Bankrupt in Purse and reputation—answer me. Who is Mr. James Montgomery he recommends ? What does *he* pay for the succession in case I consent—in short is he fit to fill that station—”]

“ Rome,
 “ 15 March, 1801.

“ MY DEAREST HARRY,

“ I am obliged to trouble you with the enclosed that you may ascertain with your usual zeal activity & celerity whether the charges against Pat Brown be true or Not.

“ I know him to be a fool, I do not believe him to be a knave. Above all dispatch me the letter of attorney for a successor to Robert McGhee in the Agency of Kilcranahan lest the last error be worse than the former. Lady Bristol having bequeathed the leases of Downhill & Kilcranahan to be sold, forgetting that they were held by her brother Sr. Chas. Davers in trust for us both & the longest liver, it behoves you to find in my drawer The Deed of trust signed by them both in order to defeat so *Infamous a Legacy*. B.”

His Art treasures in Rome now being again in imminent peril of confiscation, this time owing to the invasion of Murat, the Bishop wrote to Lord Liverpool soliciting his old friend's powerful support and influence with the English Government. As the Bishop had no better device for protecting his interests—and incidentally those of his country—than that he himself should be accredited English Plenipotentiary to Rome, Liverpool's mediation would appear little likely to be successfully employed. Lady Elizabeth Foster's influence had failed (if indeed it had ever been exerted) in this direction two years earlier. But the Bishop was undaunted. “ Now or never ” was again “ the moment,” and this time he was

to be Envoy, not to a Roman Republic, but to the new Pope himself! The Bishop began the following letter:

To Charles Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool:

“Rome,
“4th April, 1801.

“Now or never my dearest Lord, is the moment for doing me and my countrymen an Act of justice against that highwayman & pick-pocket, Gen. *Murat*, commanding the French army in Florence, to save finally all my immense & precious property in the fine arts, which the French once more seek to confiscate.

“By the capitulation with Troubridge 27 Sept. 1799, the ninth article provides:

“‘gli oggetti delle belle arti appartenenti alla Rep. Francese, o siano le proprietà pubbliche dello Stato Romano, Saranno abbandonati dai Francesi.’

“In consequence of this article all our respective properties were restored to us all by Troubridge and General Naselli & consigned to our different *Magazines* until last Thursday, the third of this month, the Cardinal Secretary of State sent us a summons to attend him at 2 o'clock. I did so, and after many excuses his Eminence produced a short letter from Gen. Murat with a long list of various articles of mine & others which he *required*. The Secretary of State in obedience to the *French Government* immediately to put under” . . . (The letter is here set aside for six weeks and recommences 16 May, 1801.) “Thus far had I written when a most violent sudden unexpected & I may say unmerited fit of the gout—the most direful sugar-plumb of all Pandora’s box—seized my chest & stomach with excruciating pains and perpetual vomiting which terminated in a delirium, and at last a total deprivation of sentiment & sensation—from hence I was recalled to life by 5 blisters, 4 on my legs & one on my stomach, but have been so reduced in strength as not to be able to dwell on very serious subjects. I have now only to say the Sequestration was most insolently effected, & still remains, on my immense & precious property to the amount of 27,000 zecs . . . which at this moment I would not sell for 100,000 zecs—such is their value—& all this, my Lord, under the sanction of a most infamous, arrogant falsehood, and in violation of that solemn promesse précise—ninth Article of the Capitulation with Troubridge: ‘the French shall relinquish & abandon all the effects of Art’—this General Murat, with French effrontery & French falsehood calls ‘laissés en dépôts.’

“I have wondered my dear Lord, considering the extensive & important connexion we have with the Court of Rome on account of our Millions of R. Catholick subjects in Ireland—all acknowledging hitherto ‘Imperium in Imperio’—that the King had no Plenipotentiary here—especially since the Pope has solemnly acknowledged the Protestant family on the Throne, and that all our property as well as our Persons here, for want of such an asylum as an Ambassador’s house is totally unprotected; & often wished for many reasons that I myself was that Representative, that so my health, and my duty might coincide. Bishop Robinson, if I mistake not, was in the very last century Plenipotentiary at Stockholm, Russia and Prussia, the one on account of the Catholicks of Poland, the other on account of the Catholicks both of Poland & Silesia, who have representatives here, although the one Greek & the other Protestant. Perhaps your Lordship both could & would give me a lift on this desirable occasion, & your son (Lord Hawkesbury) would thus be the Patron both of his father-in-law & brother-in-law—for Frederick is most fortunately & suitably placed.*

“As to pictures I have a Gem of Guercino’s—a Roman Charity, too small for my Gallery,—which I beg you to accept, which waits only for a Courier for Vienna, to send you; and a *Tintoret* of the first class, but I fear too large for the same convenience.

“In regard to Egypt:—Two French Officers, with leave of absence on account of health, and old acquaintances, called on me, & assured me the late Capitulation of the French Army was bought of the Grand Vizir for 50,000 zecchins *argent comptant*, & it was no secret in the French Army.

“When I first recommended Egypt to the consideration

* Frederick, Lord Hervey, was now Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, while his brother-in-law Hawkesbury was the Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Addington’s Government. A letter addressed to Lord Grenville by Count Woronzoff, Russian Ambassador in London, and an old friend of Lady Bristol, refers at this time in no complimentary terms to Lord Hervey, the writer expressing his fear that Lord Hawkesbury would appoint him to Petersburg: this, however, may perhaps be taken as a testimony to Hervey’s ability:

Count Woronzoff to Lord Grenville:

“1801, April 17.

“Je crains que Lord Hawkesbury ne nomme à cette Place (St. Petersburg) son beau frère Lord Hervey que je connois beaucoup, ayant été ami intime de sa défunte mère que j’ai beaucoup connu en Italie il y a vingt-quatre ans, et je suis resté constamment en liaison avec elle. J’ai vu croître ce fils je le connois intimement; il a la vanité, l’esprit, la légèreté et le déficit de jugement caractéristique de la famille. Il est Hervey, et Archi-Hervey de manière que je tremble que ce ne soi lui qu’on nomme; et si on le fait je mattsens à mille folies de sa part ainsi qu’à mille regrets de la vôtre. Pour l’amour de Dieu empêchez une nomination aussi malheureuse. On peut le faire sans choquer les parents, en disant que dans les circonstances scabreuses il ne faut envoyer qu’un homme rompu dans les affaires.” (The Emperor Paul had lately been strangled.) (Hist. Comm. MSS., “Dropmore Papers,” Vol. VII.)

of Mr. Dundas I specified above all things, by the advice of Count Cassis Pharaon at Trieste, to take the Grand Vizir, be he whom he may, into our pay, at any rate whatever ; but Mr. Pitt does not think that anyone can be bribed but an House of Commons ; or General Z., like General Alvinzi, would never have been left in French pay.

“ ’Tis a bold word, my dear Lord, but from personal and intimate knowledge of a certain avaricious rapacious Grubstreet* Sovereign, you might a year ago have secured him for little more than £100,000 sterling—and why not as well as Charles II.—according to Clarendon’s memoirs ?—Lord Carysfort’s memorials are the weakest pleadings we ever read and all Politicians are against him—whilst all agree here that the Cause was as good as the Advocate Bad.

“ For what had an Elector of Hanover (George III.) in confederacy with Prussia to do with England ? Could an Elector of Han : compel the King of England to infringe the Laws & Solemn decisions of the Courts of England ? But we hope here that Danzick will suffer for it, and the K. of Prussia pay the broken pots. Ask the Ghost of Cromwell what he would have done—or the Ghost of Chatham. My dear Lord, Adieu.”

“ Rome,
“ 22 May, 1801.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ By this day’s Courier I send you under cover to Lord Minto (Sir Gilbert Elliot, created Baron Minto in 1797, was now English Ambassador at Vienna, by which route the picture was sent to England), a precious gem and rich jewel out of the Borghese collections—for their harlequin Princes, having first sold themselves to the French, are now selling their treasures to the English—& I doubt which is the greatest original of the two. This gem then is Rafael’s own sketch of his famous Transfiguration—so says the tradition of the palace—Picture-Rabbis pretend it to be a transcript from Rafael by Nicolò Poussin. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*, but when so many cities contend for the birth of this little Homer, ’tis at least an evidence of his superior merit, and as such I present to your Lordship, & shall be truly happy if by such objects before your eyes I can bring from time to time to your recollection a person who has long & long ago admired your superior talents

* Grub Street Sovereign : Frederick William III. of Prussia, whose late father had completely depleted the royal coffers.

and respected and unblemished integrity—inheritances you have so happily transmitted to your invaluable & undegenerate son—the darling husband of my darling daughter.

“And now for Politicks and for God’s sake, & for mammon’s sake, let no consideration whatever permit such treasure—such an El Dorado—to slip through your fingers—’tis worth a Trojan ten years’ war—a revenue of eleven millions and an half at least & its commercial privileges & prerogatives—& then the bridle it holds in the mouth of the Turk—& the communication with the East—& its superiority of the West—with its sugars, its coffees—Abyssinia too between the Cape & . . . what millions of wealthy travellers when they can travel safely to the Pyramids, to the Labyrinth to Thebes with its hundred gates, monuments of sculpture & architecture that dwindle down Rome & Greece to mere dwarfs & pigmies. But for God’s sake do not spare your gold, nor grudge your fees to Bashas & Grand Vizirs—if you do you will lose your cause & the French will gain.

“*Peace*—Cardinal Rufo-Ghisturi—Rametti—all the best heads here agree with me—no treaty, no negotiations with the Consul (Napoléon). He will out-lie & out-wit you all. *Uti possidetis*, that is I keep & you keep *all* we have got, I do not think we shall lose by the bargain—but before you sign make yourselves masters of Guadeloupe that deep eternal blot on Ld. Spencer’s Admiralty Board. Adieu my dear Lord—& give up anything but Egypt.”

“22 May, 1801.

“General Murat that arch-plunderer has this day written to the Pope himself for leave to quarter a whole battalion of 3200 men upon Viterbo, upon the pretext or the assurance that *Tuscany*—all the kingdom of Tuscany—has not the where-withal to feed them. Thus they have eat up literally Terni & all Rieti, till nothing is left for the most opulent inhabitants. My friend & Landlady the Countess Canale of Terni assures me that General Mounier upon arriving at Terni, alighted at her house, bespoke instantly a dinner for 40 persons and as much for supper and that for as many days as he should remain, which was until nothing was left either to eat or to drink; but they are so hated by the country and so dissatisfied among themselves that an able or an active agent with a suitable purse either at Leghorn, Florence, Rome or Naples, could produce a perfect dissolution of their army—such is its indiscipline, its discontent & its state of revolt & insurgency—but alas! there is nobody; Whilst I lay ill of the Jaundice

40 days successively between Ferrara & Bologna, the whole Garrison of Mantua revolted for want of pay, & pointed the cannon against their Officers. I saw during my abode in Milan the very same demibrigades whose subalterns assured me that the garrison had more than once solemnly proposed to massacre their Officers, pillage the Jews in Mantua, & march into France, & that had any person in authority for the House of Austria paid the troops they would have put Mantua into his hands. But alas! *Thurgut* knew nothing, did nothing, & cared for nothing: his apathy joined to the excessive corruption of general officers, such as *Alvini*, *Provera* & lastly *Zach*, brother to that avowed Jacobin Astronomer at Gotha (where the whole Court is Jacobin) has saved France &, as yet, ruined Austria & Italy."

(Addressed to the Earl of Liverpool, at Lord Hawkesbury's Office.)

"Rome,
"8th June, 1801.

"This day & not before, my dear Lord, that real gem of the sketch of *Rafael's Transfiguration* sets out for Vienna—may it please your Lordship as much as it does me & all the Roman & British Connoisseurs. Some Heretics christen it a draft of *Nicolò Poussin*. But the tradition of the *Borghese Palace* uniformly ascribes it to *Rafael* himself.

"In regard to *Isola d'Elba*.

"I cannot help again & again recommending the purchase of this Island whose produce especially in the hands of the English with a good shrewd Scotch Governor to direct operations of draining the marshes, working the salt & Iron mines would by the very best accounts produce an interest of 25 to 30 per cent.—Add to this its vicinity to the Continent from whence in a very few hours the Garrison can be supplied with fresh provisions, & the large quantity of cattle which can be fed on the Island itself when the fens or marshes are drained. Then this last attack by the French shows how impregnable the fortress is; and recollect, my lord, that the Iron is of the very best quality, & its mines being leased out to the Carron Company the revenue to Government may be clear of all risk and incumbrance & no further dependence on that voluble animal Sweden.

"Last night that poor drivelling idiot Cardinal Gonsalvi set out for Paris as a Common Courier to deprecate the wrath of that old hardened sinner Buonaparte who will soothe & laugh at him, promise & forget him. The Joy of Rome from

Alpha exclusively to *Omega* passes all description, upon the universal belief that a younger son of Spain is to be soon appointed Sovereign of this little State, & the Pontiff with an adequate income remain Bishop of Rome & head of its Church.

"This new revolution is the publick topick of conversation in every company great & small, high & low, lay & ecclesiastical —& the effusions of joy, infinitely humiliating to this sacerdotal government full as much hated as despised, & despised as feared.

"*Cacault* also has left Rome without taking leave, but the Insolence & preponderance of the French Individuals here is humiliating to excess, both to Governors and governed.

"The Hereditary Prince of Parma, successor to *Porsenna* King of Etruria, will find but a skeleton on his arrival: the French dogs have picked the very bones of this Lion of Etruria if ever a Lion it was.

"But to return to the . . . (?) in which your Lordship will find two other precious gems:—the small but invaluable Paul Veronese is for Ld. Hawkesbury & the beautiful Claude Lorrain for the elegant, quiet mind of Lady Hawkesbury—Here one picks up such jewels like *Æsops* . . . in his fable, 'dum . . .' & I hope e'er long to forward yr Lordship a small *Capo d'Opera* of *Guercino* in his very best manner, which I hope will be a morsel to stay your stomach for some time, till when I remain with equal esteem & affection your Lordship's most devoted B.

"I hope our State-Palinurus will soon resume the helm 'Ride on the whirlwind & direct the storm'—For God's sake my dear Lord, & for Friendship's sake admit my Frederick as the Roman senators of old did young Patricians of parts, talents, & hopes, to your instructive symposium."

The two next letters, addressed to "Rev. Mr. Bruce, Finlagan, N. T. Limavady," return to Irish affairs:

"Rome,
"7th June, 1801.

"Never my dearest Harry was a more satisfactory Agent or a more correct Agent. As to my Coach, if the wheels be sold I defy all the Boards in Dublin to make my coach pay The Wheel Tax, & this should have been done by Mr. Gage ten years ago—but poor Gage sips whisky, gets his wife with Child, & never thinks. Brown: Pat Brown is a very honest but a very expensive, Ignorant, & presumptuous agent—hold a tight hand on him, dear H.

"*Leases*. Be so good as to send me copies of all those letters of Lady Bristol's which relate to these leases as Sr

Ch. Davers will certainly attempt to set aside The Deed of trust by any means just or unjust whatever—he is capable of anything even Perjury—where money is concerned, as we once experienced in a Parish Vestry where he obliged his tenant to forswear himself. I never can or shall forget it. . . . Tomorrow or next day I go to certain Baths near here. . . .”

“ Naples,

“ 17th June, 1801.

“ *Hail wind storm & rain* here is the letter of Attorney my ever dearest Harry & high time it is to use it—but are my clergy mad & do gray hairs only bring on more expertness in fallacy & fraudulency—Soden I remember was arreared up to nine hundred pounds—but as Doctor Tom Torrens said : ‘ One may trust Soden with anything but one’s purse & one’s bottle.’ McGhee in his last letter now before me confesses (as I wrote you) having upon an urgency appropriated to his own use £200 Sterling which no one wd lend him & which he was obliged to pay—I suppose for his scoundrel vagabond son. . . .

“ As to Mr. Gage’s agency I have long ago offered it to his poor destitute Widow in order to help her to live, she warmly recommends one who will assist in collecting the Rents—but Nota Bene if you my dear Harry do not deem him adequate, I will adopt yr favorite Mr. John Torrens of Glenone but the Widow has my wishes. The Declaration of Trust is ample & explicit—but send me copies of Lady B.’s letters on that subject—as Sr Charles Davers, one of the shrewdest Jockies in Newmarket, alleges she was compelled by me to sign this Trust—but who compelled him the Trustee ?

“ B.Scullion. Pat Brown improves in his management of it.—need I recommend to you to make the Demesne as productive as possible. All the excavations of the Canal mixed with hot lime will make it a mine of Gold.—If you mean it for Rye, grass & Hay, the Clay must predominate in the Compost. If you prefer Pasture and Sheep then the lime must greatly predominate over the Clay, & white clover will come up of itself. Adieu dearest Harry & Letitia. My last Gout has cleansed the Augean Stable of my Bowels, & I am younger & stouter & more florid than ever, & ride 35 & 40 miles a day.”

The Bishop passed July and August at Castellamare, the favourite summer resort of Neapolitans, and there it was his habit to bathe in the sea. He wrote as follows to Lord Liverpool :

“ Castel a Mare,
 “ 2nd Sept., 1801.

“ If it be true my dear Lord that Lord St. Helens,* formed to please all maids & gain all hearts, leaves Petersburg on account of its climate, why not send him to that most important of all stations Vienna, where I venture to prophecy to you that the insolence, the ignorance, & the presumption the sullenness & sulkiness of the present Herald (presumably Lord Minto, Ambassador at Vienna) ‘vous fera des mauvais affaires.’ I watched him close both at Munich & at Naples. In six days he contrived to disgust and revolt everyone he saw, & almost everyone he did not see.

“ I gave him a dinner one day at Naples, as I had formerly known his tremendous father—him who knocked from his box his own Coachman because he did not precede other Coaches.

“ This legitimate son of his came after all other guests & went away before them, & during dinner literally never spoke to any but his Banker whom he himself placed beside him—so that he certainly lost the vote of the whole company & had not one single wish (trick word) for him in three hours—with his frowns & sneers he completely disgusted every being at table except myself—who only pitied him or still more those who for a pityful Borough interest had sent him to unweave all the web which Nelson, the modest amiable Nelson had wove—’tis difficult to say which hated him most ‘Acton or his Master.’ (The King of Naples.)

“ Long before this I hope your Lordship has received and approved the beautiful little sketch of Rafael I sent you by Hunter the messenger. The Connoisseurs differ about the Author whether Rafael or Poussin but one decisive circumstance seems to determine its origin—Not Poussin’s cloth, & it is Rafael’s.

“ In regard to the Island of Elba—If as I most sanguinely hope, we are to keep this Island so essential to our interest, both from its produce, its Ports, & its contiguity to the Continent—instantly I entreat my Lord,—but instantly—let its Marshes be drained not merely to ameliorate the Air, but to enable the Governor to maintain Cattle enough to supply the small garrison that is necessary . . . both the salt works & the Iron Mines are ill-worked & much underlet. I should advise letting the Iron works to the Carron Company who can afford to give a better price for them than any other tenant whatever. . . .

* Fitzherbert, Lord St. Helens, English Ambassador at Petersburg, had formerly wished to marry the Bishop’s daughter, Lady Louisa Hervey, now Lady Hawkesbury.

“In regard to *Prussia*. If this mean niggardly, avaricious rapacious Sovereign continues to play tricks! why not burn his Dantzick for Him, & then peep into Embden—A good fee given to himself in time would have stopped all this. I knew him intimately when Crown Prince at Pymont. Gold was his God—he swears by no other &, except *Lucchesini*, he has not a man of sense about him. *Hangwitz* est un homme et plus Anglais qu’il n’ose se montrer—Adieu, I hope this may reach you soon & safe.”

Next in sequence comes a letter addressed to his bankers at Paris, relating to pictures sent by him to his daughter, Lady Hawkesbury.

“Rome,
“ce 5 Novembre, 1801.

“Le C. de Bristol, évêque de Derry prie Monsr. Peregeaux d’avoir la bonté de procurer un ordre que le tableau route pour Sa fille Miladi Hawkesbury, femme du Secrétaire d’État ne soit pas dérouté par la Douane à Calais dont les negligences ont déjà ruiné un superbe Salvador Rosa, envoyé il y a quelques mois à Lady Hawkesbury. Le Docteur Marshall porteur de cette lettre porte aussi le dit Tableau.” (Original belonging to Rev. Sydenham Hervey.)

The two following are also addressed to Monsr. Peregeaux at Paris. Both contain interesting references to his “affairs” with Buonaparte :

“À Rome,
“ce 4 Février, 1802.

“Voiez Monsieur la lettre que vous me demandez pour mon ami et Banquier Louis Harris de Frankfort, et voiez encore une lettre pour mon fils, que vous aurez la bonté de lui acheminer en cas qu’il ne soit pas encore arrivé à Paris pour mon affaire avec le Premier Consul—agréez mes Respects—mes Homages et mes Excuses.

“LE C. DE BRISTOL ÉVÊQUE DE DERRY.

“En cas que le Courrier de Monsr. Cacault voudrait se charger des différens numeros de la decade Égyptienne, je vous serai infiniment obligé si vous auriez la bonté de me l’acheminer—aussi bien que la Vie de Pie Sixte.”

“ Rome,
“ 12 Mars, 1802.

“ SIR, I have this day drawn on you at Usance twenty-five Louis d'Or in favor of Giuseppe Faiella which I beg you to pay and account with Mr. Gosling for the same. BRISTOL. By return of Post I beg to know how Lord Hervey has succeeded with B'parte. B.”

Whether Lord Hervey, in his capacity of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, actually attempted to mediate with Buonaparte on behalf of his father does not appear. The moment may have seemed propitious, for his chief, Lord Hawkesbury, had been instrumental in effecting the short-lived Peace of Amiens much belauded in England, which proved but a delusion and a snare. The moment was, however, in fact most unpropitious; Buonaparte's insolence to the English Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, at this juncture is well known.

CHAPTER LXIV

1801-1802

MEANWHILE the Bishop's affairs in Ireland unremittingly occupied his attention in the minutest detail, as a sheaf of letters to Harry Bruce attests :

“ Naples,
“ 10th Sept., 1801.

“ You have acted like yourself & like my friend—dear Harry in the affair of MacWilliams & the housemaid—nor could you do better.—But here my dearest Harry is an affair which more concerns you.

“ Dr. Richardson, unable to renew his lease, wants to sell it but is on the worst terms with his Tenants & with his Landlord. If I can purchase the lease in another name I mean to join it with others I have left to you—it will behove you therefore to go over yourself to Omagh or N. T. Stewart, and carefully examine the tenants, their Leases, their Lands & the Rent they can fairly afford to give. Then inform how far Donaghkiddy lease under me is expired, & of course how many years remain, then consult with Mr. Gouldsburg what that remnant may be worth—but for God's sake do not commit—or pledge—either me or yourself, as you did most youthfully and unadvisedly in the Langfield lease.

“ The Doctor has raised the Rents most preposterously—& it would be a folly to purchase at such advanced Rent—yet I should be sorry you should lose so fine a lease & so good an income. Adieu.”

“ Rome,
“ 20th Nov., 1801.

“ You have done as usual my dearest, completely well in every article of your letter, & must now consider how precarious Life is, & by means of Mr. McGhee & his tithe farmer endeavour

to save the remainder of his debt,—but how mortifying is it not to a feeling mind to find a man at his time of life & of his outward appearance & under so many so great & so essential obligations, swindling his friend, his Bishop & his benefactor—Peace to all such—whilst one such friend over pays all the Tricks & swindlings of a gang of McGhees. Keep an eye & an Hand too over James Galbraith. *Tempora Mutantur et nos mutamur—ab illis*—in Avarice. ‘Increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on,’ and ‘tis in the Moral Dropsy as in the Physical ‘*Quo plus sunt potæ, plus sitiuntur Aquæ.*’

“Cappan Lease. My reason for wishing it, is for your sake ; keep Doctor R. at Bay & make him *feel* & *see* that if I do not renew to him neither to his purchaser.(?) It is within a few years of expiring—’tis an agonising lease—& I am no agonizing Bishop—all I fear is *Damp*—if he has offered the lease to you, buy them at his bids. 1st how many years to come, 2nd. What Rent does it stand ? . . .

“The Union has raised the price of Lands considerably—avail yourself of it, & *Grant* the new leases accordingly—& so adieu sweet Harry with my tenderest love to yr Letitia.

“*Pictures & Statue.* Ask the Collector of Derry, & Him of Coleraine whether he will allow me, as Sr. Hugh Hill did, to import my Pictures as Canvass & my Statue as Marble.”

Addressed : “The Rev. Mr. Bruce, Finlaggan, N.T. Limavady, Ireland.”

“Rome,
“5th Jan., 1802.

“MY DEAREST HARRY,

“The knavery & perjury of one Panton at Leghorn having laid a Sequester on my £4,500 wch another scoundrel had swindled from me—I must request you immediately to search all my Papers for every letter note & account of Thomas Panton, & to send me correct copies on large Royal Paper sworn to before a Notary publick as the nature of my suit & the Laws of this Country demand. BRISTOL.”

“Rome,
“12th Jan., 1802.

“MY DEAREST HARRY,

“I entreat you to see Galbraith : Deliver to him the enclosed, ’tis to borrow £1,000 of him until this day twelve-month to relieve me from the embarrassment into which Mr. Bond’s (banker) over zeal has thrown me by omitting to remit the £5,600 in time. Perhaps you yourself could lend me £1,000

for a year or two & receive six per cent. which wd greatly accommodate me at this place. If so remit it instantly to *Gosling*, that he may not protest any more of my drafts.

"Above all dear Harry see that Mr. Gouldsburg pays every sixpence he can collect—twice a year—& that twice a year Mr. Bond remits all he can to Mr. Gosling—fail not I entreat you. B."

"Rome,
"12 Feb., 1802.

"DEAREST HARRY,

"Here is Mr. Galbraith's letter to whom I beg you would make my best excuses for not answering him directly but thro' you on account of the innumerable letters I have to answer by this very post. That I am much obliged to him for his attention & most readily concurring with his Idea of appointing Mr. Gouldsburg trustee of all the Leaseholds of which Sr. Ch. Davers was trustee. . . ."

Galbraith's letter, December 28, 1801 :

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I am just returned from Mr. Bruce's where we were consulting about the propriety of renewing to Sr. Chas. Davers the leases made to him in Trust. I received today a Declaration of that Trust than wch nothing can be more clear or free of doubt. As the earlier Trust is no more, (on Lady Bristol's death) the Trust is at an end. . . ."

"Rome,
"26 Feb., 1802.

" . . . Leases. Until Mr. Gouldsburg is made the trustee instead of Sr. Ch. Davers, the leases must be renewed in the name of Sr. Ch. Davers—but Mr. Gouldsburg once made the Trustee we are totally clear of Sr. Ch. Davers. . . ."

"Rome,
"12th June, 1802.

"Lovell, my dearest Harry, was himself the person who communicated to me Dr. Richardson's wish of selling to him in preference to any one else, but £500 a year out of yr pocket & mine is not to be thrown away, and I trust that before the end of the year either by *Hook* or by *Crook*—that is either by Lovell's *Hook* or my *Crook*—we shall be able to effect it. (Lovell was now Archdeacon of Derry.)

"R. McGhee (Clergyman). Here is his second letter & I

agree with you that the sooner we can get rid of so *Ingrained* & thorough-paced Sinner the better—Add to this, his successor is an older man than He, & whether Desertmartin vacates or Maghera my first object is that vertuous Pious son Oliver McCausland, for whose filial conduct I have ever had the great respect & the warmest desire to reward.

“That scoundrel Henry my groom who quitted my service so abruptly left a poor girl with child by him & fled the country to escape the Penalty, & so adieu dearest Harry.”

“Naples,
“14th Aug., 1802.

“Lady B.’s Leases. I acted only by Galbraith’s opinion, which I must confess ever appeared to me problematical, & I now advise you to take on the subject the best opinion possible—for Sr. Charles is to my knowledge a thorough paced adept in Ch. Fox’s morality & politicks—the letters arrived late & set out soon & adieu dear Harry not forgetting Letitia.

“P.S.—Be so good as to desire Mr. Bond to remit all my Rents—fines &c. *not* to *Gosling*, who is much too incorrect for me, but to Coutts & Co. London.

“I cannot make Gosling’s receipts correspond with Mr. Bond’s remittances.”

“Next day. Castel a Mare,
“15 Aug., 1802.

“MY DEAREST HARRY,

“At any rate you must avoid sending me Henry Pillin, or indeed any other messenger who will most certainly miss of me, as my Physicians after a very serious fall from my horse have order’d me immediately to certain Baths in Hungary, above 500 miles out of the road from Naples to London. I wd have you therefore go over in person to the Plaintiff against me in Donaghkiddy & at any rate whatever make up the matter with him.

“As to *Messengers* being required by Chancery to be sent only to see me sign my name, when by the Laws both of Britain & of every kingdom in Europe the certificate of the first Magistrate of the Town where the person signing resides is ever deemed sufficient evidence—I advise you to take Lawyer’s opinion on this strange point of Chancery thro’ some other channel than James Galbraith—a very blood sucker.

“After all, if you cannot by any means whatever persuade the Plaintiff at Donaghkiddy to make it up amicably I have sent the Duplicate of this Paper to Mr. Gouldsburg to make

the Declaration of Trust in your favor instead of mine—in consequence of which you will receive the Rent, as if you were the Proprietor.

“As to the affairs of Sr. Ch. Davers, you must expect from him every possible infamous low-lived Blackguard trick that a Horse-jockey like him has been accustomed to practise for 30 years past. But as your friend Mr. Holford seems to be a Gentleman you must offer him authentick copies of all Lady B.’s letters to me on the subject, by which he could see how freely she herself consented to the second Deed of Trust—after she had received her Dower upon my English Estate—at any rate I will face that *surly Scoundrel* to the last. Mr. Gouldsburg’s last year’s remittances to Mr. Bond are enormous, but, dear Harry, I could wish as I have often expressed, that for my complete satisfaction both his accounts and Mr. Bond’s were signed by so punctual & accurate a friend as you. Henry Pillin has demanded of you for his journey very near the double of what the Royal Academy pays to every Painter, Sculptor & Architect whom they send to study in Rome. The expense of the journey from London to Rome is only £30, and as much back again at the end of three years, which makes £60 in all & not £100—but he is a great pickpocket as I know by experience—and so adieu dear Harry & away to Donaghkiddy as soon as you have read this, for depend upon it there is villainy at the Bottom, wch upon the spot you will smell out.”

The Bishop’s fall from his horse, not an unusual event if Countess d’Albany is to be believed, was, it may be surmised, not of a serious character, and did not in fact necessitate a cure five hundred miles away such as was recommended by an obliging physician when the Bishop was in need of an excuse.

It is clear that in the intervals between the serious illnesses which attacked him suddenly from time to time the Bishop remained in the enjoyment of health and vitality; while the appreciation of the sheer joy of living which this septuagenarian retained in his later days, his keen pleasure in wholesome exercise, beautiful scenery, and the more material satisfaction of Italian coffee, eggs warm from the nest, mealy potatoes and a bottle of wine shared with a friend, is apparent from a letter to Lord Liverpool in which he vividly depicts his surroundings at Castellamare at this time. His manner of life was, indeed, in strong contrast to that of his invalid correspondent who was the victim of a creeping paralysis :

“C. a Mare, 12 Aug., 1802. (Add. MSS., 38473, f. 108 (supplement to papers of Charles Jenkinson, First Earl of Liverpool).)

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I am truly sorry to find that the E. of Liverpool is still paying the sins of the Literary excesses of Mr. Jenkinson, but I still maintain my sentiments that a Pilgrimage of five months to the balmy atmosphere of Montpelier, Marseilles, Hières, & above all Toulon, where I myself 30 years ago spent six months, so far from obstructing any one of yr L.'s projects relative either to yr son or yr daughter, to your Publick or yr private affairs, wd by giving health to yr body & energy to your mind greatly assist your operations. My dear Lord you have lived long enough both in the Political & natural world to have learnt '*qu'il faut reculer pour mieux sauter*' & if you do not take time by the forelock she may too soon take you by the Hinder Lock, the more you have labored in your youth the less care & thought ought you to take in your decline.

“ Believe me my dear Lord, a few months of next winter at Marseilles & Montpelier & the balmy air of these regions will restore an elasticity & energy to yr mind & body of which those only are sensible who have tried them. The place where I now reside & where I passed last year's summer with a satisfaction & a benefit that converted my autumn into a summer, seems to be the hospital of the whole kingdom of Naples on account of the bathing, & certain acidulous water deemed specific in all cases of obstructions, in which Naples & its vicinity abounds on account of the sulphurous atmosphere that extends for many & many miles round about Vesuvius, and renders suppers almost as dangerous & indigestible as at Rome itself—that hollow Crater of an extinct volcano. Above 300 persons of every rank, & from almost every part of the kingdom, pass the summer here in the recovery of their health, & it is curious to observe the moral consequences arising from the removal of ventricular obstructions. Man woman & child seems to be regenerated by these ablutions & those who arrived pale languid & desponding return laughing singing and dancing. But the most curious scenery here is that of the universal industry of the inhabitants from the age of *seven* to at least seventy & more. 200 Women and children (for scarce a man is to be seen among them they are all employed in ploughing the land or ploughing the sea) have the daily occupation of carrying well-balanced on their heads Poles of 20 feet long to the amount of 150 lb. weight according to their strength from a wood 4 miles distant at least to the waterside where they are daily embarked for Naples, & for this they do not earn above five pence English per diem—so that when they return unloaded they are constantly

spinning Flax Cotton & Hemp : & observe that such is the activity & industry of the inhabitants that although the Culture of the Cotton be only of five years, that they all grow much more than they consume & of course export much. But the life we had here is too singular not to be related—Every being rises before the Sun, & away he marches with his desponding head & his staggering legs to drench his bowels with these acidulous waters. I take my dip in the balmy invigorating Sea-water—then to my usual breakfast of delicious coffee blunted of all its irritating particles by the yellow of an egg instead of cream & with 2 fresh eggs warm from the nest to prey on instead of the coats of my stomach. Then after helping ‘Hyperion to his Horse’ I mount my horse & climb these beautiful mountains shaded by the broad leaved Chesnut tree for 3 hours regularly & then Home to a second breakfast copious as the first—yet such is the balmy aromatick salubrious quality of the atmosphere arising from various aromatick plants that it scarce supports the stomach until one o’clock—when all Castel a Mare rich & poor old & young native & foreigner sit down to dinner & to guess by the rest of my guests eat most voraciously in consequence of the vast space which the acidulated waters have left in Bowels & stomach—then succeeds a tribute to the warmth of the climate—a long sleep of at least 3 hours—then fresh exercise according to our various faculties. Few sup—I cannot fast till the morn—so a bottle of genuine Legitimate port wine with a few Potatos, at least as good & as mealy as your own Dutchy of Lancaster produces, supports my friend & me till the hour of Ten, when all Castel a Mare forget their cares, diseases or medicine—& so *da capo*, my Lord, for at least 4 months together.

“Such a life is worth at least a debate in either H. of Parliament, & its pleasures surpass even that of a Majority. I shd be happy to receive you at Ickworth when it is finished, but before that, my dear Lord Hervey wd supply my Place & make you as welcome as I myself could, who am ever your affectionate Servant BRISTOL.”

Addressed to “The Earl of Liverpool,” (and in another handwriting) “Addiscomb Place, Croydon, Surrey.”

The Bishop was on extremely intimate terms with various Italians who probably preyed on his generosity while flattering his foibles. To such Lord Nelson alludes in a letter to Lady Hamilton as “those devils of Italians about him.” A certain lawyer, Colini, of Florence, was perhaps of this category. He was employed by the Bishop in his claim against Panten of

Leghorn. Two jocose letters* addressed to him by the Bishop have survived. They relate to the occupation of the Bishop's villa at Florence, "Il Boschetto," during his absence at Castellamare and Naples—the Villa in the Via Strozzi concerning which Countess d'Albany two years before had reported that the Bishop had taken it on a five years' lease, and had added a story to it. Colini now asking to live in the Villa, the Bishop replies in a letter written at Castellamare, July 7, 1802, in which he addresses Colini as his "most esteemed Cicerone," and cordially grants his request, while Mrs. Wyndham, "unless she has actually entered into possession of 'Il Boschetto,' is to be prevented from doing so; since," adds the Bishop, "I had never thought for a moment of letting it to anyone; if the abode is agreeable to Thee—mearum Grande Decus columnenque Rerum."

" Naples,
" 13 Novembre, 1802.

" MON CHER ORATEUR, c'est à dire dans le langage céleste—Poète. . . . dans celui des Hommes, menteur,—avocat—Orateur—Poète menteur—vid: Synonymes françaises. Connaissiez-vous le Proverbe Anglais 'The Pot calls the kettle black'? vous m'accusez d'un silence de 3 semaines, et moi vous de 4.

" Je suis à la joye de mon cœur que vous vous trouvez si bien al Boschetto—Mais il faut absolument que vous vous arrangiez avec Madame Fabroni pour qu'elle et sa famille puisse l'occuper tout le mois d'Octobre au moins—fourrez-vous donc dans quelque coin—mais cédez le Grand Appartement à ma chère Aspasia—moi qui vous a gaiement cédé mon Intérêt, je ne puis vous céder la Santé de mon amie—l'amie de mon

* In the possession of the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey :

" Castel a Mare,
" 7 Luglio, 1802.

" Pregiatissimo mio Cicerone. Prima di questo momento non ho mai veduta la vostra lettera del 15 giugno scritta a Giunti, nè prima di questo momento ho mai sentito che voi Bramaste il mio Tusculan, che sarei stato troppo felice d'una occasione di testificarvi la mia piena amicizia—se dunque mad: Wyndham non sia già in possessione del Boschetto, fate leggere e capire al Banchiere Meggit, che Io voglio assolutamente che il Boschetto resti in mani Vostre, che me l'avete salvata delle mani dei Goti moderni—Tu ne vestisti—Queste misere carne—Tu la spoglia—giacchè nou avrei pensato per un momento ad affittarlo a Chiunque—se l'Abitazione conveniva a Te—mearum Grande Decus columnenque Rerum.—BRISTOL.

" già per l'anno venturo in ogni caso, ne siete sicuro, ed anche per l'inverno." Addressed " Mons. l' Avocat Colini, Florence."

In a second letter addressed to " Mons. l' avocat Colini," the name of a Madame Fabroni appears, coupled with exaggerated terms of devotion such as the Bishop habitually lavished on his female friends. This favoured lady (was she, too, one of "these devils of Italians"?) is to be permitted to occupy with her family the suite on the first floor of Il Boschetto, while the " Cher Orateur " (a designation which bore some equivocal *synonymes* in the Bishop's dictionary) is to withdraw to a corner of the house.

âme et de mon Cœur. Arrangez-vous donc avec Elle—d'autant plus que je compte moi même l'occuper avant Novembre au moins pour quelques semaines. J'attens tous les jours et a chaque courier des papiers intéressans sur l'affaire de Panton, et si je ne vous écris point là dessus c'est que je compte encore plus sur votre amitié que même sur vos talens. Tout ce que je scais de Bolla c'est que le feu Roi de Prusse me donna des lettres pour lui comme a Son Agent, et que Mad : La Comtesse de Lichtenau sa Sultana favorite lui consigna à Livorne tous ses immenses effets. Adieu. Valeas, et me ames ut soles. Mons. L'avocat Colini, Florence " (unsigned).

The Downhill correspondence contains reference to a dispute at this time about the spire of Derry Cathedral which the Bishop had presented many years before—it is said that he put a spire on every church in his diocese. The Cathedral spire was now on the verge of collapsing—whether from some structural defect, or from the systematic neglect of the Dean in order to spite the Bishop, as the Bishop himself declares.

" If Mr. Gandom be as honest a man as he is an able one," writes the Bishop (Rome, November 17, 1802), " he must know that the only danger to the Steeple must appear from the fissures or gaps being wider. That to remedy this an Iron Cramp passed from One wall to the other is a most certain security against the two walls swerving. That this method is universally practised on all public buildings on the Continent with the greatest success—that many years ago Mr. Shanahan apprized the Dean & Mayor of the necessity to glaze the openings in the steeple which has ever been most intentionally neglected from the hatred the Dean bears me."

Again :

" Rome,

" 3rd December, 1802.

" Nothing can surpass the stupidity, obstinacy, & malignity of the Dean's adherents. Shanahan's arguments are irrefragable, and added to them One or Two Iron cramps passed from Wall to wall would form a perfect impossibility of separating—but *Qui Vult decipi decipiatur*. As I am not among those, I avail myself of Mr. Bond's correctness to elucidate Mr. Gosling's incorrectness."

The following portion of a letter was written by the Bishop, the beginning of the last year of his life. It is addressed to " Miss Selina Burroughs, Bury, Suffolk." (Among the papers that were at Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmunds.) The

orphan daughter of the Archdeacon Newburgh Burroughs of Derry and Mrs. Burroughs, Selina Burroughs was growing to womanhood, and lived under the care of her uncle and aunt Sandys. The Bishop paid £30 half yearly for the rent of the Rev. Joseph Sandys's house at Bury. (Ickworth Estate Book, 1800, Jan.)

The Bishop wrote :

“ Rome,
“ 4th Jan. 1803.

“ You may rely on it, sweet Selina, that as soon as I have read a letter of yours before I read any other to distract my attention or abate of my energy I take the Pen to answer, but so indeed I do by every other correspondent whatever, & have often by one single Post 20 letters suing to be answered, & I find no more expeditious manner than this of complying with their wishes.—if my answers miscarry 'tis no fault of mine, but my health, spirits, looks & energy are all you could wish them. *Make* Mr. Sandys specify *thro' you* how much more money to finish ye house” (Ickworth) (rest missing). (It was part of Joseph Sandys's duties to superintend the two Italians, Messrs. Carabelli, who executed the sculpture that runs round the dome at Ickworth. They received £26 5s. as their month's wages, etc.) (Ickworth Estate Book.)

Harry Bruce had by this time taken legal opinion about getting rid of Sir Charles Davers' trusteeship. Here is the Bishop's amusing answer :

“ Rome,
“ 8th Jan. 1803.

“ I have read over with the greatest attention my ever dearest Harry Mr. Batt's opinion & will venture to say that if that opinion be law & that he adopts, neither He nor the law have common sense in them; & that is the opinion of a man who seeks to trepan one into a Chancery Suit in order to devour the Oyster & leave the two Shells to the Bishop and his Trustee.

“ The question therefore to be propounded by you now to Two or three good Chamber Counsel is by what Legal means a Bishop can rid himself of a Trustee who is offensive to him & who wishes to keep the Trust in spite of the Bishop. For dear Harry can anything be more tyrannical or more absurd than the proposition that when a man has appointed for a Trustee his Friend, and that Friend becomes his enemy, he cannot get rid of him. Or suppose Sr. Chas. Davers to become Insane, or to go, as his eldest brother did, into the very depth of the American Forests & Lakes whence no one heard of him

for 2 or 3 years together, or to become Paralytick or Apoplectick & incapable of signing his name—has the Bishop no remedy but a Bill in Chancery? which cannot heal a Paralytick nor a Apoplectic man, cannot reach a man on Lake Huron or Lake Superior, cannot reach a man in Japan or Kamchatka. But what benefit does a trustee derive from the Trust that he cannot be removed from it by a B. in Chanc.—(*risum teneatis amici?*)

“Observe to your Lawyers that Sr. Ch. D. is not the original Trustee but is successor to Mr. John Swan my Agent, who was removed from the Trust when he was removed from the Agency, & with the same facility & the same despotick stroke of a Pen. So that if the Leases made to the Trustee Gouldsbury be illegal, the same leases for 20 years successively made to Sr. Ch. D. successor to John Swan—are also illegal, nugatory, vain, & the Leases & the Trust are now expired.

“Make these damned devils of Lawyers feel this, & also that I am determined to give & to sell all these leases to you—& then also I conclude all the trust made either to Mr. Swan or his successor Sr. Ch. or Mr. Gouldsburg is null & void, & the property remains in you—I pause for a reply. B.

“The true question to Counsel is what are the means by which to remove a trustee for a B.’s lease—become either Hostile, negligent, or offensive.”

CHAPTER LXV

1803

THE Bishop, undiscouraged by the pillage and confiscation of his former collections, continued—with the true spirit of the collector—to make new acquisitions.*

Lord Cloncurry, who (as the Hon. Valentine Lawless) was in Rome in the spring and summer of 1803, remarks in his "Personal Recollections" that "an effect of the exactions of the French in Rome had involved the Roman citizens of the upper classes in extreme financial difficulties, which obliged them to sell their pictures, statues, and other works of art, and made Rome a very favourable market for the Virtuoso. Among those who dealt largely in that traffic was the noted Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who was in the habit of receiving regular remittances from home of upwards of £5,000 quarterly, which he immediately expended in the purchase of every article of vertu that came within his reach. . . . Toward the end of the quarter the noble Prelate used to find his purse absolutely empty and his credit so low as to be insufficient to buy him a bottle of Orvieto. Then followed a dispersion of his collection as rapid as it was gathered, but as might be expected at a heavy discount."

That the Bishop was at times in great straits for money during the latter days appears from his correspondence with Harry Bruce, which is full of complaints of his London bankers, Messrs. Gosling, who "protested" his drafts. Messrs. Gosling, knowing that the Bishop's English property was strictly entailed

* In the exportation records for 1802, published by Bertolotti ("Archivio Storico di Roma," IV. (1878), 488), we find that on November 10 the Bishop sent the following pictures to England: The Flood, by Berzie; a Sibyl, by Benvenuto (Tisio?); Cain, by Frederick Rehberg; a Venus, copied from Paolo Veronese, by Camuccini; a landscape, copied from Claude, by Partini; the Death of Hector, by Umel (*sic*); the whole valued at 2,000 piastres, so that he apparently acquired other objects of art. ("Papers of the British School at Rome" ("Norman Jenkins in Rome"), by Dr. Thomas Ashby, Vol. VI., (1913), No. 8.) The destination of these pictures is unknown. They are not to be traced at Downhill or Ickworth.

on his successors, presumably anticipated that at the rate the Bishop was spending, in the event of his death there would not be sufficient personalty left to meet his debt to themselves. Apparently they were not aware of the extent of the resources which he had secretly acquired in Ireland, or how shrewd and careful a superintendent of these he had in the Rev. Mr. Bruce. They only had experience of the unlimited demands of the Bishop's reckless expenditure in Italy, and knew that his property there was subject to confiscation and ruin.

The Bishop, unaccustomed to any restraint being put on his desires, complains to Bruce (Rome, February 12, 1803): "they (Messrs. Gosling) have most incredibly & most mysteriously not only lavish'd away all my vast deposits of Irish remittances but even protested my drafts for want of effects, & nothing can save me but a speedy supply."

"Feb. 22, 1803.

"MY DEAREST HARRY, there is again so shameful a perplexity in Mr. Gosling's account, & so alarming a deficit that I must entreat you as One of the very few persons on whom I can rely to ride over to Derry & accelerate all you can that Honest Man Mr. Bond's remittances to Gosling's house in order to extricate me from the Insupportable difficulties & distresses into which they have plunged me. *'Tis said* they have paid £10,000 to the husband of my granddaughter* without my privity or even suspicion. Mr. Bond must not on any account think of paying this year my Bond either to Lord Erne or the widows.† Self-preservation is now my only object. Adieu dearest H. & Letitia."

On February 24 he writes that he has "sent a letter of Attorney to Two Lawyers to examine and control them" (Messrs. Gosling). "Honest & punctual" Mr. Bond is "to remit to That execrable House until further notice as speedily & as largely as possible that they may no longer protest my Bills & once more put me on Short Commons."

On March 2, 1803, Messrs. Gosling were still "protesting all my drafts like so many madmen."

* Mrs. Ellis, the Bishop's granddaughter (the only child of John Augustus, Lord Hervey), had lately died. Her fortune was £10,000, and her husband, Charles Rose Ellis (afterwards Lord Seaford), probably claimed it on behalf of their only child, who, on the Bishop's death, became Lord Howard de Walden.

† Of "the Widows" one was probably Lady Hervey, the widow of John Augustus; the other perhaps Lady Elizabeth Foster, whose husband had died in 1796.

“ Rome,

“ March 9th, 1803.

“ Yours of the 12 Jan. just arrived proves to me how excellent a steward & how zealous a friend you are.”

“ Rome,

“ 21 March, 1803.

“ MY EVER DEAREST HARRY,

“ As I expect very soon to rid myself entirely of such very incorrect & Baneful Bankers as Messrs. Gosling, I have requested that Honest punctual One Mr. Bond to remit annually henceforth to Mr. Thomas Coutts & Co. the sum of £100 sterling for the use of my god-daughter Madame Schaden of Ratisbonne; Also for another God-daughter £30 St. to Mlle. Sophie Sneyder of Munich; Also £60 a year St. for Mr. Louis Harnier of Frankfort; & to beg Mr. Thomas Coutts to apprise said individuals of having said sums at their disposal. As soon as my accounts are finally closed with Gosling, I shall entreat you to see that Mr. Bond do remit all my Irish money to Mr. Thomas Coutts & Co.”

Building at Ballyscullion was proceeding as well as at Ickworth.

“ I am impatient for the result of Mr. Mitchell’s measurement of the Galleries & various articles at B.Scullion as I fear old Shanahan is deeply in my debt.”

The last letter extant from the Bishop to Harry Bruce is as follows :

“ Rome,

“ 18 April.

“ Mr. Sampson, as reputed the best preacher in my diocese, must go to Strabane when vacant.

“ Mr. Christie to the first vacancy except Strabane, & Mr. Babington to the next after Mr. Christie of Clandermot. Always allowing for the necessary & proper removes of which for fear of a *Lapse* from want of time, I leave you my dear Harry the sole judge.

“ As to John Hill whom I wish much to oblige both for his own sake, & that of his Family—my old & constant friends— . . . try in case of a vacancy in Cumber if you can negotiate an exchange with young Gouldsburg whom you have orders to remove upon Waddy’s decease. I am glad to find I am no

loser by the Bill of £500 protested, as it was subtracted by Mr. Gosling from the immense Irish Remittances. B.

"I long to hear you have succeeded with Dr. R. & are in possession of Cappan lease as the great addition to your family requires such an addition to your income in order to make you & dearest Letitia as comfortable as I wish to see you, which makes my comfort much more than a dirty £500 a year to benefit no one but myself who do not want it. B."

Two more letters from the Bishop conclude the series among the Downhill Papers. Written in May, 1803, they are addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gouldsburg, who resided at the Palace of Derry and who had long rendered the Bishop faithful and valued service in the combined offices of Chaplain-resident, trustee and agent. Both relate to the Cappan lease, and show him still "in the greatest want of cash." In one he repeats the interesting statement that "The Union has greatly raised the Value of Lands."

Gouldsburg died without receiving the letters, as his son states in a letter to Bruce. The Bishop himself did not survive to know of Gouldsburg's death.

Apparently the Bishop's "health, spirits, looks, and energy" remained—to quote his own words—"all that his friends could desire," throughout the spring and early summer of 1803, and up to the time when he was attacked by sudden and fatal illness. Strange reports and stories of all kinds continued to gather about the old man to the last: and these were likely to be highly impregnated with scandal in Italian cities.

When the current gossip is retailed, in a letter, by Miss Catherine Wilmot (a young Irish lady travelling with Lord & Lady Mount Cashell during the spring of 1803) it may assume a more damaging aspect than it would have had in the circles in which it was lightly generated; while the appearance of the Bishop, as viewed by this vivacious letter writer from the windows of her hotel, surely loses nothing of grotesqueness by her farcical descriptions.

Here is a paragraph relating to him in a letter to her brother from Rome in April, 1803:

"Lord Bristol, the Bishop of Derry lives in her neighbourhood (Angelica Kauffmann's). As his house is an exhibition of the fine arts, we went to see it, and were amused as well with its contents, as the singularity of the arrangement. He is the patron of all modern artists, whose wives he not only associates with as his only female company, but has

their pictures drawn as Venuses all over the House. His three favorite mistresses are beautifully represented as Juno, Minerva, and Venus, in the Judgment of Paris. Tho' he is one of the greatest curiosities alive, yet such is his notorious character for profane conversation, & so great a reprobate is he in the unlicensed sense of the word, that the English do not esteem it a very creditable thing to be much in his society, excepting only where curiosity particularly prompts. I have often seen him riding & driving past our windows, & his appearance is so very singular that I must describe it to you. His figure is little, & his face very sharp & wicked ; on his head he wore a purple velvet night cap with a tassel of gold dangling over his shoulder & a sort of mitre to the front ; silk stockings & slippers of the same colour, and a short round petticoat, such as Bishops wear, fringed with gold about his knees. A loose dressing-gown of silk was then thrown over his shoulders. In this Merry Andrew trim he rode on horseback to the never-ending amusement of all Beholders ! The last time I saw him he was sitting in his carriage between two Italian women, dress'd in white Bed-gown & Night-cap like a witch & giving himself the airs of an Adonis. The stories one hears of him are endless both in the line of immorality & irreligion, & in general he contrives to affront everyone he invites to his table. To counter-balance all this he admires the Arts, supports the Artists, & spends such a quantity of money in Italy, that amongst other rarities which he has purchased, he has also purchased Friends. However his residence at Rome has thoroughly confirm'd the idea which most Foreigners have of the English character being the most bizarre in the world, bizarre but generous." ("An Irish Peer on the Continent," edited by Thomas Sadleir, 1920, page 179.)

This witty lady's description of the Bishop's attire is so different from that of others, that it would seem either that her imagination led her into inaccuracy, or that the Bishop himself, chameleon-like, appeared to different observers to present a different aspect in his physical exterior, as he did in his moral character. Lord Cloncurry, who like Miss Wilmot was in Rome during the last months, perhaps the last days, of the Bishop's life, gives an account of his dress and head-gear which does not tally with the lady's version. He records that at this time he often saw "the eccentric Earl Bishop ride about the streets of Rome dressed in red plush breeches and a broad-brimmed white, or straw hat, and was often asked if that was the canonical costume of an Irish

Prelate." The *Gentleman's Magazine* (the editor of which was a personal friend of the Bishop) gives soon afterwards what is probably the most correct account of the Bishop's costume—"The late Earl of Bristol when in Italy distinguished himself by a peculiarity of dress. He wore a white hat edged with purple, a coat of crimson silk or velvet (according to the season), a black sash spangled with silver, and purple stockings."

But the time was at hand when the quaint notorious figure, scanned from window or pointed out by passers by in the street with merry jest or innuendo, ceased to be one of the familiar sights of the Eternal City.

The end came suddenly. When on his way—probably on horseback—from Albano to Rome, early in July, the Bishop was seized with gout in the stomach, the malady which had so often endangered his life. He was carried, says Cloncurry, "to the out-house of a cottage in consequence of the unwillingness of the peasants to admit a heretic prelate to die under their roof," and there he expired on the 8th July, 1803.

The last act of the Bishop is reported by Lord Nelson in a letter to Lady Hamilton: "There will be no Table from Lord Bristol" (as a legacy to Lady Hamilton), he tells her: "He tore his last will a few hours before his death. It is said that it was giving everything to those Italian devils about him. I wish he may have left Mrs. Denis anything, but I do not think it: and as for you, my dear Emma, as long as I can, I don't want any of these gifts." ("Lord Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton"—letter dated "Victory off Toulon, October 18th, 1803.")

News of the Bishop's death did not reach his son for nearly a month, when he at once wrote the following letter to his cousin, Lord Mulgrave. (Original at Mulgrave Castle.)

" Eastbourne,
" Aug. 2nd, 1803.

" MY DEAR MULGRAVE,

"I have to announce to you the melancholy event of my poor Father's death at Albano on the 8th of last month. I have received it this morning & you will easily believe the acute regret which I now experience from a variety of circumstances with which you are well acquainted. What would I not give to have seen him, & to have taken advantage of the short interval of Peace to go to him in Italy! My love to Edmund, & Augustus, yr ever most truly & affectly

" HERVEY."

It would seem from Lord Nelson's report of the Bishop having destroyed his "last will" that it was by this act that the will made at Annan in 1791, with the codicil added at Aosta in 1794, remained unrevoked (see Appendix). By it the Bishop bequeathed to Henry Hervey Bruce, with the exception of small legacies, the whole of his personal, real and leasehold property, which included the mansions of Downhill and Ballyscullion. Ickworth and the rest of the settled property in England, in which the Earl Bishop had only a life interest, passed to his son Frederick William, Lord Hervey, who succeeded as fifth Earl of Bristol. By the terms of his father's will he only received £1,000, being designated in it "my ungratefull and undutyfull" son. As the quarrel between father and son had been made up many years before, it is likely that the destroyed "will" (or codicil) contained favourable mention of Frederick, but, whatever that may have been, it shared the fate of the legacy to the "Italian Devils." It seems unlikely, however, that the Bishop in his last will altered the bequest of the bulk of his property to Bruce, towards whom, changeable as was the Bishop in many ways, he had never changed in his attitude of affection and regard.

News of the Bishop's death did not of course reach Bruce in Ireland for many weeks. While unaware of the event, and little suspecting that he was himself already the master of the houses and lands he superintended, he addressed to his patron the following letter which, eventually returning to him, with the Bishop's effects, still remains among the papers at Downhill :

" Finlagan,
" 1st Aug., 1803.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" Since I came home, the Publick attention has been almost entirely taken up, in carrying into effect the Acts lately passed, one for raising an additional Military force on the plan of the Militia, and another for putting each County in the best possible state of Defence for preventing & repelling Invasion, & in the midst of this Business, a considerable degree of alarm has been raised, by an attempt to incite another Rebellion.

" The insurrection however has been confined to a small portion of the City of Dublin ; it took place on the evening of the 23rd July, in the neighbourhood of James's Street, Francis Street, & Thomas Street, & was almost immediately suppressed, but not till Lord Kilwarden & Mr. Wolfe his

nephew, who happened unfortunately to be passing through Thomas Street, were dragged out of their carriage & murdered in the most barbarous manner with Pikes. Immense numbers of these weapons have been seized, & many Prisoners taken, and such discoveries are daily making, as it is hoped will enable Government to get to the bottom of this conspiracy as fully as the last.

"This country is perfectly quiet, & the different Parishes here are laying on, without any difficulty, a sum of money for raising by bounty their several Quotas of men, necessary to make up the additional Force of ten thousand, ordered to be levied in Ireland, the proportion of which to the County of Derry is 350. . . .

". . . Frank Gouldsbury has been here, & is now making a settlement of accounts: there will be some arrears accruing since the last settlement made by his Father, which he will pay up immediately on its being ascertained, & you will not suffer anything but the loss of so valuable a Man, but the death of poor Mr. Gouldsbury.

"I now send your Lordship a Power of Attorney to appoint his successor, a Blank is left for the insertion of the Name, & I have still every reason to think, that the Place would be ably & faithfully filled by Mr. Babington. When I saw F. Gouldsbury he told me, he had been induced, on second thoughts to ask the See Agency for himself & Mr. Bond in conjunction, but I told him I thought your Lordship would rather have different Persons as your Agent & Banker, & for this reason, that one would always be a check on the other.

"Whatever you may determine, no exertion shall be wanting on my part to keep everything right in the several departments.

"I found Letitia's health much improved on my return, she joins in love & duty with my dear Lord, your ever obliged & affectionate

"HENRY BRUCE."

There can be no doubt that the eccentric Earl Bishop was mourned by many who lost in him a generous benefactor. There was much truth if some exaggeration in the encomium in the *Gentleman's Magazine* which accompanied the announcement of his death; and it can hardly be suspected of insincerity or of any design to please the members of the deceased's family, who, in fact, were little likely to be satisfied with his prodigality or with his conduct in relation to themselves. "There is not a country in Europe," says this obituary notice, "where the distressed have not obtained his succour and the

oppressed his protection. He may truly be said to have clothed the naked and fed the hungry, and as ostentation never constituted real charity, his left hand did not know what his right hand distributed. The tears and lamentations of widows have discovered his philanthropy when he is no more ; and letters from Swiss patriots and French emigrants, from Italian Catholics and German Protestants, prove the noble use his lordship made of his fortune, indiscriminately to the poor, destitute, and unprotected, of all countries, of all parties, and of all religions. But as no man is without his enemies and envy is most busy about the most deserving, some of his lordship's singularities have been the object of calumny, and his peculiarities ridiculed as affected ; when the former were only the result of pure conduct, and the latter the consequence of an entire independence, long enjoyed, serviceable to many, baneful to none."

Among those who had most reason to regret their patron were the Artists of Rome. It is said that 800 of them, of every nationality, attended his obsequies to show honour to his memory. Where these obsequies took place is not recorded, but it would appear that the body was given a temporary resting-place in Rome before its removal to England.

Meanwhile there was no member or representative of the Bishop's family to superintend his affairs in Italy.

Lord Cloncurry states that he "took charge of the wreck of the Bishop's property at Rome and was enabled to save it for his heirs." It appears, however, from a more reliable source of information ("Anglo-Roman Papers," Brady, page 197) that Cardinal Erskine was the first to secure the dead man's effects from depredation : "Out of good feeling and kindness of heart, he took upon himself a troublesome duty more properly to be discharged by a British Minister had there been one." We learn that the Earl of Bristol and Protestant Bishop of Derry having died "with none but hired servants and salaried persons at his deathbed," Cardinal Erskine came forward in the absence of the late Earl's son in England ; and being uncertain whether there was any will or testamentary document, "took provisional possession of all property of the deceased," who had "left not a few debts," and "a disorder in his affairs," in consequence of his large purchases and the numerous "commissions he had given to artists." The Cardinal employed his own Auditor, the Avvocato Celestini, to compile an inventory of everything belonging to the late Earl, and to collect and transport all the articles to Rome. Erskine also secured the safety of such of the property of the deceased as remained

in Florence in the Villa Strozzi, and this was done by getting Duke Strozzi to serve notice on the keeper of the Villa not to allow the least thing to be removed by anyone who was not legally authorized.

The manner in which the new Earl of Bristol regarded the conduct of Erskine on this occasion will be best seen from the following letter which is still preserved :

“ Tunbridge,
“ August 29, 1803.

“ MY DEAR CARDINAL,

“ It is quite impossible that I should ever be able to express how deeply & sensibly I feel your kind & friendly conduct on the late melancholy occasion. No words can convey it, so I will not attempt it, but trust to your doing justice to the feelings which it is out of my power to describe. May we sometime or other meet at Rome, & you will then be in some degree a judge of the impression which your real kindness has made upon me.

“ Since I heard from you I have had a letter from Torlonia, who I find is in considerable advance, both during my poor Father's life & since, for the various expenses which have arisen. I answered it by general civility, but could take no step respecting the money till I know whether there is a will amongst the papers at Rome. This letter is of course entirely for yourself. The last will which has been found in this country was written at a time when I was not on good terms with my father, & leaves all the personalty to distant relations.

“ If unfortunately there is no subsequent will in Italy it will fall to the person who gets the personalty (a Mr. Henry Bruce in Ireland) to pay all the debts in all parts of the world. All the landed estate was entailed upon me, & therefore comes to me without being subject to his debts of any description, & if the personalty is left away from me, as that is more than twenty times sufficient to discharge his debts, I shall leave the law to take its course and pay nothing but those expenses, if any sort, which your Eminence may have ordered, and which of course will be an exception to my general rule. You see, my dear Cardinal, that this is a letter of perfect confidence, intended for your own eye. Torlonia need be under no uneasiness. As soon as we know whether there is another will & who are the executors, immediate steps can be taken to pay all debts of every description without an hour's delay. Adieu, my dear Cardinal, and believe me to be with the most sincere

attachment your truly obliged and affectionate friend & servant,

“ BRISTOL.”

This letter, stamped by the Foreign Office postal stamp and sealed with a black seal with the Earl's arms, was directed in French: “ A son Éminence Monseigneur Erskine, &c., En son Hôtel à Rome.” (“ Anglo-Roman Papers,” Brady.)

The will was proved by Bruce and Maxwell, two of the executors, in December, 1803, in Dublin, and on January 28, 1804, in London. It is now at Somerset House. The terms of the will led to its being disputed by the Bishop's daughters; but a compromise was effected, and by a deed of March 2, 1804, they renounced their claims in consideration of a sum of £15,000, which was charged on the Irish Estates. It should be recorded that Bruce's conduct throughout was marked by good feeling and a scrupulous sense of duty. A letter to him from the young Lord Bristol, among the papers at Downhill, attests to the very friendly and affectionate character of their relations; while Bruce, on his part, in a letter addressed to Betham (author of the “ Baronetage ”) remarks: “ From the kind partiality of the late Earl of Bristol to me, and the continued friendship & warm attachment of the present, I wish that my relationship to that family should be particularly noticed in the History of the Baronets.” This was written in connection with his being created a Baronet in 1804—an honour which, rarely bestowed on a clergyman, he owed to the recommendation of his friend, the first Lord Londonderry. With Downhill, and Ballyscullion,* “ the Round House,” which the Bishop had left unfinished, Bruce inherited those Italian collections which the Bishop had deposited in both houses before his final departure from Ireland; the former being a veritable store-house of pictures and statuary. Downhill is now the seat of the present Baronet, but, alas, the greater part of the Bishop's treasures, with the galleries, the famous library and the fine organ, was destroyed by fire in 1851.

As to the Bishop's latest collection† in Italy, their ultimate

* Ballyscullion, “ the round house,” which the Bishop had left unfinished, was partly demolished by the first Sir H. Hervey Bruce—it is said on account of the Window tax. The property and ruined house passed to his second son and the descendants of the latter.

† Fortunately a beautiful sculpture said to be by Raphael, of a dolphin carrying a wounded child, a cast of which is in the Dresden Gallery, was saved, and is now at Downhill, as are also many family portraits and miniatures.

From lists in Sampson's “ Survey of the County of Derry ” (1802) and Neal's “ Views of Seats ” (1821), and also a manuscript catalogue at Downhill, compiled by Lady Bruce, wife of the second Baronet (1842), we may gather what were the Bishop's collections at Downhill and also at Ballyscullion, though the latter were eventually removed to and added to the former.

fate is surrounded with some mystery. We have seen that Cardinal Erskine took charge of them on the Bishop's death, pending instructions from England and the settlement of the Italian creditors' claims. Bruce did his part for the prompt payment of these, as appears by a letter from Coutts, the English banker, to the Cardinal, dated October 31, 1803, stating that "the Rev. Henry Hervey Bruce the heir to the personalty had given him an order to open in his name a credit with Torlonia for £14,000, with which to satisfy the debts due to Torlonia and to all the other creditors of the defunct Lord Bristol." ("Anglo-Roman Papers," Brady.)

The claims of the creditors, however, apparently remaining in dispute, they became clamorous for a settlement, and unwilling to abide the result of proceedings in England, or to wait for the arrival in Rome of the heir, petitioned the Pope to nominate Erskine administrator of the inheritance. The Pope desired his Auditor, Monsignor Lucchini, to communicate with Cardinal Erskine, and ascertain his wishes on the subject. The Cardinal in reply told Monsignor Lucchini that he could not accept this charge, and that his exertions had been for the purpose of securing the property and preventing dilapidations and pillage. He therefore took the liberty of suggesting Avvocato Celestini, who had hitherto acted in the affair and knew all the circumstances of the case, as a proper person to be made Administrator. Now, however, as his object of saving the property had been attained, he resigned all superintendence of the late Earl's affairs, and declined all further proposals to assume the management or distribution of the assets. (*Ibid.*, Brady.)

From letters* among the Vatican Archives it transpires that Celestini gave up the administration of the Bristol estate in Rome on December 14, 1804, and that the heir (Bruce) having on the 12th opened a credit of £14,000 to pay the debts against it, Robert Fagan (who acted as British Agent in Rome) was deputed to look after it. Incidentally we learn that two scoundrelly servants, Elia Giunti, the late lord's "cameriere" and Giuseppe Vecchia, known as "Peppe la diritta"—who spoiled their master in life and death (he is spoken of as "quel dovizioso pazzo")—were put in prison, but managed to get themselves let out by one of the Papal officials. There is a complaint as to this, and an apology from the authorities.

The next Papal documents relating to the matter belong to March, 1806 ("Vatican Archives," 269, A. 6, 7). There is a

* Letters recently arranged by Cardinal Gasquet. Reference 269, A. 6, 5. Information kindly sent me by Dr. Ashby, head of the British School, Rome.



Ickworth, South Side.
From Gedge's Town and Country Ladies' own Memorandum Book for 1829.

[To face page 648.]

letter of the Papal Treasurer General (11. III., 06), from which it appears that "the heir of Lord Bristol, Milord Bruce" (he was now a Baronet), had suggested, and most of the creditors had agreed, that the "objets d'art" should be sold at half their estimated value, and His Holiness was being asked to authorize the sale, notwithstanding the objections of the other creditors. (There follows a claim (March 31, 1806) by one Felice Africani for a credit of 3,000 scudi.)

It would seem that no settlement was arrived at, and the fact that the Papal States became French (in 1808) accounts for the absence of further correspondence.

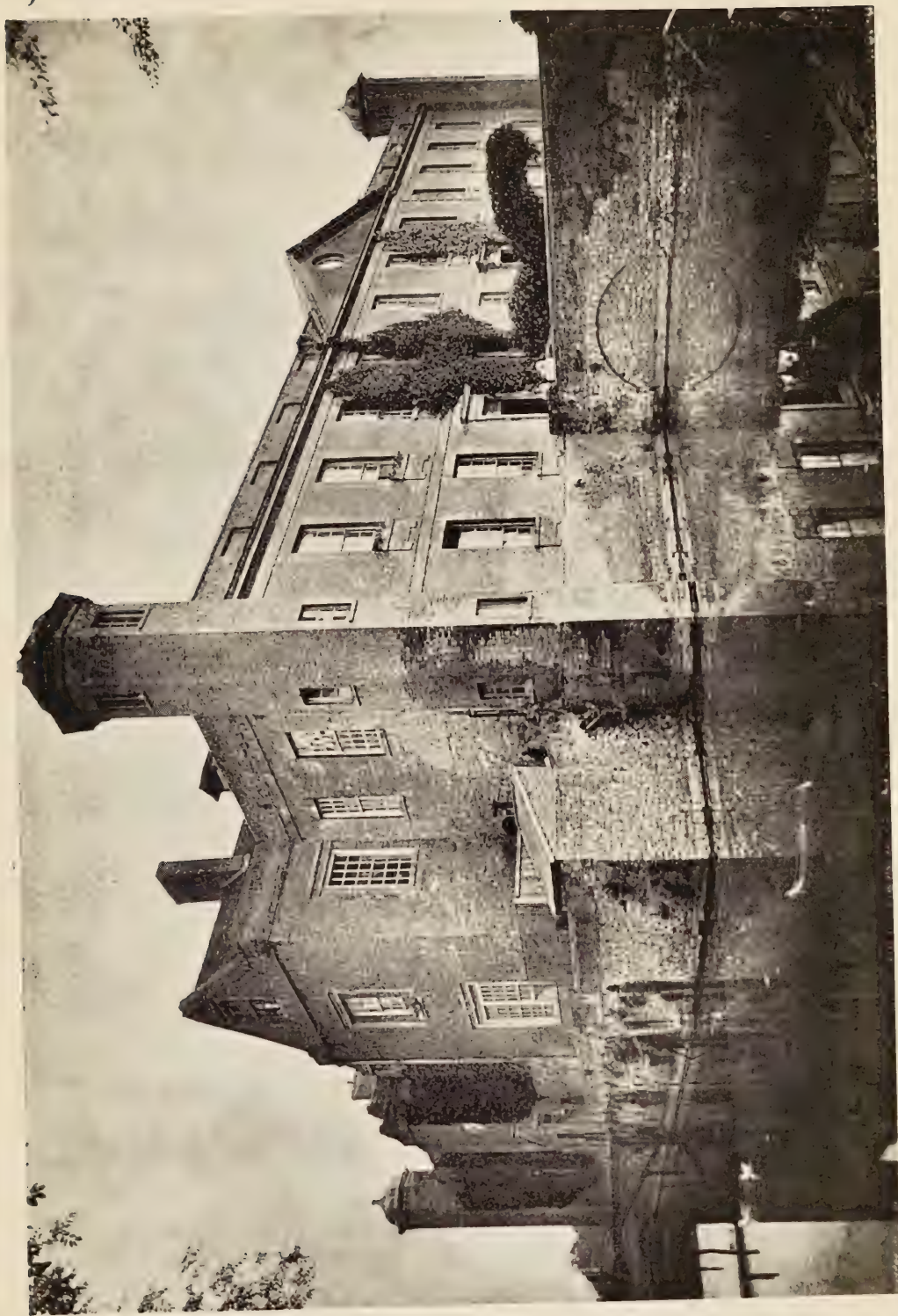
The following anecdote which the late Lady Augustus Hervey, mother of the present Marquis of Bristol, was so kind as to write down at my request, throws a curious light on the story of the Bishop's Italian possessions. A generation had passed since his death, but the tradition had survived to reach the knowledge of the late Frederick Leighton, the illustrious painter. "It was at the house of the Duke and Duchess of Torlonia in Rome" (relates Lady Augustus Hervey), "during a ball they were giving, and Fred Leighton, in the intervals of a valse, called my attention to the statues—many in the great Ball-room, telling me the story, in a hushed way, of how an English nobleman had bought and paid for them, and the Italian Government were to send, or permit them to be sent to England, and how they never turned up—but the Government stole them, and they pretended the vessel holding them had been wrecked. Well, after long years, there they were *en masse* in the Torlonia Palace in Rome!"

And what of Ickworth—the great unfinished house which the Bishop designed to contain his later collections, and where he never set foot?

Arthur Young (who survived the Bishop some years) remarks in his Autobiography that "the *shell*" of this fantastic building, and that of its still more extraordinary possessor, were finished at the same time, and my lord left the whole, as if by design, a burden to his son and successors, from whom he gave away by will the very furniture of the old habitable house at Ickworth. (A. Young's Autobiography, pages 104–5. Betham Edwards.)

Whatever the "burdens" thus, as it were, imposed upon him, the fifth Earl of Bristol carried to completion, in the course of years and at a cost, it is said, of some £200,000, the palatial and magnificent structure designed by his father. It was not, however, till very many years had passed that he removed from Ickworth Lodge and took up his residence in the great

house. In the meantime, on the death of his uncle, Sir Charles Davers, in 1806, he had succeeded to the Rushbrook property ; and in 1826 he was created Marquis of Bristol and Earl Jermyn, the latter title being in recognition of his having inherited the estate of his maternal ancestors the Jermyns of Rushbrook, from whom he was also descended on his father's side.



Rushbrook Hall, N.E. corner, showing the oldest and newest fronts.

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CHAPTER LXVI

THERE remains to be related the fate of the Bishop's "Shell"—Arthur Young's word.

Long delay occurred before the body could be embarked from Italy to England.

At the request of Mr. Elliot, the British Minister at Naples, Captain George Hart, R.N., conveyed it on a man-of-war, *The Monmouth*; while even after death singularity of circumstance continued to be associated with the singular personage whose whole career had been extraordinary and exceptional; for Elliot, being obliged to humour the superstitious dread with which sailors regard the presence of a corpse on board ship, caused the body of this munificent patron of sculpture to be packed and shipped as an antique statue.* At Portsmouth Captain Hart ceased his superintendence of his strange cargo, which travelled thence to London *en route* for Ickworth unattended by any member of the dead man's family.

In a letter, among the Downhill Papers, from Captain Hart, written 5th November, 1805, and addressed to the Rev. Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart., Hart, recalling the fact of his having brought the late Lord Bristol's remains to England, mentions that on his arrival at Portsmouth he acquainted Lord Hawkesbury, to whom he had a letter of introduction from Lord Nelson, which he was "under the necessity of sending by post from Portsmouth, not being able at that time to get to London." He complains that Lord Hawkesbury did not acknowledge his communications, nor see him when a few weeks afterwards he arrived in town and "called at Lord Hawkesbury's frequently." "None of Lord Bristol's family," he adds, "has thought it necessary to take the smallest notice of me since, a thing I know to be very unusual in the like cases, and, if I can assign any reason for it, it appears to me as if they were offended with me for bringing to England the remains of the late Earl of Bristol, instead of considering themselves under any obligation. I certainly was not obliged

* This fact was probably the origin of a fable, still repeated, that the Bishop's body was lost and that a statue was buried instead.

to do it, and I even acted contrary to my instructions in doing so. These things I mention to you in confidence lest you might not have been acquainted with them and to make such use of as you may judge best.”*

The Earl Bishop was buried at Ickworth more than nine months after his death, his coffin being placed beside the coffins of his elder brothers, George and Augustus, Earls of Bristol, in the family vault just outside the east end of the church.† The Ickworth parish register records: “The Right Honble. and Rev. Frederick Earl of Bristol, Baron Hervey of Ickworth,‡ and Bishop of Derry in Ireland, died July 8, 1803, buried April 21, 1804.

While there is no memorial to the Bishop in Ickworth Church, an obelisk erected in the park bears testimony not only to his popularity with all classes in his diocese, but to the unique position which this extraordinary man held in the hearts of Irishmen the most bitterly opposed to each other—testimony the more striking that he had not set foot in Ireland for more than ten years.

Sacred to the Memory of
FREDERICK, EARL OF BRISTOL, BISHOP OF DERRY, ETC.
who during 35 years that he Presided
over that See, endeared himself
to all denominations of Christians
resident in that extensive diocese.
He was the friend and protector of them all.
His great patronage was
Uniformly administered upon the purest and
Most disinterested principles.
Various and important public works
were undertaken at his instigation
and completed by his munificence ;
and hostile sects which had long entertained
feelings of deep animosity towards each other
were gradually softened and reconciled
by his influence and example.
Grateful for benefits
which they can never forget
the inhabitants of Derry
have erected at Ickworth
this durable record of their attachment.
The Roman Catholic Bishop
And the Dissenting Minister resident at Derry
were among those that contributed
to this monument.

Opus hoc Concivium benevolentia
Patri institutum
grato animo accepit, et quâ par est pietate
auxit Filius.

* Hart evidently expected promotion as a reward for his undertaking.

† On the restoration of Ickworth Church by the present Marquis the vault was demolished, the coffins being removed to a newer one.

‡ It may be noted here that the Bishop had become in 1799 *de jure* Baron Howard de Walden, but did not claim the title.

It has been well said that this inscription should never fall into decay, so that it may proclaim through all the ages that there once was a time and there once was a place when and where Irishmen of various Churches joined together in the promotion of a common object.

FINIS

APPENDIX

WILL AND CODICIL

WILL made at Annan (Scotland), 1791, where he was detained by illness on his final journey from Ireland abroad. See chapter under date September, 1791.

Codicil added February 26, 1794, at Aosta. See chapter for that date.

Will and Codicil of Frederick Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry 1791 (Annan Scotland).
(Somerset House.)

“ I Frederick Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry do declare this to be my last will and testament written on the seventeenth day of September seventeen hundred and ninety one hereby revoking all others and first I give and bequeathe unto my eldest son Lord Hervey, all my property of every denomination whatever in Great Britain subject however to my debts if I have any requesting him at the same time to continue to my Godson Frederick Franklin that annuity now paid him at Messrs Goslings Bankers and whereas my eldest brother George Earl of Bristol did by his last will bequeathe to me the sum of ten thousand pounds to be divided by my last will among my children in such portions as I chose and whereas I have already given to my daughter Lady Erne two thousand pounds of the same sum as her marriage portion and the like sum to my daughter Lady Elizabeth Foster now I do hereby *confirm that* sum to them respectively and of the remaining six thousand pounds I give to my affectionate and dutiful daughter Lady Louisa Hervey five thousand pounds and to my undutiful and ungrateful son Frederick William Hervey I give one thousand pounds and I do hereby give and bequeathe to my dearly beloved cousin Henry Bruce Rector of Aghadowvy in the diocese of Derry all my property of any denomination whatever in the kingdom of Ireland except as I may hereafter specify and whereas Sir Charles Davers Bart is possessed of the leasehold estates of Dunboe Grange Bay and Killcranahan held under the See of Derry for the joint use of me and my wife and the survivor now of my said wife shall within two months after my death settle my estates on my daughter Louisa failing her on my daughter Lady Erne and her daughter failing them on my daughter Elizabeth and her sons in succession then I give

and bequeathe all the furniture at Downhill to go according to such settlements and the furniture and decorations to go as far as may be as Heirs Loom to said House and the Liquors to last as they may but if my said wife shall decline to make settlement on my three daughters in succession then I give and bequeathe all my furniture decorations and liquors of every kind in said House to my cousin the said Henry Bruce I give and bequeathe the small lease in the parish of Langfield held by my friend James Galbraith in trust for me under the See of Derry unto Mrs Burroughs and her daughter Miss Selina Burroughs and to the longest liver To Miss Mary Ann Burroughs I give the sum of one hundred pounds To my steady and worthy friends Doctor Ferguson of Derry and to Richard Charlton Maxwell Esquire I give fifty pounds each for a mourning ring. To my Attorney Mr. James Galbraith I give the sum of two hundred pounds over and above his Bill in testimony of my strong regard for his friendship entreating him to continue that friendship to my cousin Mr. H. Bruce and I hereby appoint my eldest son Lord Hervey the Revd. Mr. H. Bruce Dr Ferguson and Richard Charlton Maxwell Esquire to be executors of this my last will

“Witness my hand this 17th day of September 1791 Bristol and Frederick Derry

“Witness Tho. Booth Charles Collins Jas Norman.”

(Extracted from the Registry of His Majesty's Court of Prerogative in Ireland.)

Codicil 1794. (Aosta Italy)

“Aosta 26th February 1794.

“I Frederick Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry declare this to be a Codicil to my last will and testament delivered to my dear Cousin the Revd. Mr. Henry Bruce and first I bequeathe to the said Mr. H. Bruce all my personal estate of every denomination in England as well as in Ireland I give to the said Mr. H. Bruce all my pictures Statues Busts Marbles Gesses as well as Rome Florence Leghorn to be disposed of as he judges best and as the Church lease in Dunboe is held by Sir Charles Davers in trust jointly for the Countess of Bristol and myself my will is that if the said Countess of Bristol within three months after the news of my death settle the said Church Lease of Dunboe upon my daughter Louisa that then and in that case all the superb furniture of that mansion shall go with the house and belong to the said Countess and my dear daughter Louisa but in case the said Countess shall decline or neglect to settle the said Church Lease then my will is that all the said furniture pictures statues busts Chimney-pieces shall belong to the said Mr Henry Bruce to dispose of as he pleases. I give and devise to Madame De Scheven born de Praut the sum of fifty pounds a year so long as she shall continue to live separate from that scoundrel and Brute her husband I give to Madame Diroff wife of Senator Diroff at Petersburg my portrait painted by Angelica and desire Mrs Henry Bruce will be so good as to send it to her at Petersburg I give and devise to Mrs. Burroughs and to

her daughter Miss Selina Burroughs the small Church Lease held in trust for me in the parish of Langfield and to the longest liver I warmly recommend to my son Lord Hervey my chaplain Mr. Lovell as a faithful and diligent friend and a great loser by my premature death As witness my hand and seal this day and year above mentioned Bristol Witnesses Trefusis Lovell Henry Tillin Chas Collins."

"Proved in common form of Law, and probate granted by the most Revd. Father William and so forth to the Rev. Henry Bruce Clerk and Richard Maxwell Esq. the surviving executors of said will and Codicil the 23rd of December 1803—A true copy which I attest John Rawlins."

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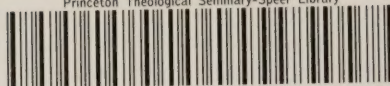
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